# Miss America

*April-10¢*

TEEN-L

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# "Away with Fingertip Monotony..."

## Here's the newest strategy of allure!

### Daytime Drama for the Exciting Titian

Mrs. Ralph Bidwell Carter III always changes her fingertip make-up to fit each occasion. For a suave afternoon costume, she does the Dura-Gloss "Quick Trick"—applies Dura-Gloss *Clover* from the *moons over the tips.*

Daytime and Sports Costumes from Mary Lewis
Jewelry from Georg Jensen

### Evening Elegance for the Radiant Blonde

Celia Babcock, of "I Remember Mama," loves this newest fingertip strategy. For evening allure, she uses the Dura-Gloss "Quick Trick" method—*covers her nails completely with Dura-Gloss Fuchsia.*

### Outdoor Strategy for the Striking Brunette

Theo Graham, fashion design student, finds Dura-Gloss makes it easy to change her polish for each costume. Using the Dura-Gloss "Double Quick Trick," she applies Dura-Gloss Red Pepper *to her fingertips, leaving moons and tips exposed,* for a crisp, outdoor costume.

GIVE YOUR NAILS THE SPICE OF VARIETY!

*So Easy With Dura-Gloss "Quick Trick" Technique*

**1. Quick Trick**
For lasting fingertip allure, try this method: Apply one coat of Dura-Coat—*two* coats of Dura-Gloss polish. Quick dry with Polish Dryer.

**2. Double Quick Trick**
When time is short, use this Dura-Gloss method: Apply one coat of Dura-Coat—*one* coat of Dura-Gloss polish. Quick dry with Polish Dryer.

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*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

# HOLLYWOOD'S YOUNGER SET

By May Mann

News and views about your favorite Hollywood people . . .

A meeting at the movies. Teen-agers Roddy McDowall, Jane Powell and Peggy Ann Garner have time for "shop talk" before the show starts.

Handsome hopefuls, Bob Alda and Wanda Hendrix, gaze at all the glamour at a Warner Brothers Studio party—a star-studded event.

Oh-oh! Having lunch with Rhumba King Xavier Cugat means having him draw a caricature of you, May learns. And Cugie wields a wicked pencil!

**LATEST BREEZE:** Hollywood's Younger Set is square-dancing. Why doesn't your crowd? Rent the church amusement hall, add a few cases of pop or coke and a couple of good records with the right calls, the "swing your partners" and "dosi-does" or you'll be in for plenty of prat falls. What an uproarious good time you can have!

**PHOTO FINISH:** Jane Withers steady dating with John Dall . . . Eric Sinclair being drafted . . . Gloria Jean on personal appearance tour . . . Margaret Whiting and Bill Eythe really in love . . . Guy Madison wishing he could find "The Girl" and start going steady! . . . Bob Walker and Peter Lawford a stag twosome. . . .

My dreams are getting better all the time. I wake up and there they are in person. Recently I was visiting away with Peter Lawford and Tom Drake. And we talked—talked—talked—talked! At least, I kept asking questions. And they kept right on answering them.

Before we could launch into a cozy conversation, the *(Continued on page* 37)

Um-m-m Lush!
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JUNIOR SPORTSWEAR

- Irresistible Johnnye two-piecer . . . makes you sugar sweet and right to meet. Blouse appeal with neckline drama and a wide dream of a whirly-twirly dirndl-styled skirt that's steeped in style. Of ever luscious **Stein-Tex Cotton Sheer.** Budget pleasing priced . . . about $6.00

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*You know enough to...*

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You know enough to keep your lines sleek... your line smooth... you know it's sweets to the sweet so you plot and plan to be a Little Nosegay.

Like to float in an Aura of Fragrance? Trickle a few drops of eau de cologne in the last rinsing water when yo suds your undies.

And guard your girlish charm — first with a shower (or tub) then with Arrid, the deodorant with more fans than any other . . . because it's kind to skin, harmless to clothes, because it's a soothing antiseptic cream that disappears presto, can be used after shaving, because it says bye-bye to under-arm odor and keeps you always nice-to-be-near-to.

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*More men and women use*

**ARRID**

*than any other deodorant*

# Miss America

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Cover: Jane Powell and Roddy McDowall, now starring in MGM's glorious technicolor production, "Holiday in Mexico."

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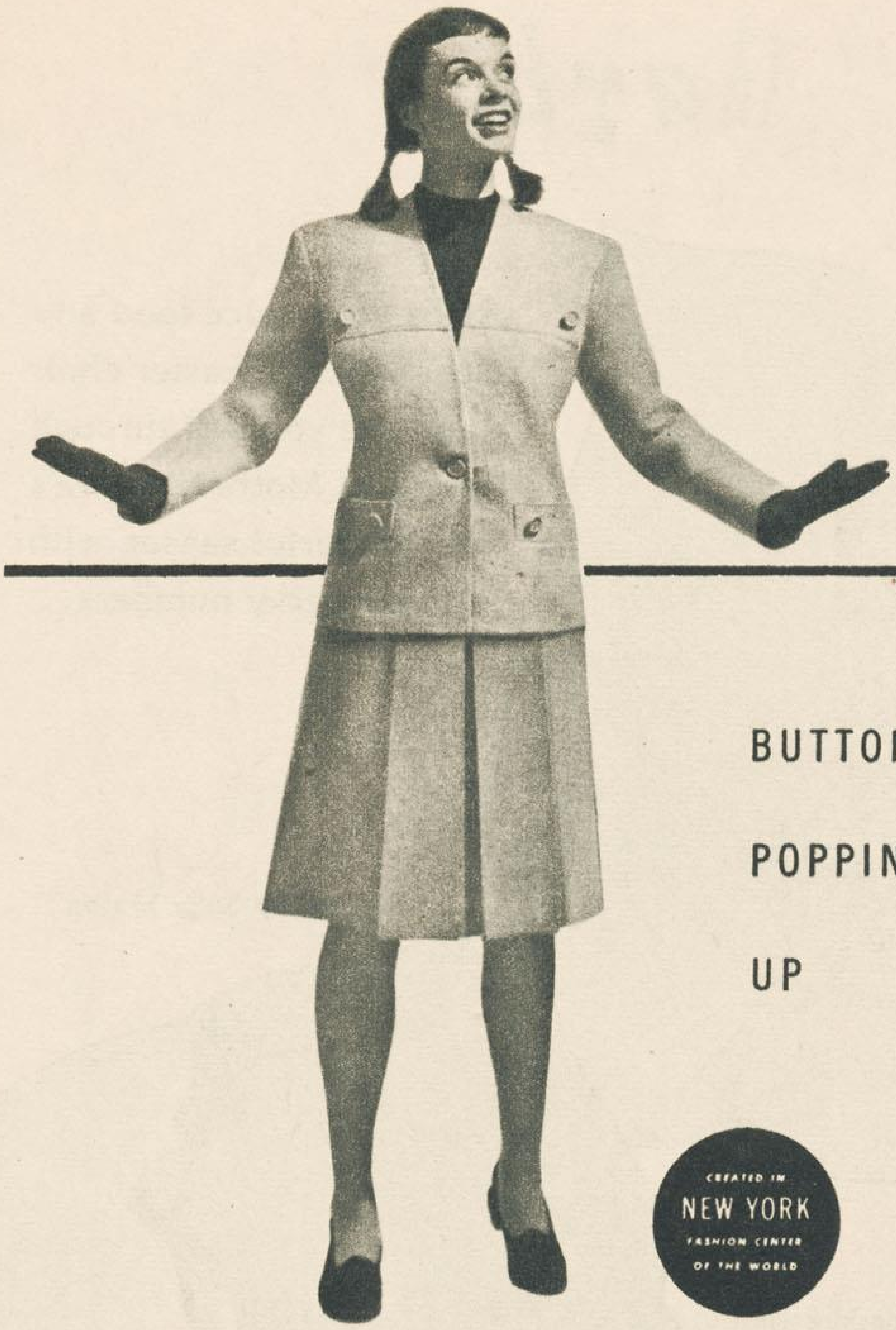

# BUTTONS POPPING UP

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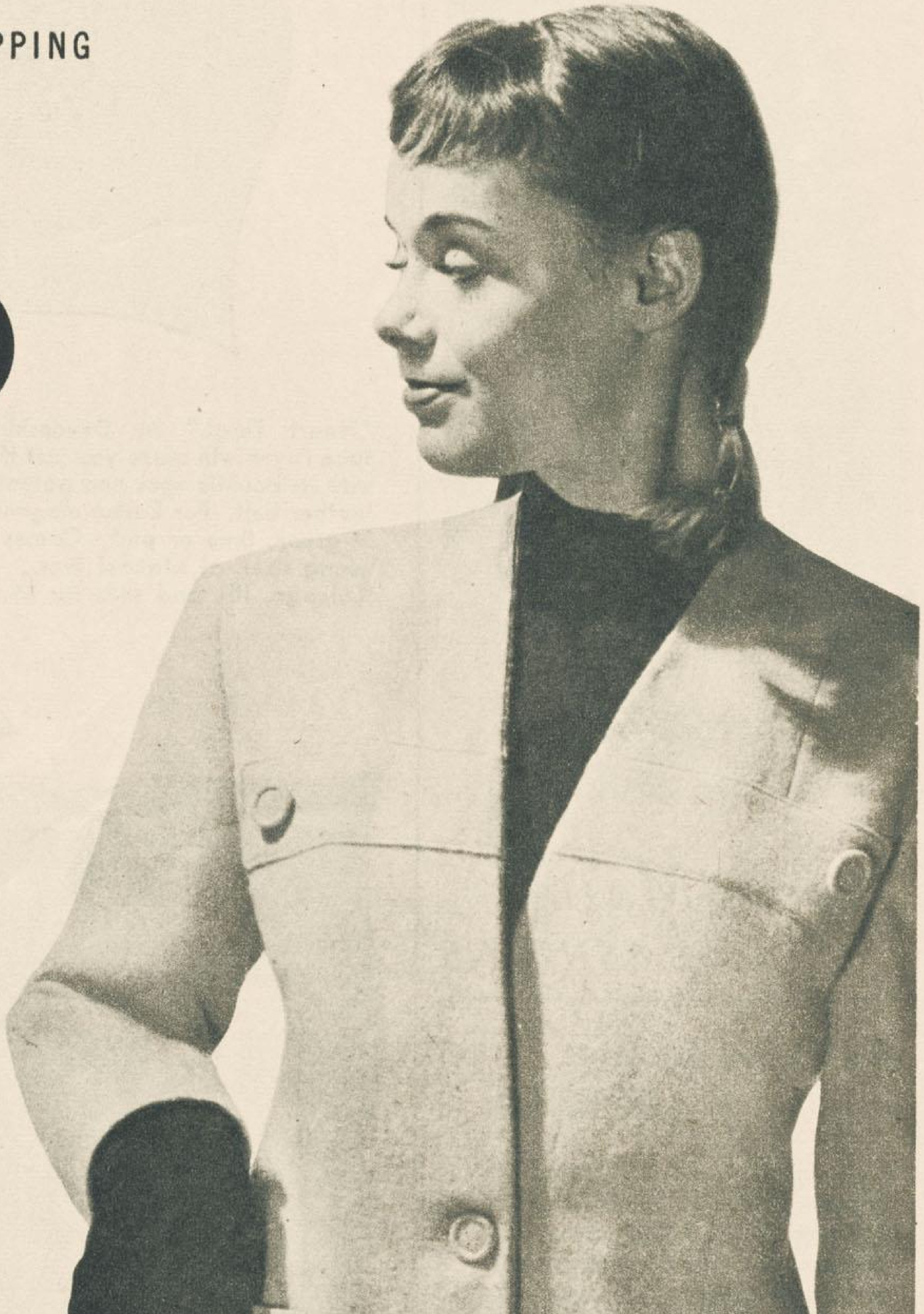
OF THE WORLD



. . . a mighty slick trick, you'll say, when you see yourself in Derby's divinely detailed cardigan suit. It's new as the first Spring sprout! Smooth-fitting cardigan jacket with two real pockets. Front and back pleated skirt. Shetland-type all wool in summer pastels. Sizes 10 to 16. About $16.00.

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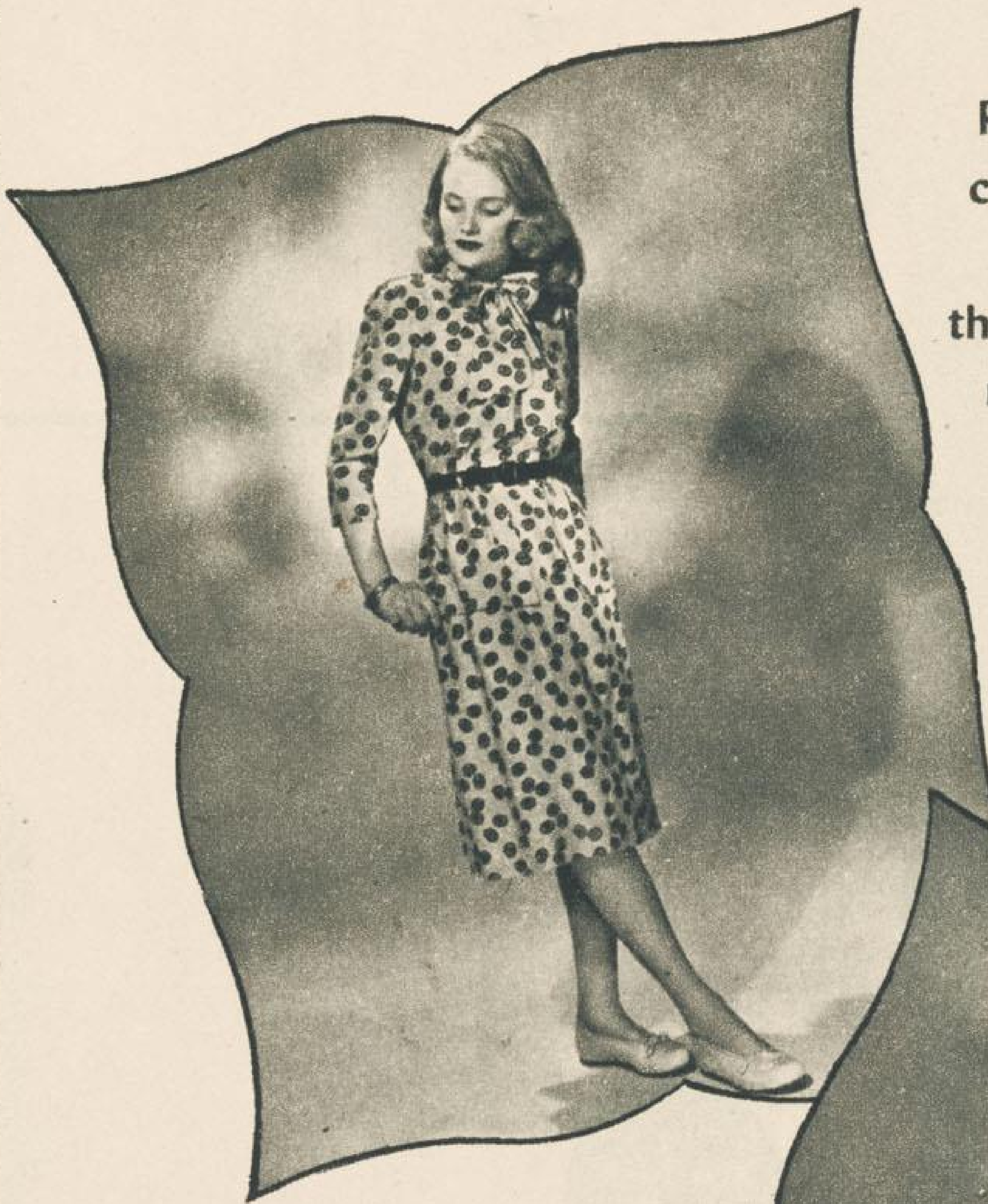
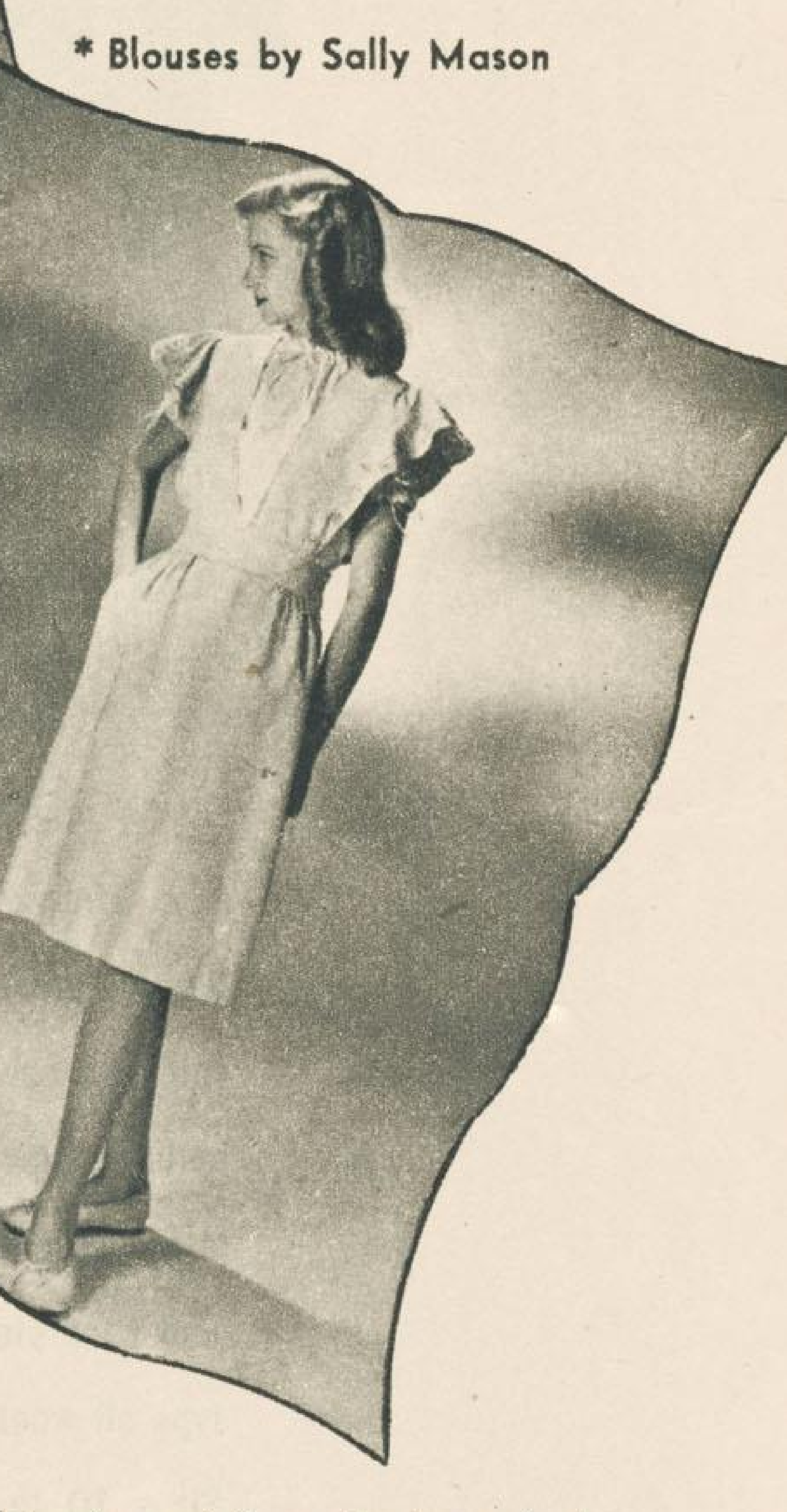
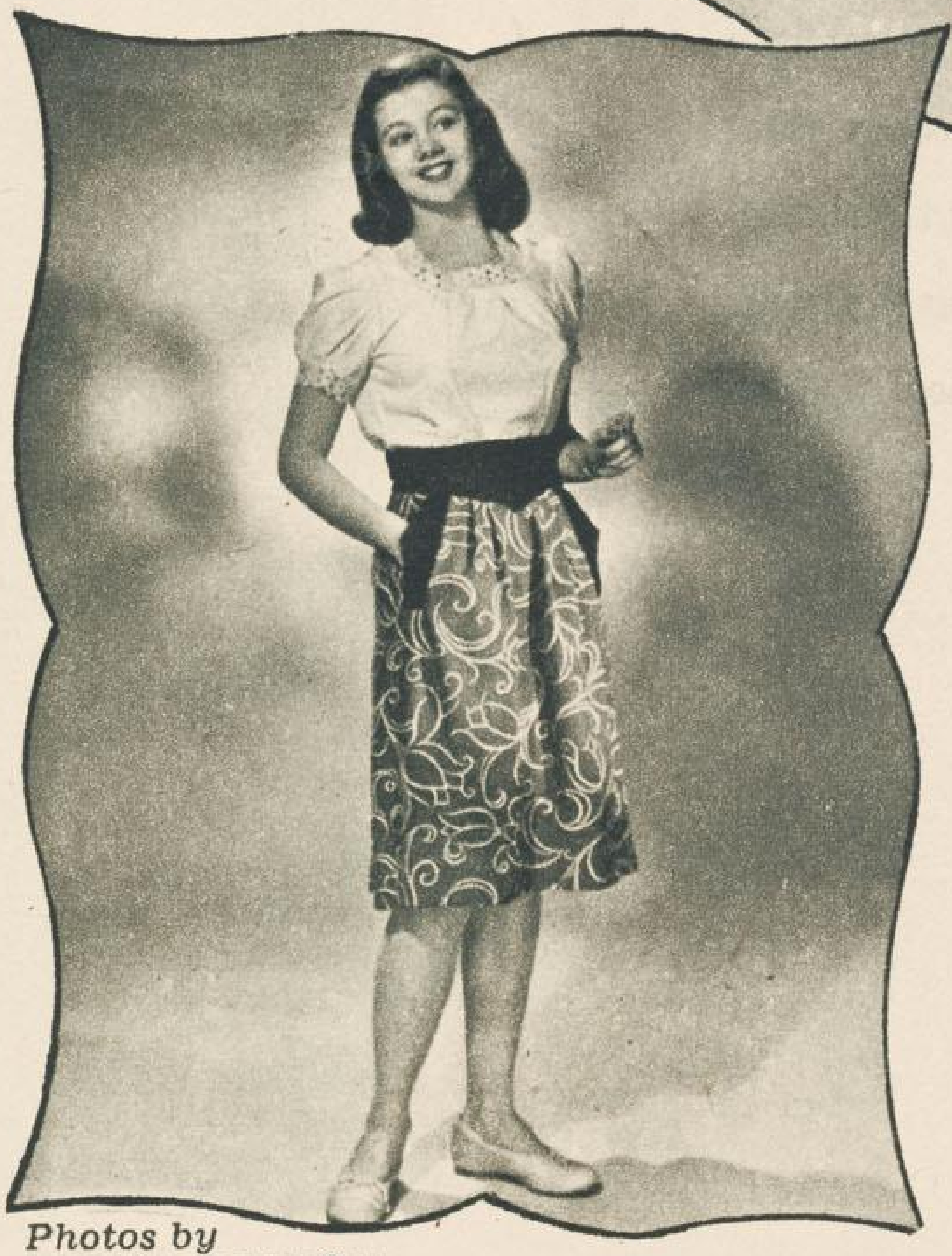


"Heart Throb" by Devonshire in spun rayon will make you just that with its bow-tie neck and patent leather belt. For Easter elegance, in green, lime or pink. Comes in young sizes, at Mandel Bros., Chicago, Ill., and sells for $9.00.

* Blouses by Sally Mason





*Photos by*
LARRY GORDON

If you're not the suity type, look zooty in this jumper by Hydi Hyde of California. Fuki by Woodray fabric with corduroy embroidery in candy colors and black, a buy at $5.50. J. L. Hudson, Detroit, Mich. Tee-Nee Sizes.

Join the clan in egg hunting, sporting this tulip print dirndl skirt in Cohama "noile" raw silk. Green, brown or coral with contrasting trim. $8.00 by Markon Garment Co. The May Co., Los Angeles, Calif.
* "Ballet Americana" slippers by Sandler of Boston are nylon with phantom wedge and leather soles. $5.

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Sizes
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Sizes
32-38

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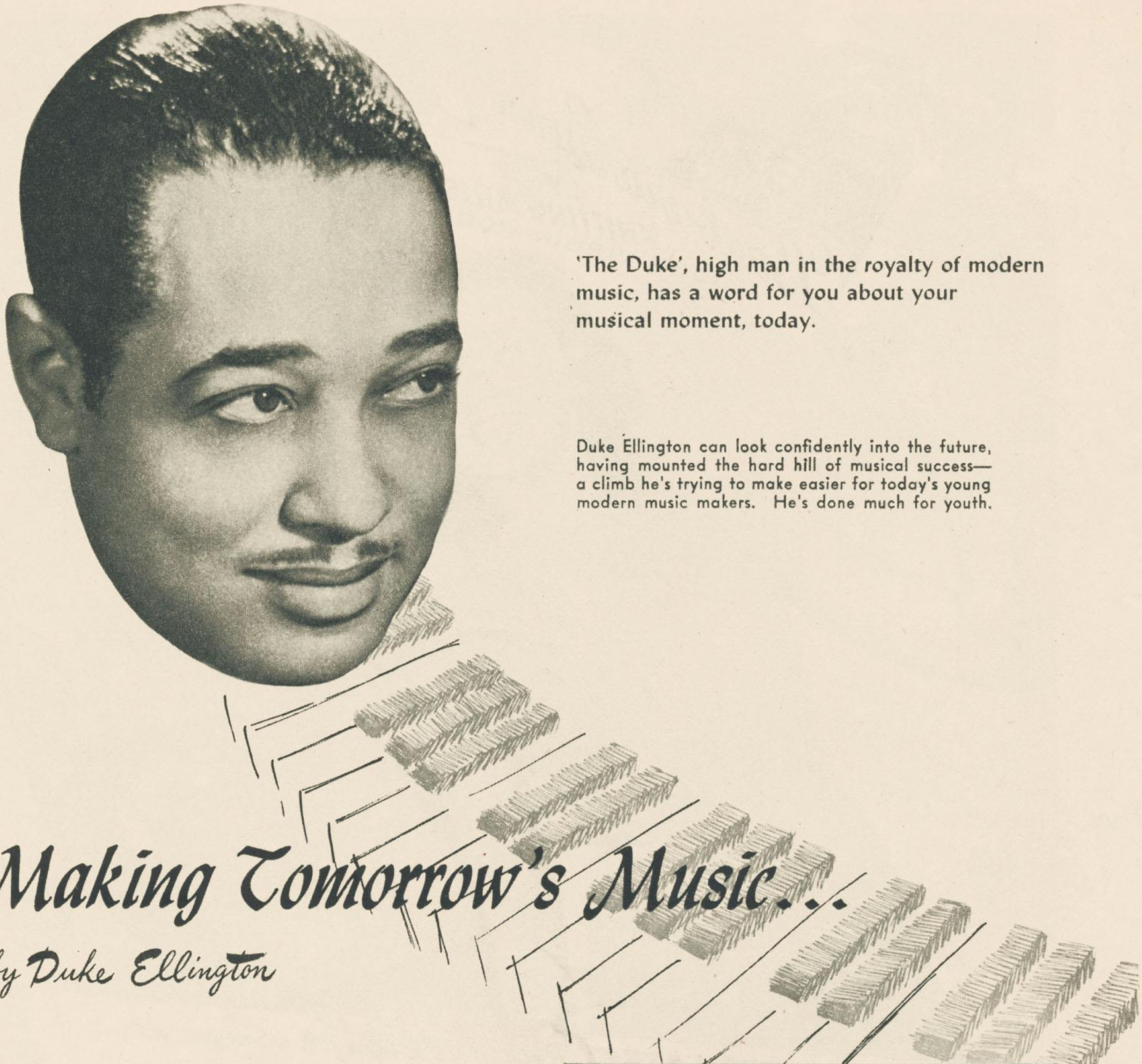


'The Duke', high man in the royalty of modern music, has a word for you about your musical moment, today.

Duke Ellington can look confidently into the future, having mounted the hard hill of musical success—a climb he's trying to make easier for today's young modern music makers. He's done much for youth.

# Making Tomorrow's Music...

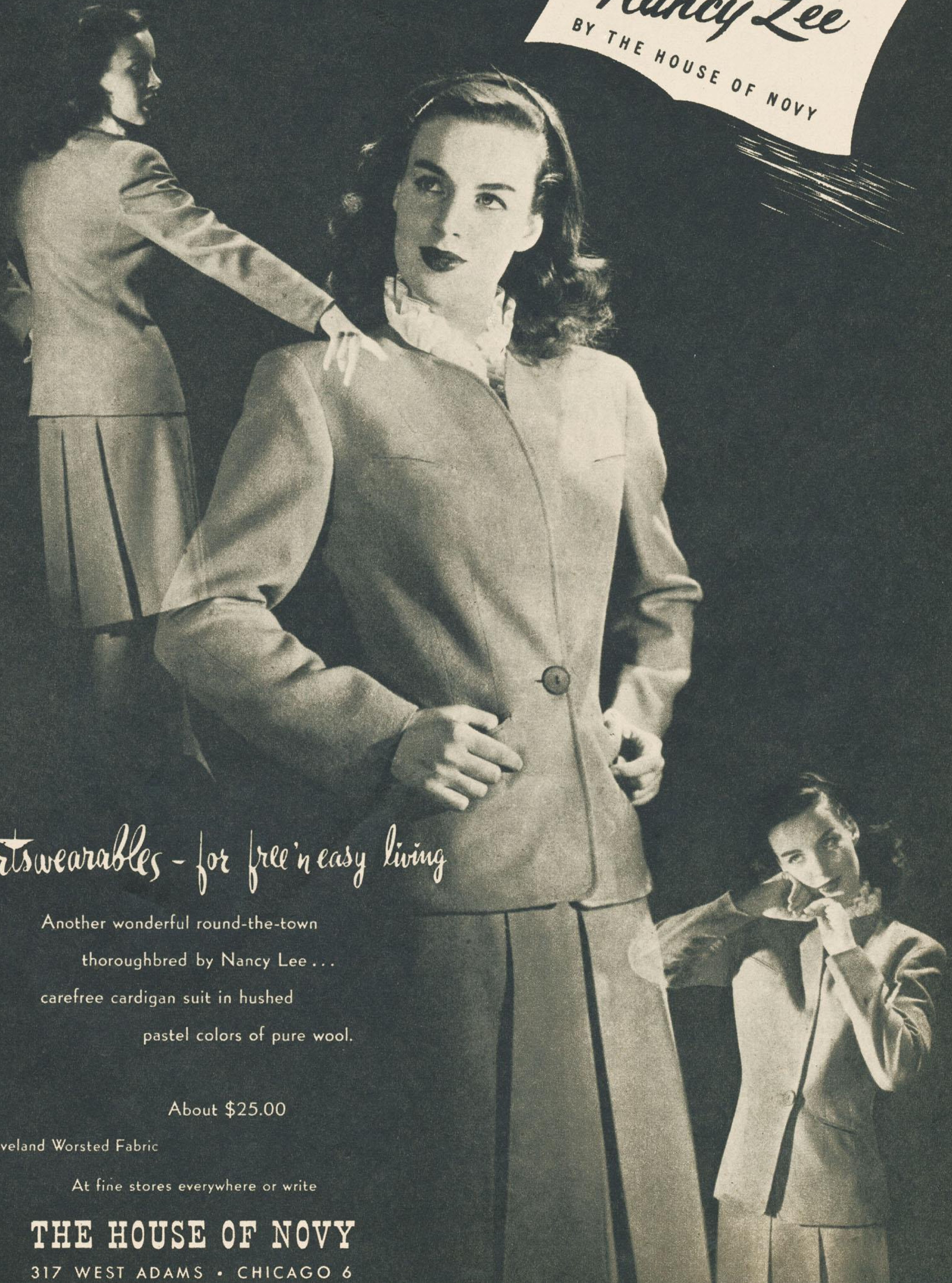
### by Duke Ellington

THROUGH the years music has always been a reflection of the restless spirit of youth. And nothing more than music has helped interpret this turbulent spirit. In the era to follow the present world struggle, youth and music, more than ever, will be more closely allied. So it should be. Wise men in the musical world recognize the fact that age does not represent ability, and that the creation and interpretation of modern music is not solely a property of older people. In every form of musical association youth is evident. Vocalists, composers, arrangers and bandsmen are all dominated with youthful representation. Just a casual glance at the modern, musical field is ample proof. Benny Goodman, George Gershwin, Morton Gould, Artie *(Continued on page 42)*

The Duke, tops in his field, congratulates three first winners of the scholarships he has established at The Juilliard School of Music. They are: Elaine Jones, 16, typmpanist, Paul Rudoff, 17, French horn, and Warren Norwood, 17, flutist.

## Nancy Lee

BY THE HOUSE OF NOVY



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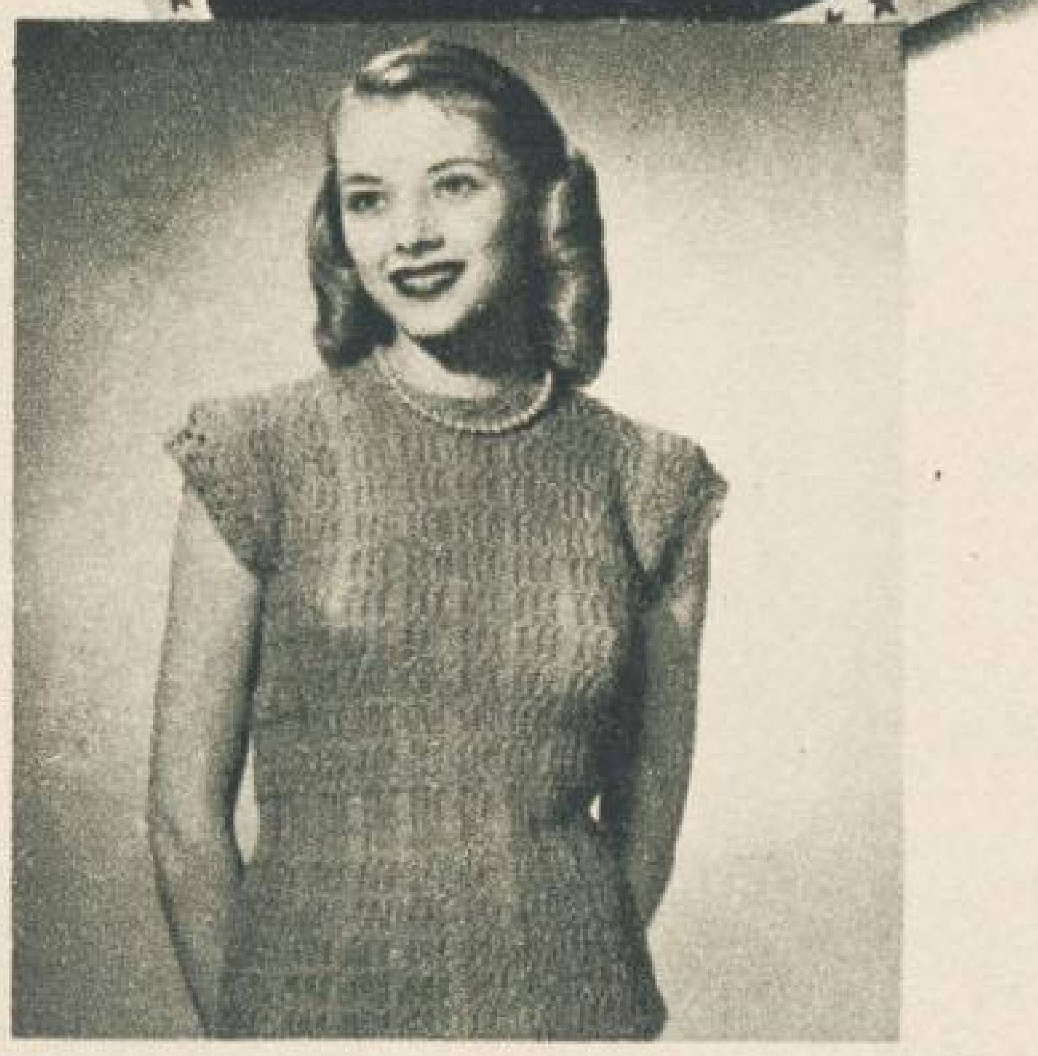
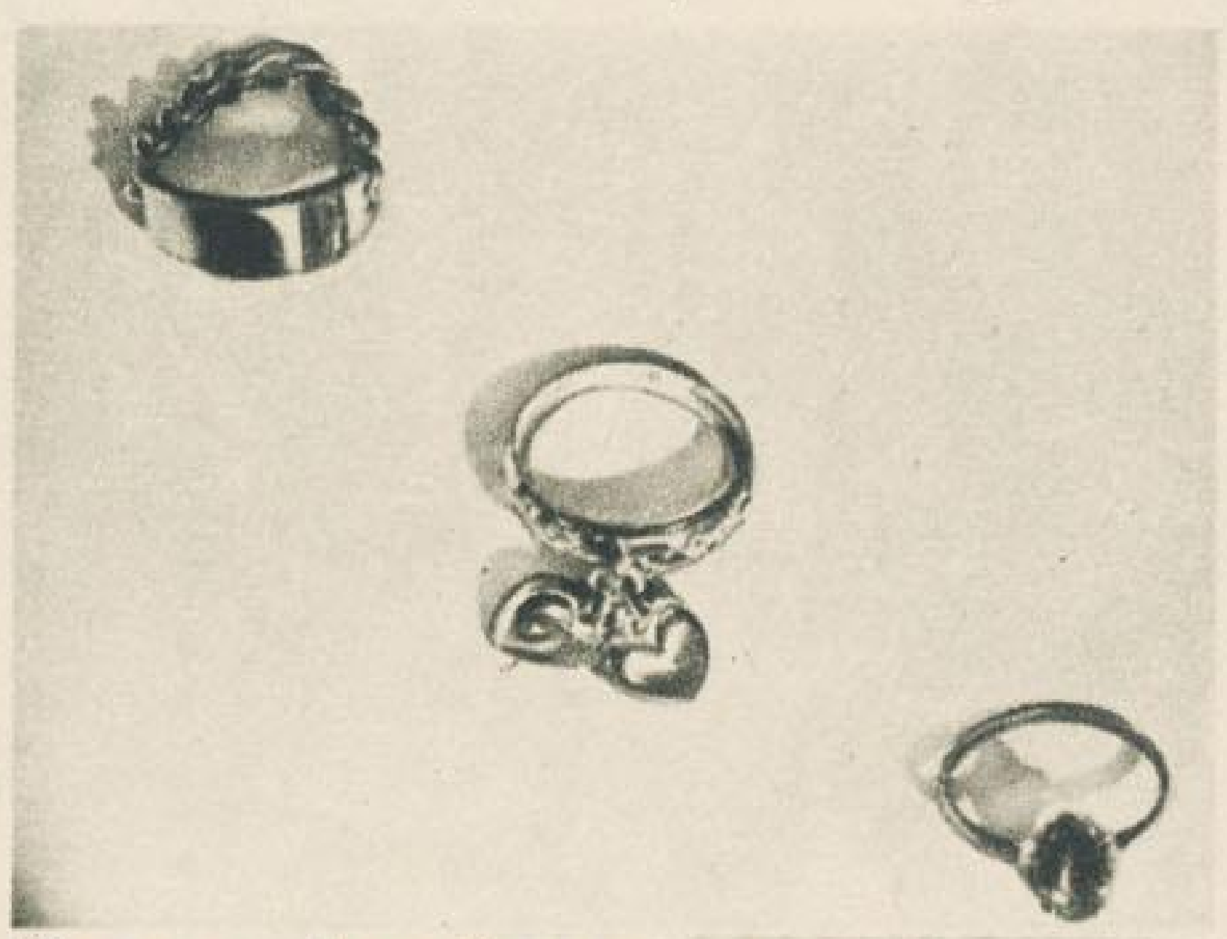


The better sweater . . . by "Barbara Lynn" in pastels. 100% wool, fitted waist, and a neckline made for jewelry. Popular prices at leading stores.

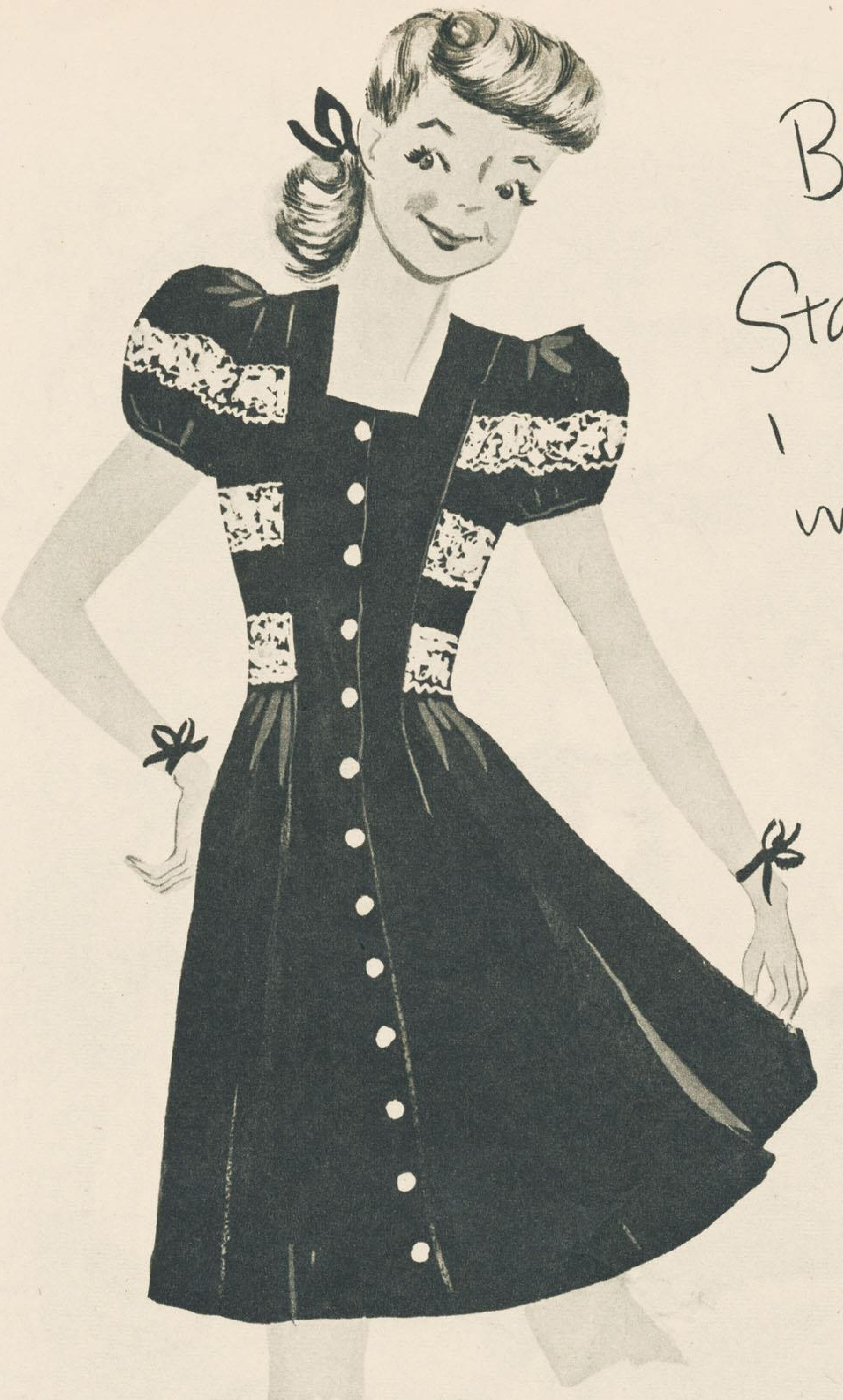


Rings on her fingers! A sterling silver identification ring, $1.50; a sweetheart sterling silver ring, engraved band and hanging hearts, $1.95; and a birthstone ring of 10K gold (all color stones) $4.50. All "Teenior" by Deeco Jewelry Co.

Change purses! Switch to these "Animal" leather kiddy bags. Red, green, blue, and black with *zippers!* Lucille Distributing Co. $1.25 (incl. tax). Leading stores

Timed for teens are Teentimer cosmetics. "Cloud Drift" bubbles for your bath, $1.00. "Stardust" powder for afterward $1.00, "Heavenly H20" cologne $1.50 and Lip Trix in just-right shades $.75.

Teentimer
Stardust
Teentimer
Cloud Drift



# Be a Stand-out in Black

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Black's suddenly the smartest thing
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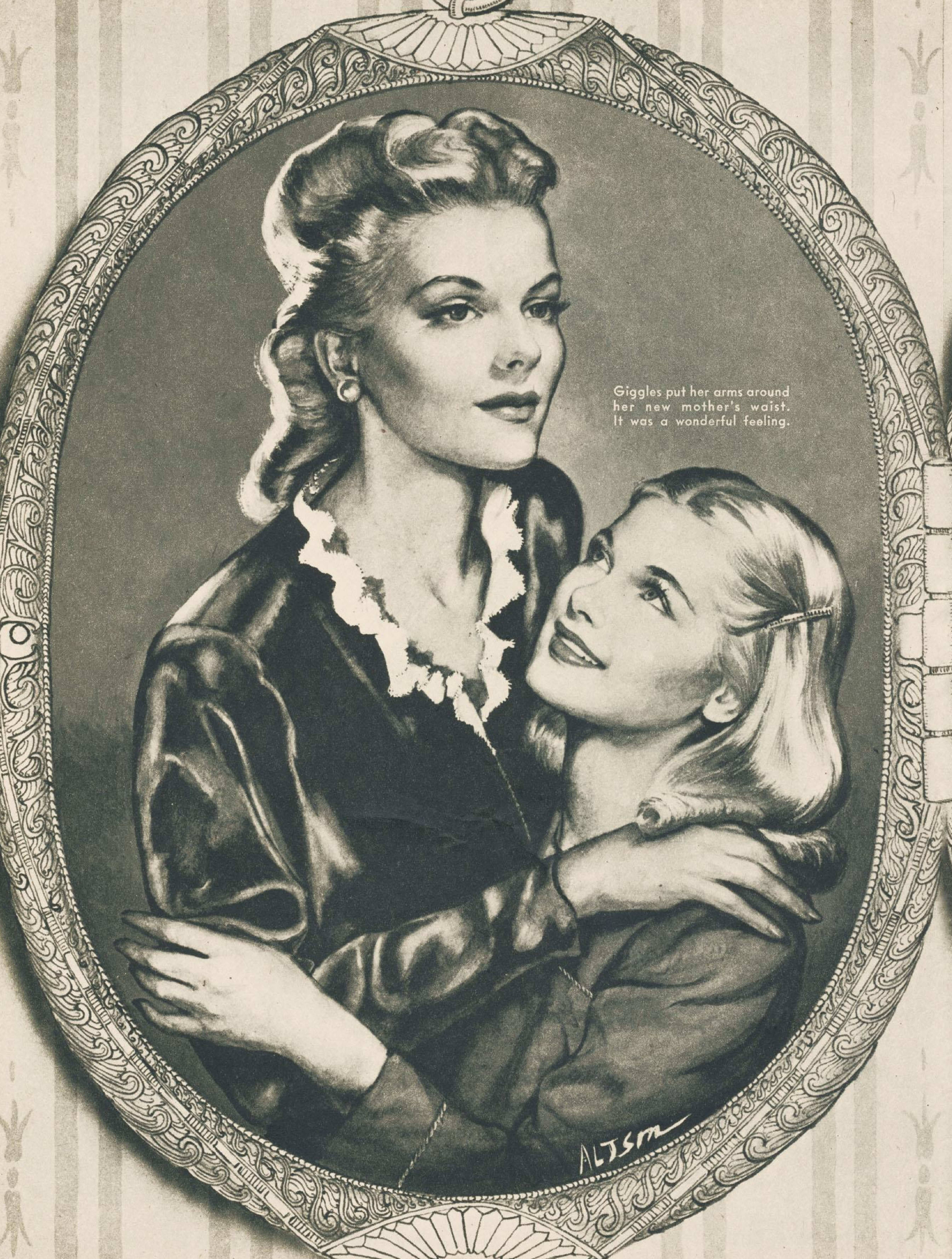


Giggles put her arms around her new mother's waist. It was a wonderful feeling.

# GIGGLES

### by Bonnie Gay

ILLUSTRATED BY LOUISE ALTSON

GIGGLES flopped on the organdy bedspread, remembered that it was a bedspread, and selected a chair instead. She had a look of I've-drawn-the-short-straw about her as she reached into her blazer jacket for the air mail letter. (Funny, when you counted the lines, there were about fifteen. It was only when you read between them that it spoke whole volumes.)

Giggles could feel grape-size tears pushing behind her eyelids, begging for release. She should have made herself think of something else: once the first tear fell there was no stopping them. They followed in single file down her cheeks, splashing her dickey, the pointed revers of her jacket. In fact, she was primed for a long, luxurious cry when—

"And just how long have you been tapping the water power?" a voice drawled from the doorway.

That did it. The wail that Giggles had kept smothered against her heart started up in her throat, then muffled itself in a be-cardiganed shoulder.

"Cry it out, Giggles," Tess urged as she led her roommate to a chair and tossed a box of pale-tinted tissues in her lap. "Or better still, give me the letter I saw you run out of study hall with . . ."

Giggles gulped, mumbling something about not ending a sentence with a preposition, then handed her the wrinkled page. She watched the expression on Tess' face when she knew that she had reached the part about the marriage.

"Isn't it just awful?" Giggles' tears exploded as Tess folded the letter.

Tess thought a long moment, as she pretended to be engrossed in chipping off the nail polish on her index finger.

"No, Giggles, no, it isn't. . . ." Then seeing the shocked expression on her friend's face, Tess rushed on, as if the ends of her sentences were firecrackers and about to go off at any moment.

"Your father is entitled to his happiness,

(*Continued on page* 48)

**When you love somebody more than anything else in this world,**

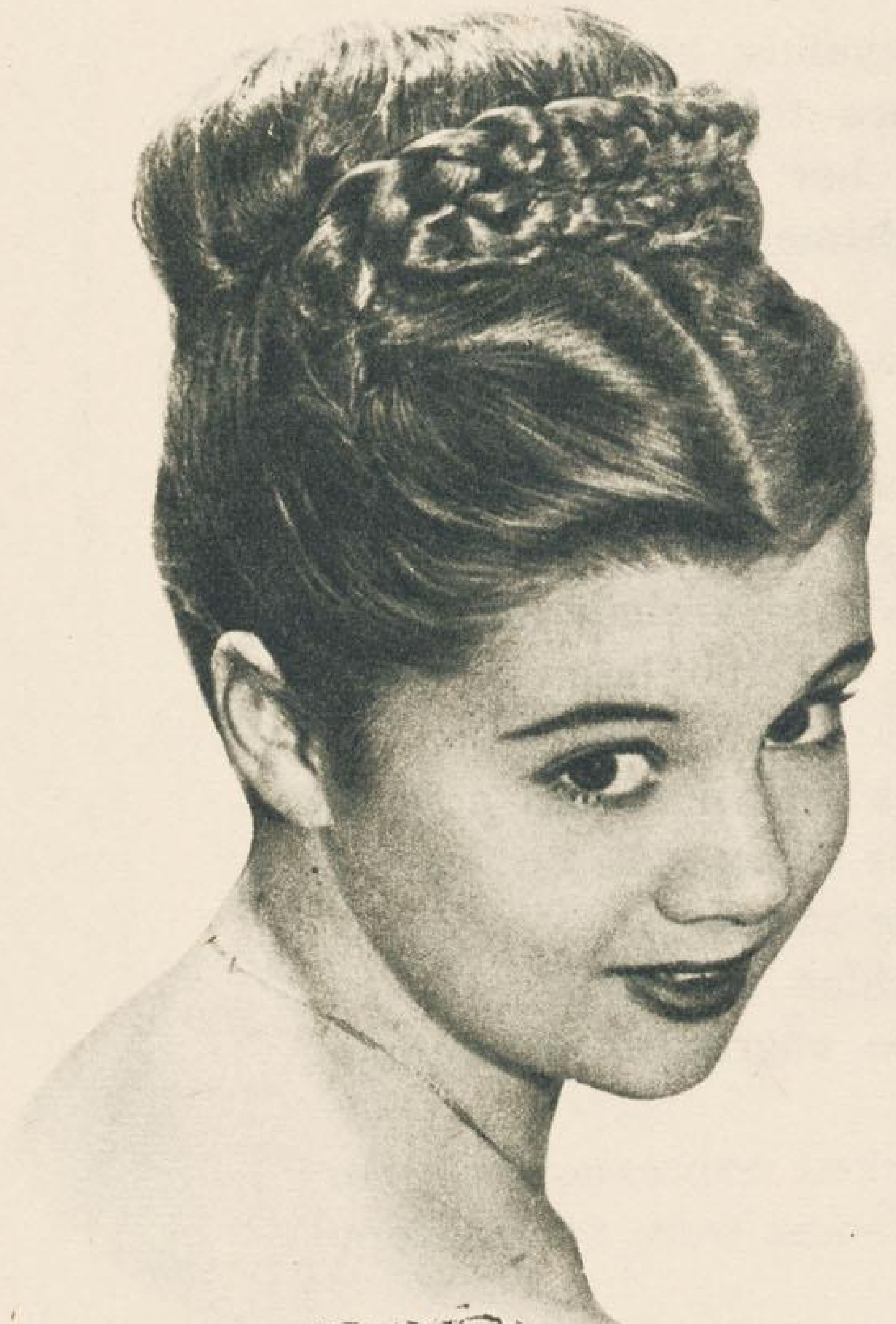
**you don't want to share him . . . that's how Giggles**

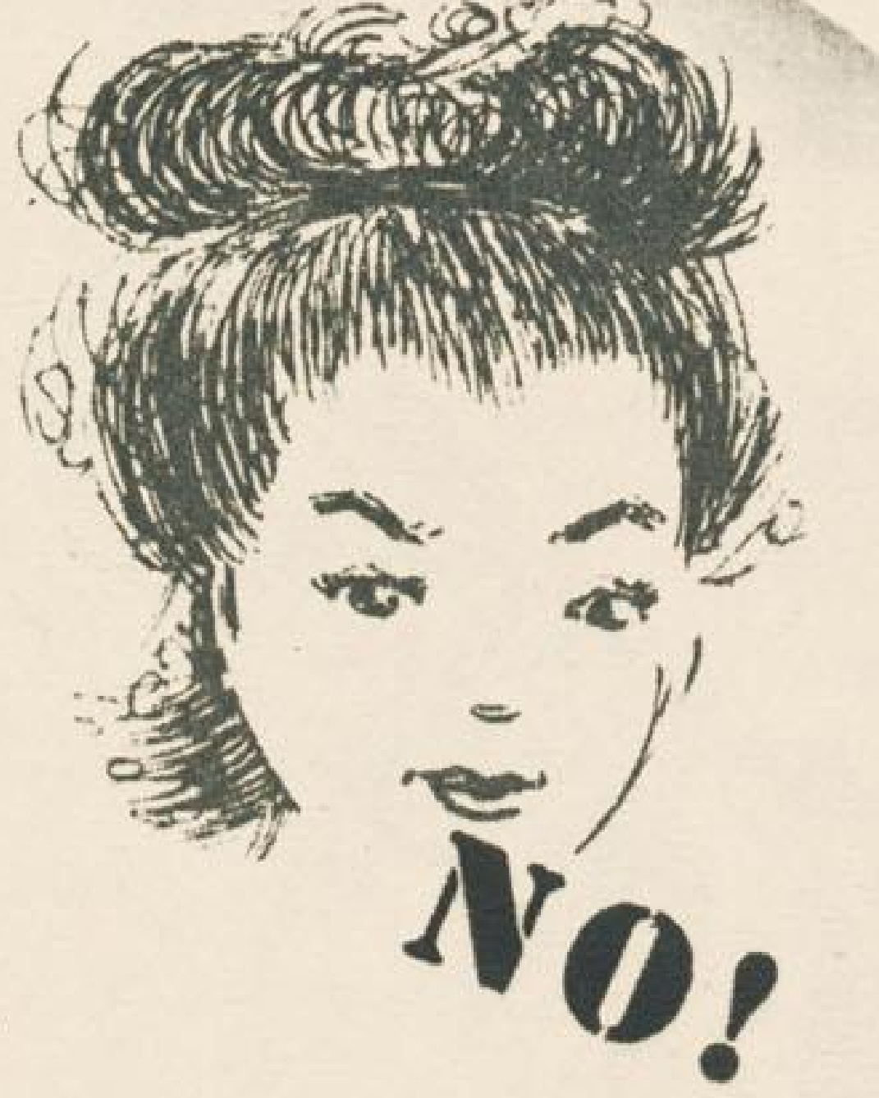
**felt . . . Then she met "the other woman" and . . .**

# Tresses and Messes

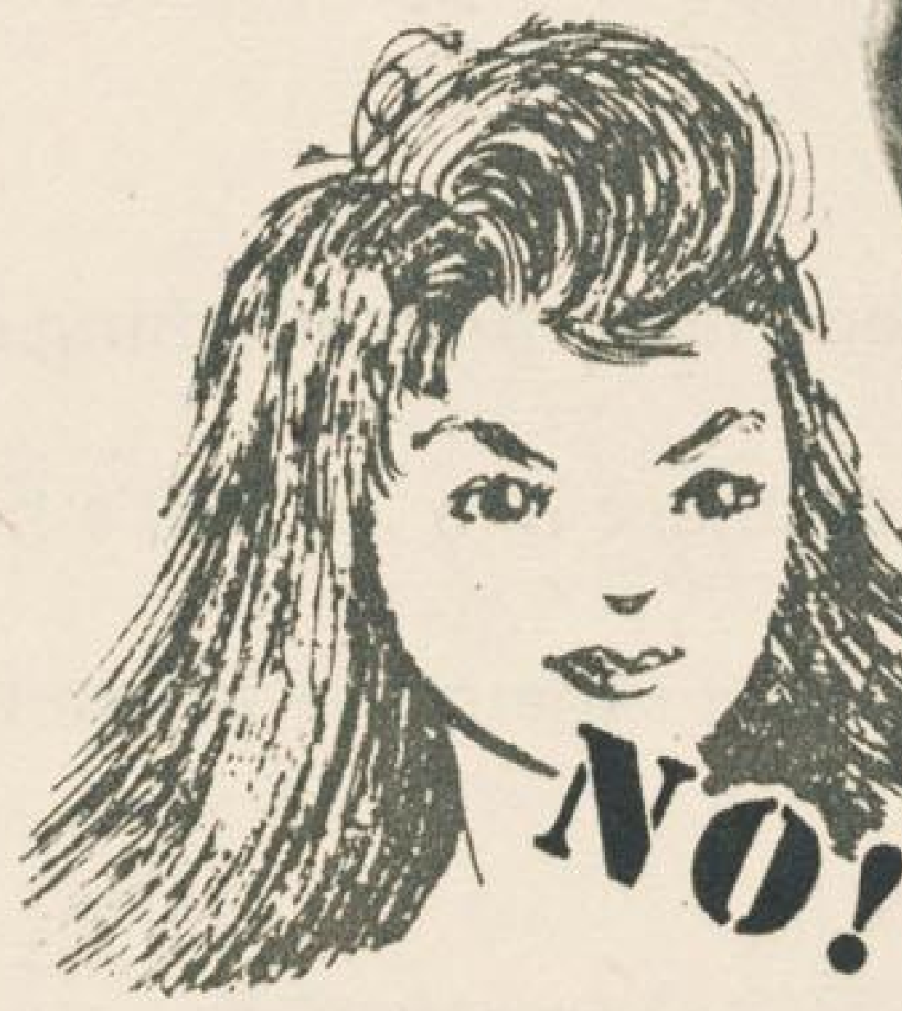
So you can't do a thing with it? Nonsense! Any gal can concoct a super-slick hair style with only some pins and a brush that works overtime. Here, Leta Harrison, foremost teen hair stylist, shows you how to make your tresses look just right . . .

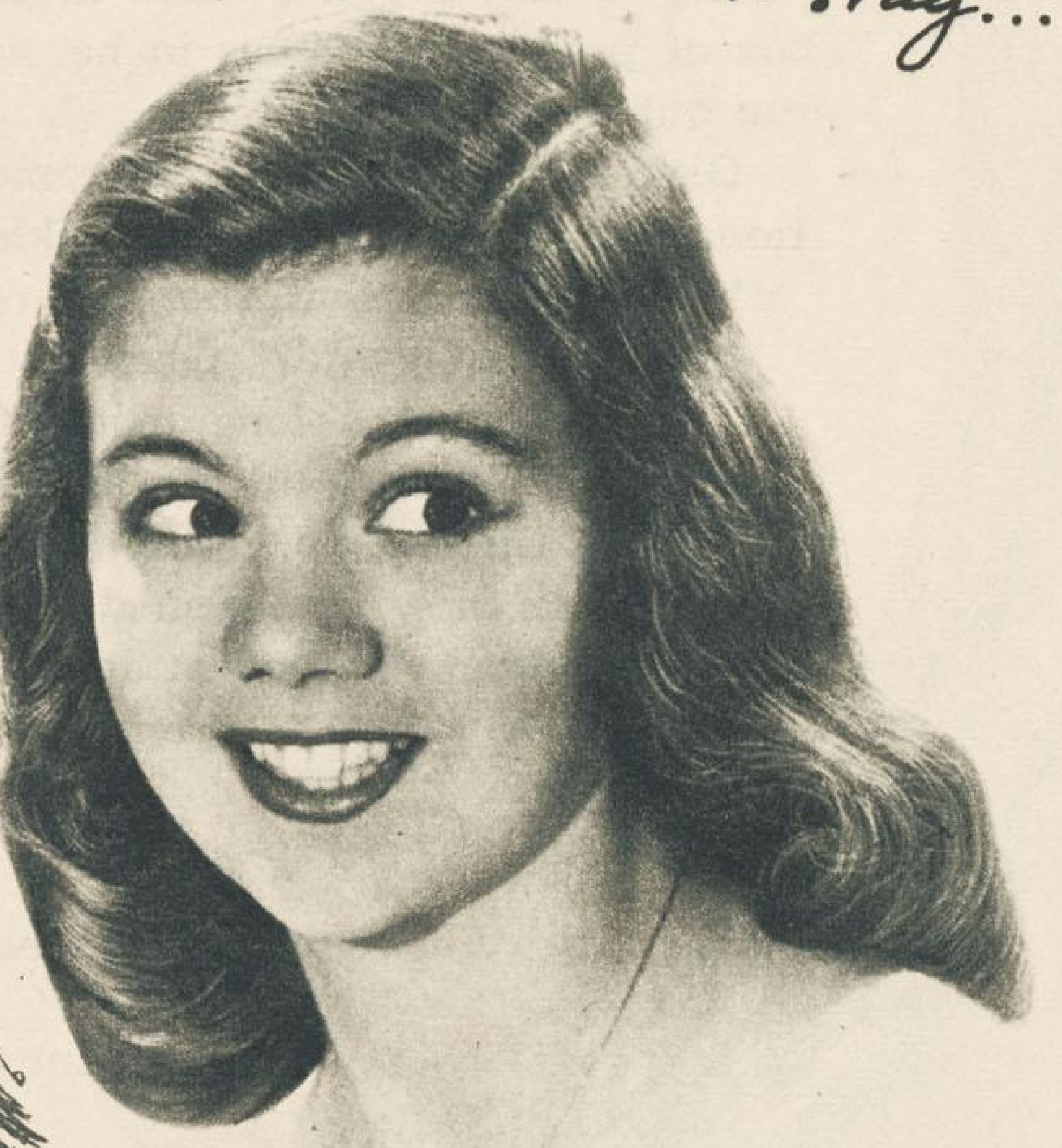
For Big date doin's—top knot, top neat...

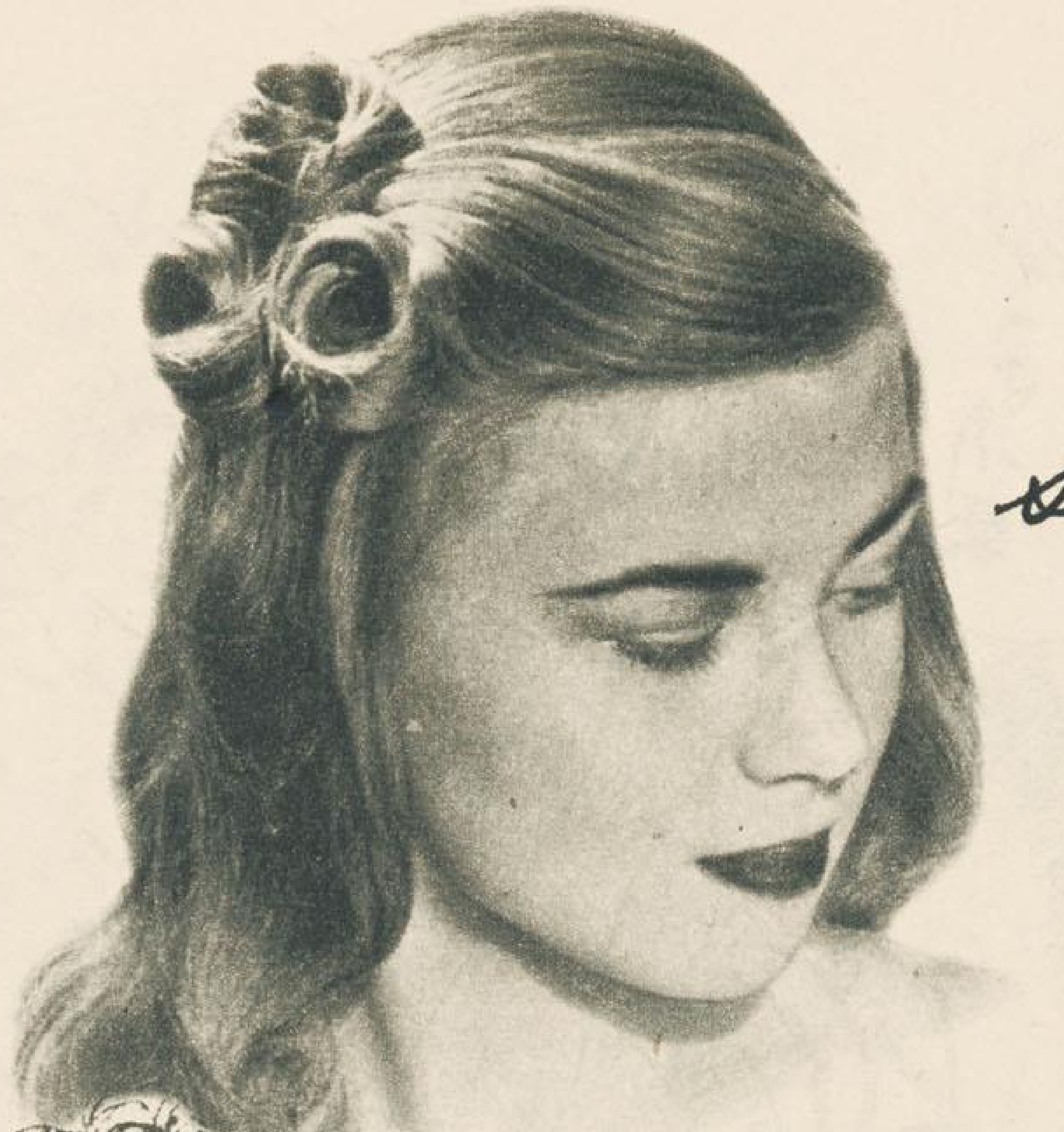




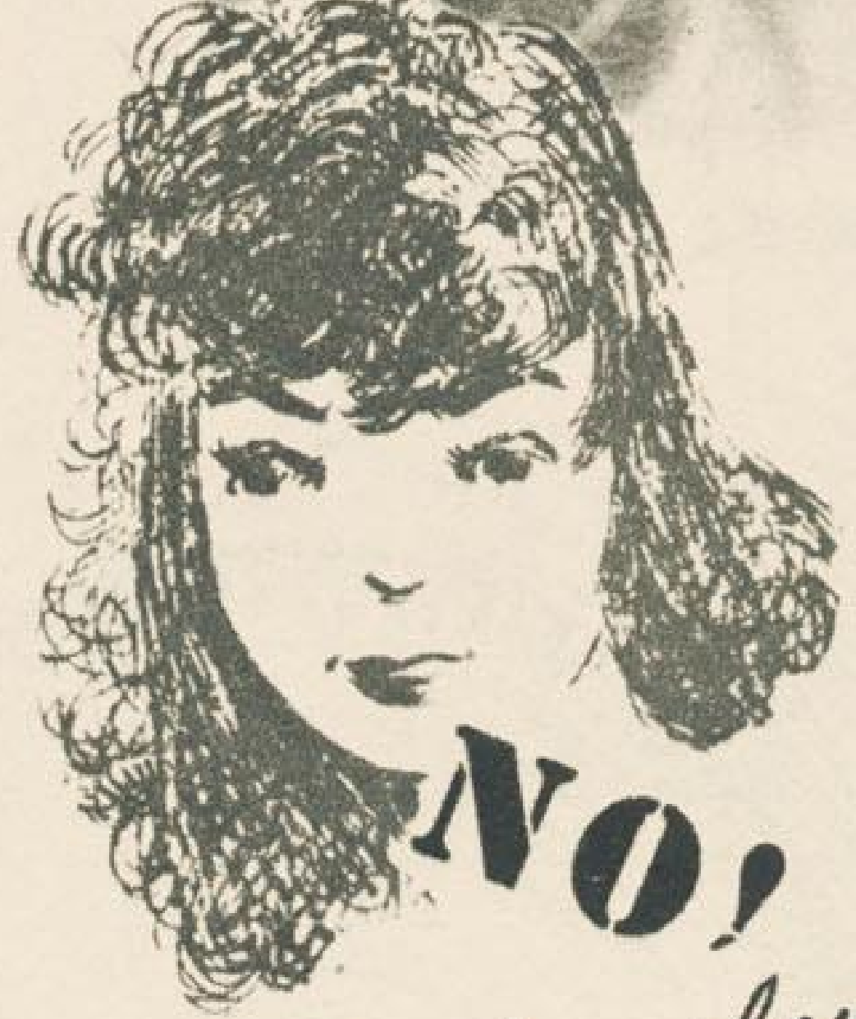
Sweet and lovely—it's hair to stay...



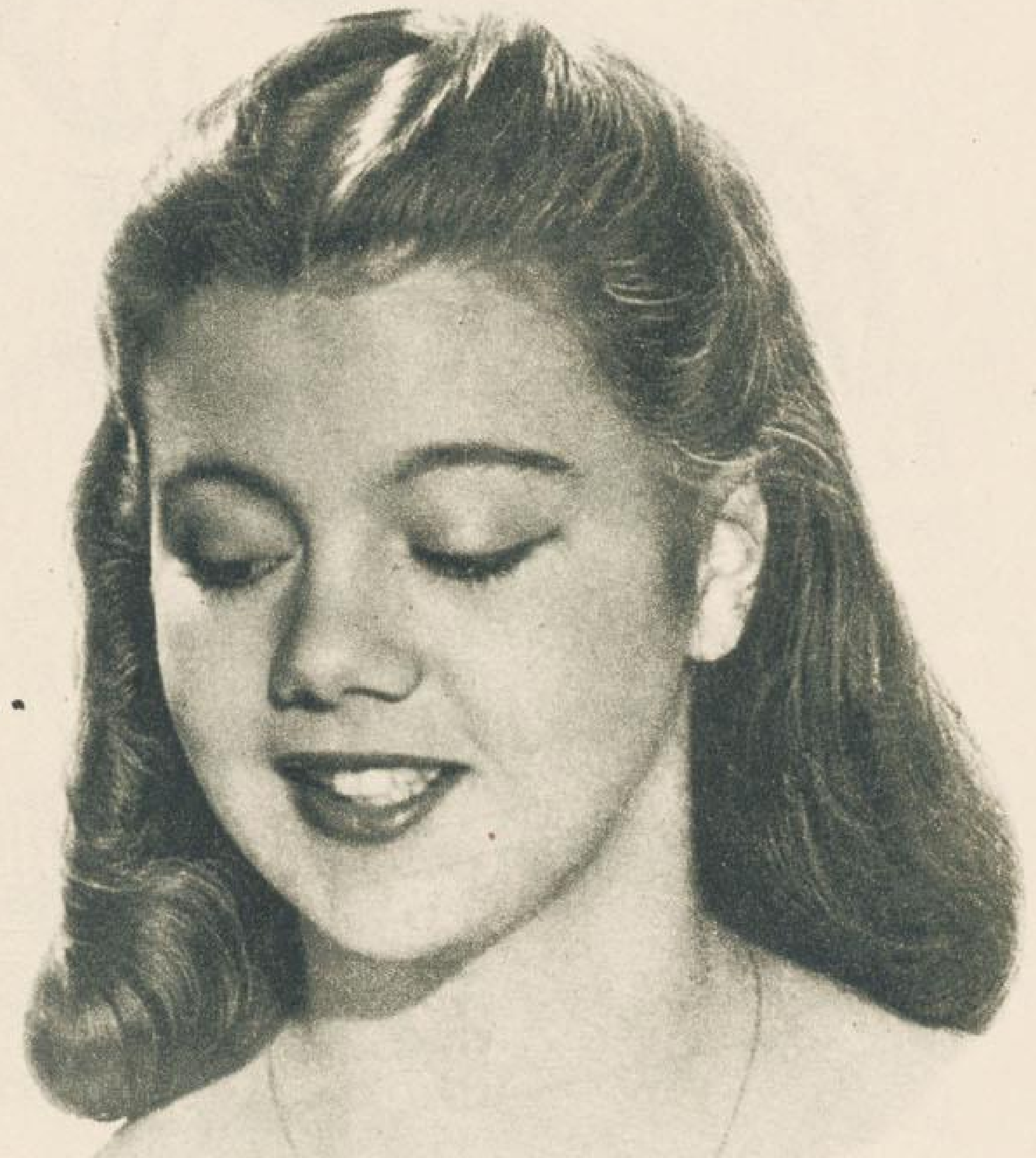


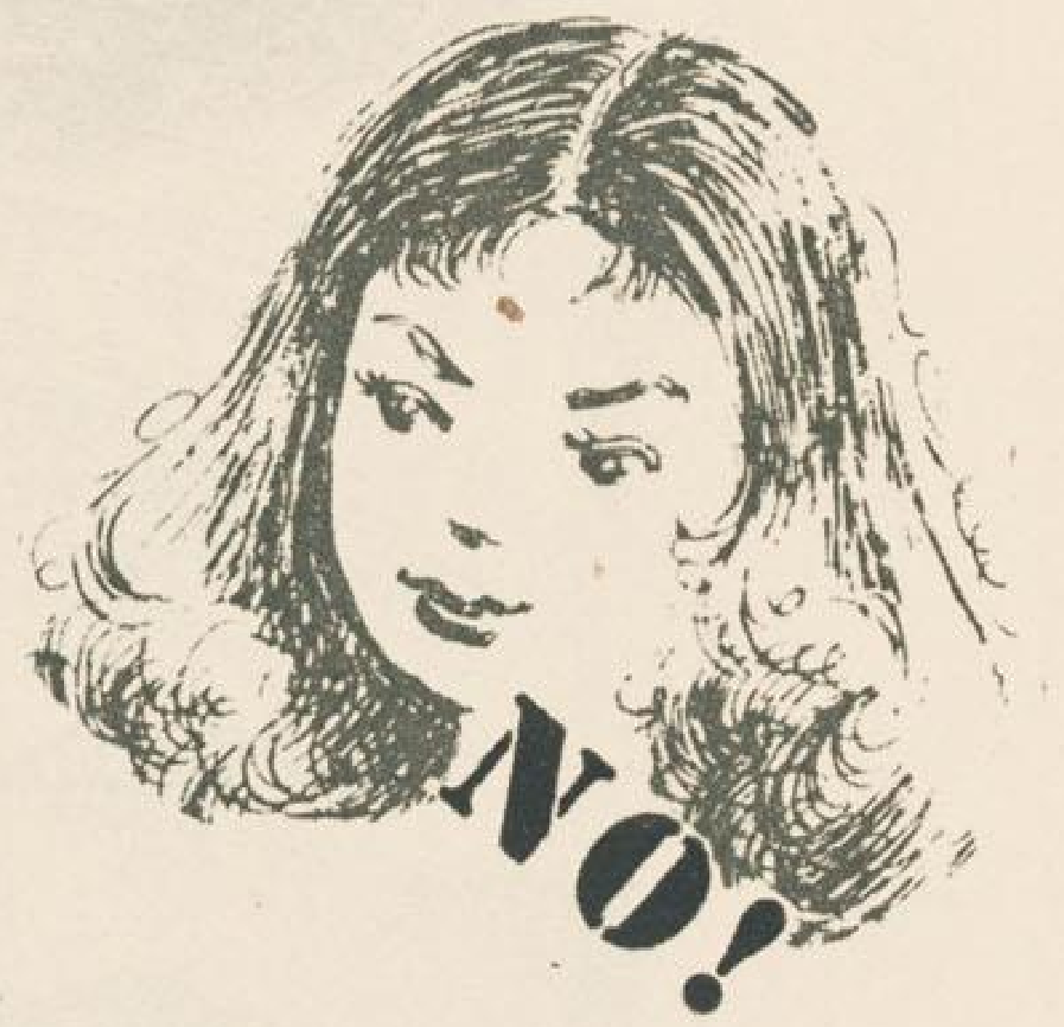


Swirl a curl for added appeal...

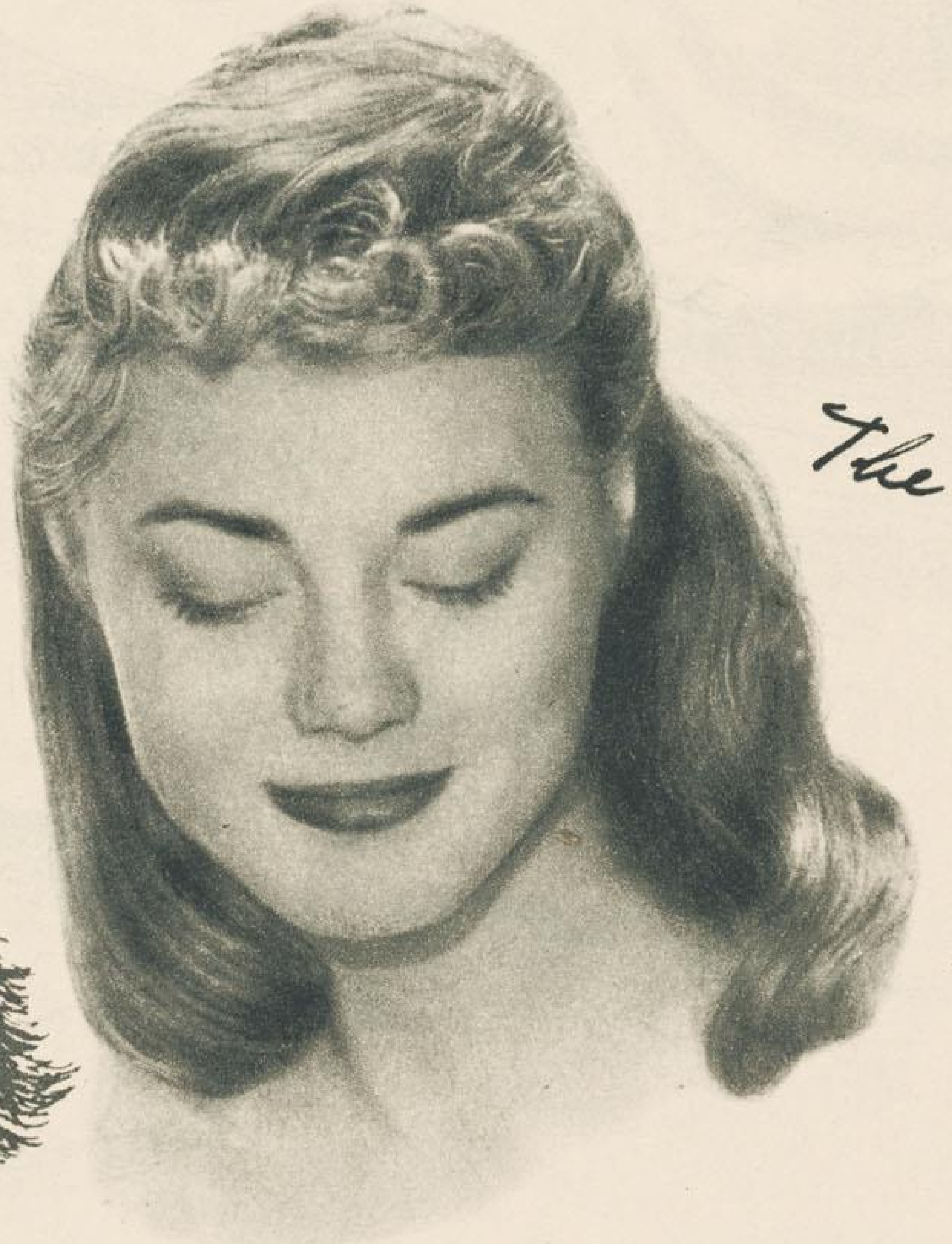


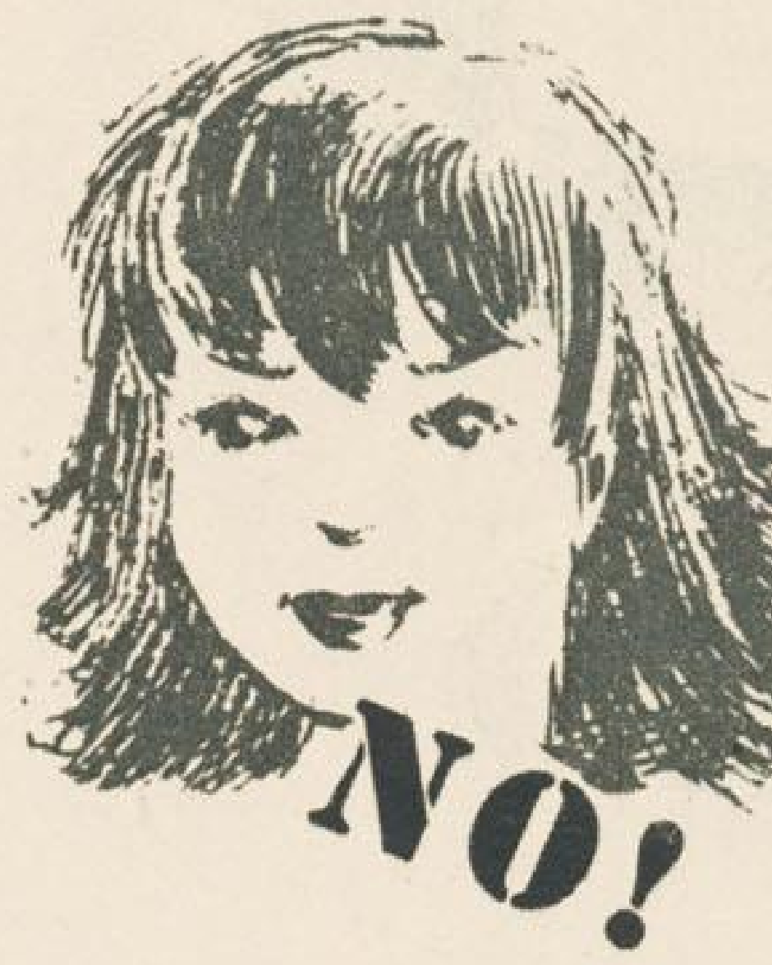
For school or play don't forget daily brush off...





The bangs that score a hit...





Lovely Aleen Leslie, top-flight screen and radio writer, whose diary was the beginning of a very successful career.

Do you keep a diary? You should . . . It's a warm friend and confidante . . . a silent somebody to share your innermost secrets, your joys, your sorrows . . . A lasting record of YOU . . . to enjoy through the year . . .

*by Alice Craig Greene*

# Tell It To Your Diary...

EVER since Samuel Pepys made diarying a paying proposition 300 years ago, the question has been "to keep or not to keep a diary."

The main trouble with "diarying" is that there's just no middle way about it. It either winds up a "thing of duty—or a joy forever." If it's the first department with you, you might just as well take that pretty green leather job that Dad gave you for Christmas and donate it to the waste paper drive. Obviously there's no sense in wasting fifteen perfectly good minutes a day writing:

"Dear Diary—Got up at 8; breakfast at 8:30; went to school at 9:00; came home at 3:00; supper at 6:00; studied, and to bed at 11:00." And some boring et ceteras.

But if a diary is going to turn out to be a really sharp record of fun times, a memory book of the wonderful gals and guys you've known—plus a measure of self-improvement, then it's well worth the time you spend at it.

Right at the beginning, here's a tip. Diaries have a way of getting themselves read, as many people have found out, to their subsequent discomfort. So it's a pretty smart idea not to write anything in a diary that you really don't want people to read about or know about, for instance, anything that might hurt anyone or get anyone into trouble if it were read.

In this line, it's not a good idea to elaborate in your diary on how much of a heel Aunt Editha is, despite the fact that she's on the fourth month of that "two-week visit." And she's still occupying *your* room. And *you're* still sleeping on the couch in the living room.

Because you see, if Aunt Editha is really the kind of a heel you think she is, she's just the type who would pick up a piece of private property like a diary and read it. And that would cause a family fracas, all for nothing.

Besides, a diary is a good place to train yourself not to criticize people adversely, but to pick out their good points. Pollyanna-ish? Well, maybe. But it's a habit that pays off big dividends later in life. In other words, "accentuate the positive, and eeee-liminate the negative—" Remember the good things and don't brood over the bad ones. Usually, looking back, you find that the bad one's weren't really too bad, but pretty trivial. And who wants to be branded picayunish?

Include in your diary occasional interesting facts you learn, cute figures of speech, some original thing someone has said which has impressed you, a clever story someone tells. Writing it down will impress it on your mind so it will be your own to dig out later for a "conversation piece" if ever chatter lags.

If you particularly like a book you read, or if you dislike it very much, sum it up in order to determine just what does and does not please you, and the reasons *(Continued on page 70)*

# With Malice Towards None...

by Tina Travers

straight-from-the-shoulder stuff on grudges... it's dynamite-for-YOU-to hold one...

SOMEBODY did you a dirty trick. A girl betrayed your confidence. A boy broke a date without explaining. Your feelings are hurt. Your self-confidence is flat as a pancake. Last night you couldn't sleep for hours, thinking about it. Today you're mad as hops. And tomorrow you're going to get even.

That, young lady, is pouring yourself a dose of slow poison.

Brood over a grudge, and it will take root deep down inside you, ruin your looks, and sour your disposition.

How will it ruin my looks, you're asking? The light will go out of your eyes. The corners of your once-pretty mouth will turn down. And between your brows, above your nose, two lines will dig in, and make you look near-sighted.

But you can't forget the wrong that's been done you? Nonsense! You can do anything if you try hard enough and really want to.

Trouble is we like to hug a grudge to our bosoms. We like to go over it again and again like a B-grade movie-queen, showing how she can suffer. Think back to the last time somebody hurt your feelings. You held long imaginary conversations with the traitor. In these conversations you reminded the culprit how nice you'd been to her, what a good friend you'd proved yourself, how you'd gone out of your way to do things for her. And now just look at the reward you'd got for all your sweetness. Now look, and be ashamed, and apologize, or *something.*

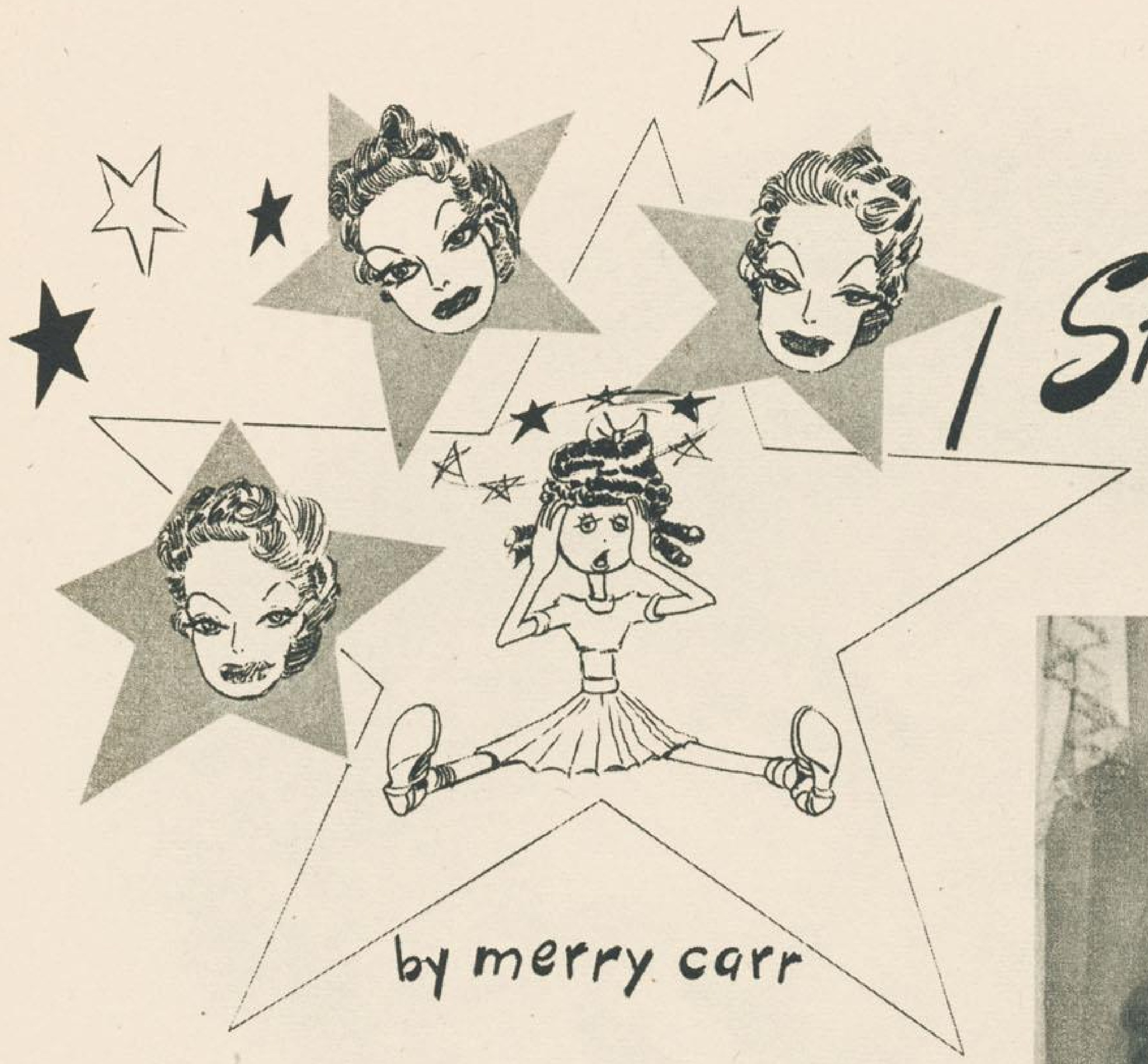
In these imaginary conversations you've felt pretty wonderful. You've patted yourself on the back, and boosted your own stock to your own self till you feel like a heroine. But a heroine badly treated, and you're going to get even.

Did you ever think where getting even will land you? Right alongside the one who did you the unkindness, or injustice, or just plain rotten trick—whichever. You think less of the one who hurt you. But you'll think less of yourself if you strike back. Then you'll have two things to get over, and two people to forgive—yourself as well as the other.

If you're smart you'll leave a grudge alone, and keep going. Brood over it, and you'll get yourself bogged down in self-pity deeper than quicksand, and as deadly. Leave it lay, little sister, and block it off with a new experience.

We are what we think. That's a fact, and nobody tries to deny it. (*Continued on page* 42)

# I SAW STARS



by merry carr

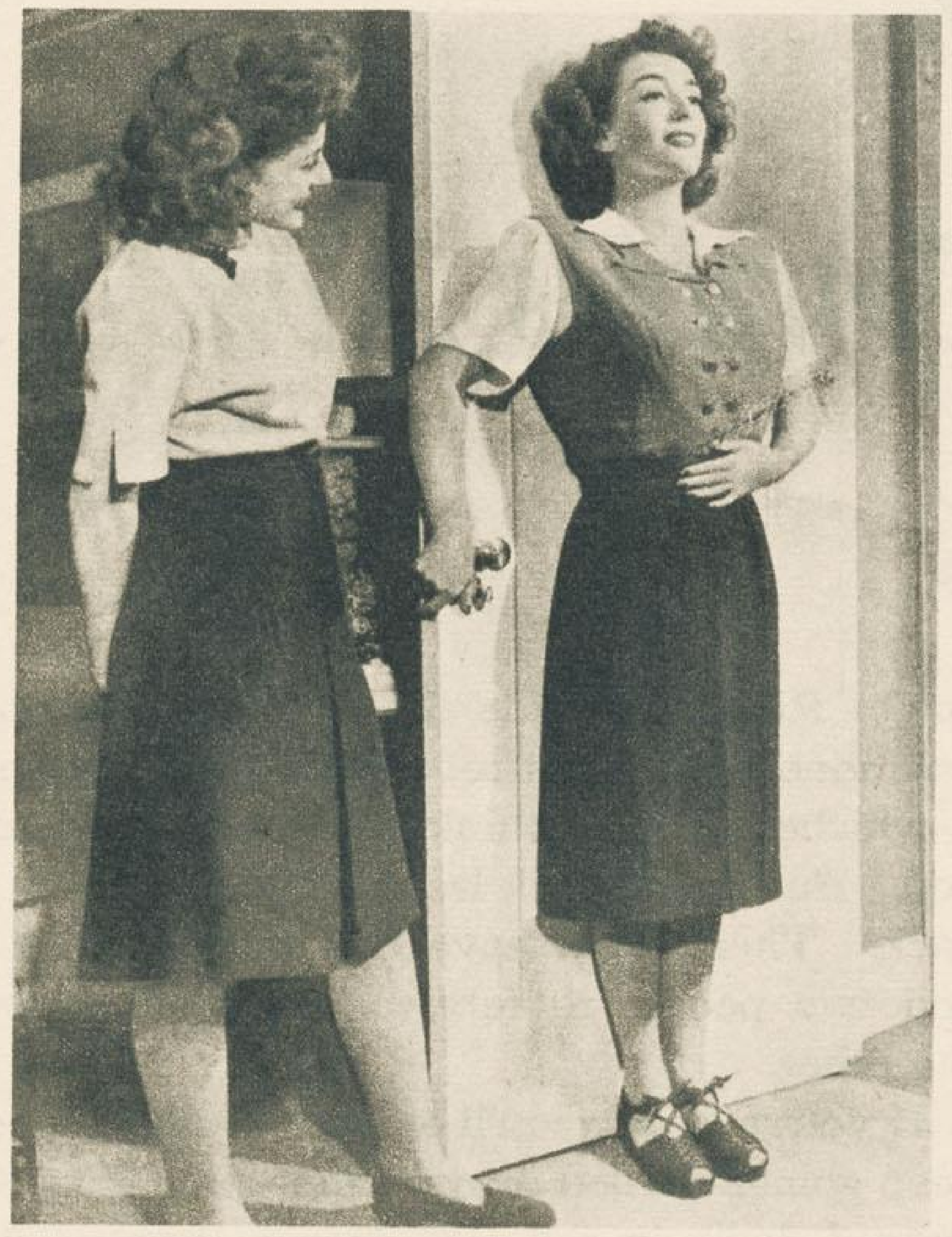
Our typical teener meets lovely Joan Crawford—and
obtains some first-hand Hollywood poise and
charm secrets from the gracious Warner star . . .
Here, she tells you all about her exciting visit . . .

AN INTERVIEW with Joan Crawford! Goll-ee! I nearly fell over when our editor told me it had all been arranged! It was the most exciting thing that happened to me since Lonnie's older brother, home on leave, invited me to the neighborhood center dance. Imagine—Joan Crawford, Hollywood's lovely, glamorous actress—and *I* was going to interview her!

When I arrived in front of her apartment, my heart was doing a rhumba and samba rolled into one. And that clammy "exam-y" feeling suddenly swept over me. You know how you feel just before the finals; your mouth gets as dry as the Sahara, your stomach drops miles to your feet, and you're sure if you took your shoes and stockings off you'd find your toes are curled under, looking very much like round, pink snails.

It wasn't that I was really scared—not really (much)—it was just that this was the first time I had ever met a real live celebrity. Of course, I'd seen Joan Crawford in the movies dozens of times, but being in her own apartment, and being able to talk to her personally—jeepers! And oh, what would I *say?* I *could* tell her what "Mildred Pierce" did, but she probably knew that by now. Quickly I tried to recall some rules I'd learned in Journalism 1, but all I could think of was: *I'm going to meet Joan Crawford! I'M going to meet Joan Crawford!* Now I know (*Continued on page* 68)

Merry gets a new hair-do "a la Hollywood"—by Joan herself—and doesn't it look purty! Quite a versatile gal, this Joan—and quite wonderful, too!



Joan's exercise for insuring good posture is—hold the door with one hand and stand flat and erect against it having no rump protrusions. Good posture really elevates one—and we do mean literally.

Also a pair ot suspenders will help hold a skirt in place properly. Joan adjusts them on to Merry's skirt. Merry was never more thrilled . . . Joan said she could have her suspenders for keeps—actually!

"Ummmnn-hmmnn," Joan seems to be saying, "Another case of rump sprung"—Merry smilingly peeks at the "object of her objection." 'Tis plain to see. And here's the cure for it—Joan gets down on her knees to arrange Merry's skirt. Skirts should always be pulled up, never down, she says.

Standing back-to-back, without shoes on, Joan proves to Merry that her taller appearance is just a matter of posture know-how—and Joan does know how . . .

The Atom, like fire, can be a good or an evil, monstrous master . . . Who controls it, how it is controlled, to what use we put it hangs the fate of humanity . . .

Dr. Elias Lieberman

Associate Superintendent, Board of Education
of the City of New York

# the ATOM-- and YOU . . .

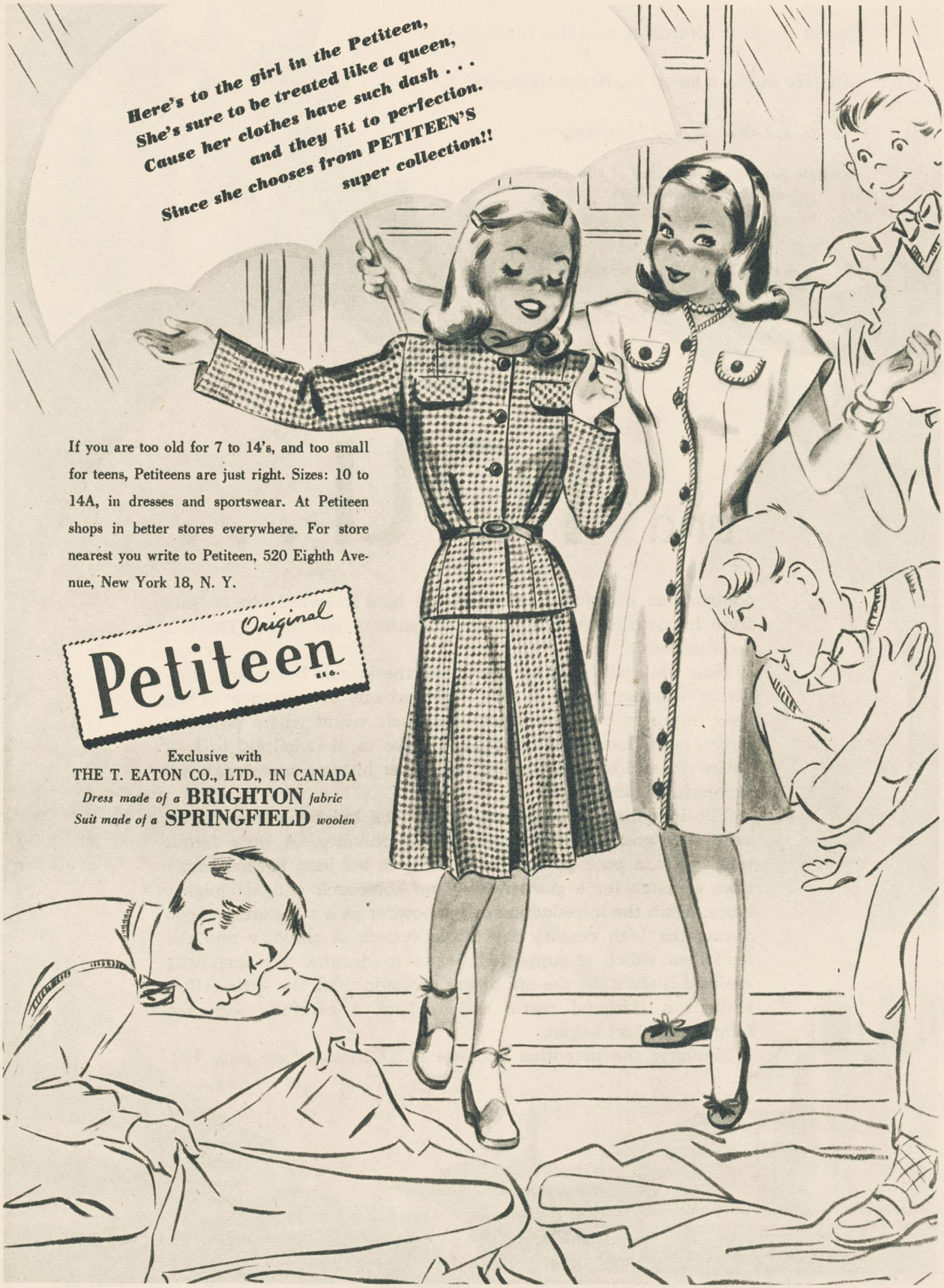
PICTURE yourself living as a savage in some prehistoric shelter, a cave made by natural rock formation. You are grateful for protection against wind and storm. Your world, however, is a world of darkness and of agonizing cold against which even your crude furs, stripped from animals in many a perilous hunt, are inadequate. Suddenly the genius who lives in the cave near by announces and demonstrates the phenomenon of fire. Torchlight banishes shadows and a new dreadful weapon is available for you against your animal and tribal enemies. Your living standards go up, as fire is made to serve you, but danger, also, menaces you and your family in many ways. The problems of the Age of Fire are upon you and they must be solved if you and those dear to you are to survive.

Apparently they were solved or you would not be here at the moment reading a magazine. What happened, however, way back in prehistoric times is characteristic of how human beings have been making progress. Almost without notice a new force or a new invention comes upon us and slowly but inevitably everything changes with it. A different life and an unfamiliar pattern of events shape themselves because of this contribution of science. Man cannot hide anywhere to be safe from his own inventions. He must learn to use them. There is no alternative.

Now while all of us are discussing the atomic bomb and wondering whether we shall all be blasted out of existence in the near future or be ushered into a miracle world where powerful forces, never harnessed before, will serve us, it is helpful to look backward and to note some of the other historic crises man has successfully faced.

The invention of gunpowder made the knight in armor look very silly and terminated the age of chivalry. A little fellow with a gun, a poor peasant with straw in his hair, became more than a match for a giant warrior on horseback and his mighty lance. With the introduction of gunpowder as a standard weapon during the 14th century the whole system of chivalry and the feudalism which it supported began to decline. No one fully realized it then but the era of the common man, the little fellow without a Baronial castle and without a carefully nurtured family tree, had begun.

Similarly the invention and use of (*Continued on page 40*)



*Here's to the girl in the Petiteen,*
*She's sure to be treated like a queen,*
*Cause her clothes have such dash . . .*
*and they fit to perfection.*
*Since she chooses from PETITEEN'S*
*super collection!!*

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## VICTORIA ALLEN DUNFORD
Hollywood, Calif.

# Dear Betty Ann—

**At long last! Vicky approaches FAME! Her meeting with a "real live" movie talent scout brings unexpected results...**

At last I am going to be in the Hollywood spotlight of glamour and fame! However, I must frankly confess, Dearest Betts, that it is all a little different than I had anticipated.

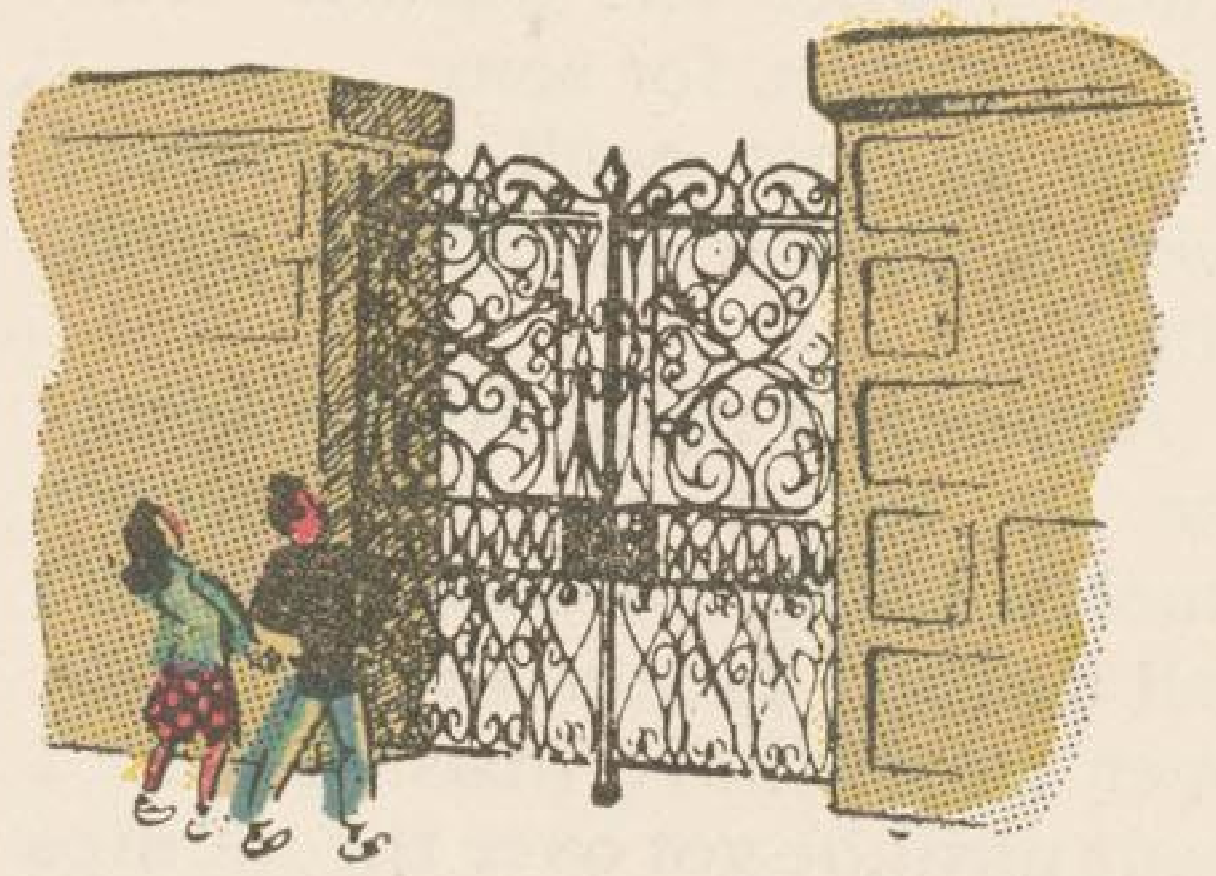
But considering that even Myrna Loy began her career the same way, I suppose it is all right. Anyway, Betts, I am making progress and that is what counts.

As you know, Lester Hunt, whose uncle is talent scout at Paramount, is sponsoring my career. That is, because Lester is going to be a big movie star agent when he assumes the responsibilities of advanced adulthood.

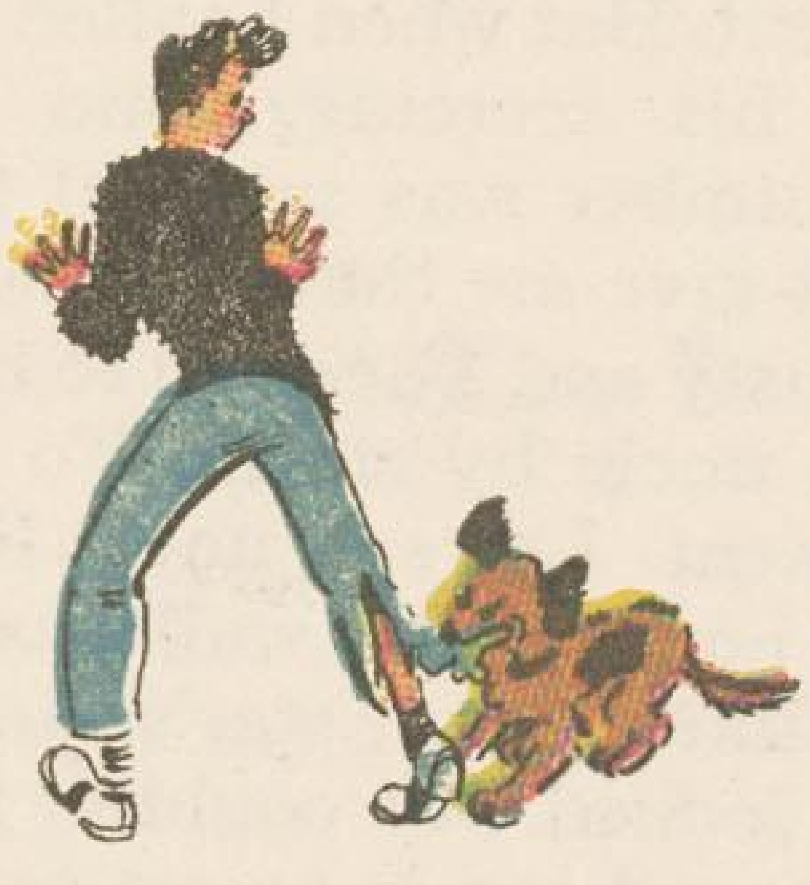
Being Lester's first client, it is only natural that I must cope with his experiments. But his completely unexpected case of the mumps! Well, what could I do?

As I last wrote, after getting my picture in the Hollywood newspaper as "Hollywood High's Candidate for Movie Stardom", which caused that really unbearable Darlene to sit up and take notice, well, Lester came down with the mumps. So I called Rusty to take over temporarily during this emergency.

Of course Lester and I had planned that I was to be discovered sipping a soda where Lana Turner was discovered! But since I had (Continued on next page)

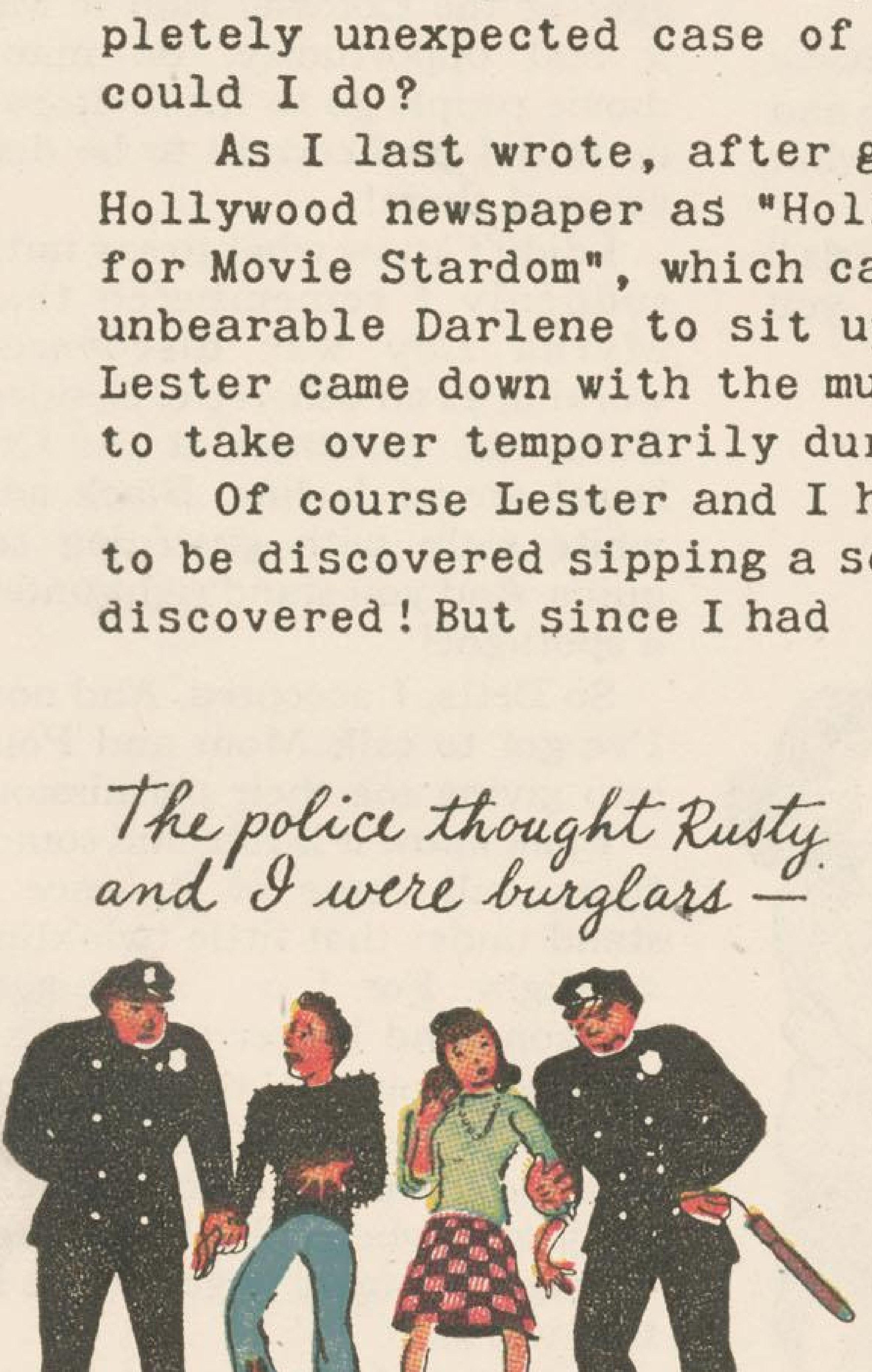


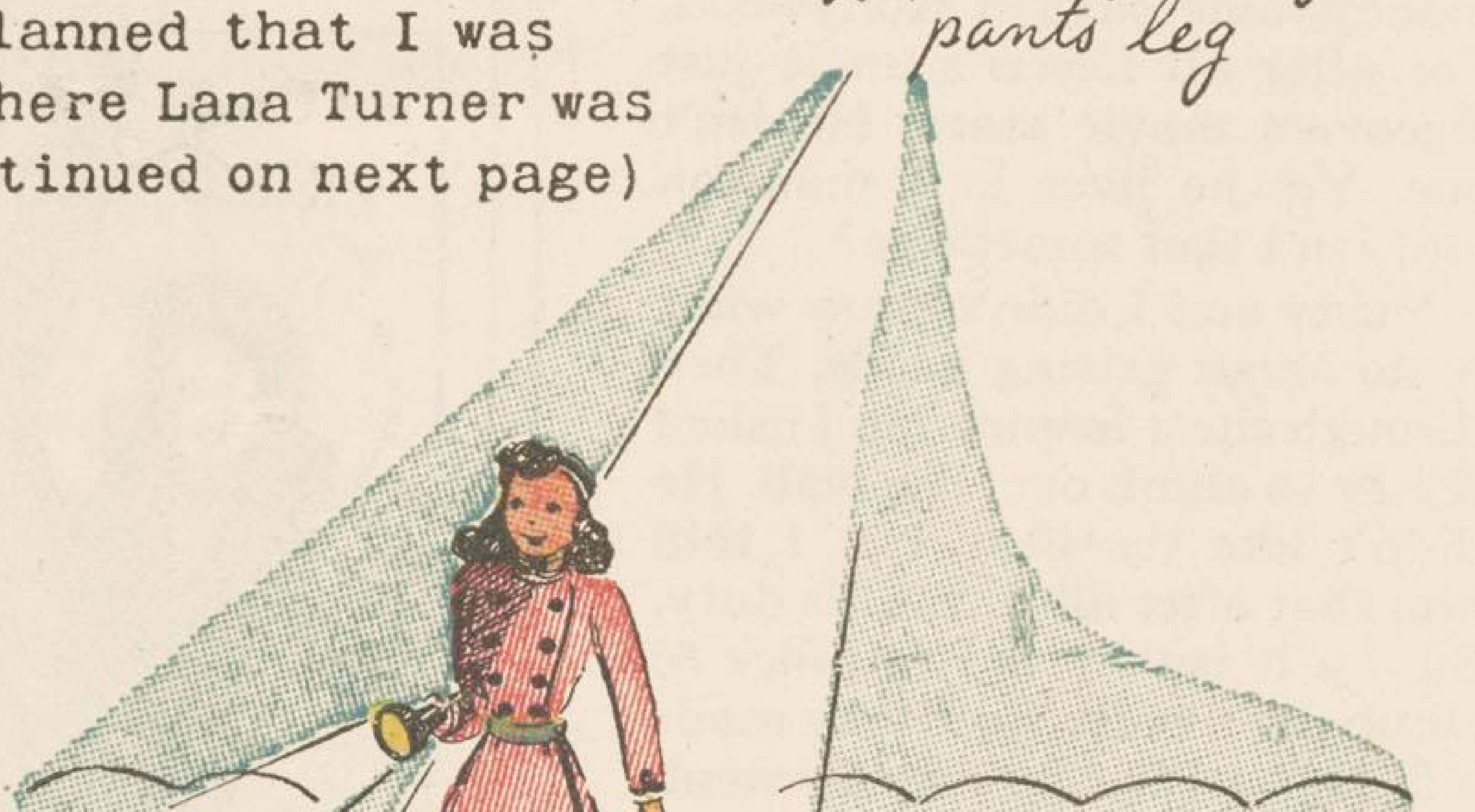
we couldn't find a way to get inside —



one of the dogs tore off part of Rusty's pants leg

The police thought Rusty and I were burglars —





— you stand right under a spot

already decided on my dress and hair-do, I decided *NOW* was the time!

Really Betts, Rusty is about the most wonderful boy in the world, being a football hero and everything, and with every girl in school wishing she could walk off with him. But still he is very old-fashioned about things.

Although he adores seeing Lana Turner and Jeanne Crain on the screen, for some reason or other he just can't understand why I should become a movie star!

Anyway, I made Rusty promise to escort me to Lester's uncle's house. Of course I didn't tell Lester! Lester as my manager would have insisted that I wait until he got over the mumps so he could represent me. (Doesn't that sound elegant and career-like, Betts?)

Now, in any place in the world, but Hollywood, you could telephone Lester's uncle for an appointment. But when I called the studio, his secretary said his home number was private! She couldn't give me the number.

So Rusty and I decided to take Lester's uncle by storm. To our amazement. Lester's uncle lives in a big house with a wall around it—just like a movie star's. And it was all locked. We couldn't find a way to get inside to get to the door to ring the bell.

You can imagine what kind of money fame pays in Hollywood. For after all Lester's uncle just discovers movie stars. He isn't one. Yet he lives in a mansion too! Isn't that something?

Rusty and I didn't know what to do about getting inside. Then through sheer inspiration I asked Rusty to climb over the wall. He didn't like the idea, but I told him that after all it was his duty. Surely it isn't a lady's place to climb over walls. So Rusty made a flying tackle, and over he went. And Betts, the very second I heard Rusty's thud, meaning he had hit the other side, two big dogs came bounding out of the house barking and yelping! It was perfectly terrible.

I began to scream. I knew Rusty was going to be eaten right up. By a miracle he managed to scramble back over the wall. Just in the nick of time too, because one of the dogs grabbed at him and tore off part of his pant's leg!

(Privately Betts, it was the left leg on Rusty's brand new suit, and he's still perfectly furious about it.)

The dogs kept barking, and then someone came out of the house and called them off. At the same time a radio police car drove up with the sirens screaming. And Betts, they thought Rusty and I were burglars. Honest they did!

Actually we had quite a time explaining that we just wanted to see Lester Hunt's uncle, because I wanted him to discover me so he could get me into motion pictures.

At first everyone was sort of mad at all the commotion my career was causing. Then they began to laugh, and Lester's uncle invited us all in, even the police, and brought us all Pepsi-Colas. Finally we all became very sociable.

Then he seemed to expect us to go. But Betts, I couldn't go, because I was expecting him any minute to say that he wanted to test me at Paramount.

Well, he didn't. Finally Rusty said we must go. So I just up and said, "Please, Mr. Hunt, what about my screen test?"

"You're like all of the girls," he sighed. "What makes you think you can act!"

At that Rusty began to laugh, and said, "Mr. Hunt, in my opinion and in the opinion of most everyone at Hollywood High, Vicky is always acting. But she's a good kid at heart!"

Rusty can be so mortifying. I just brushed off his remark with a smile. I said, "I have a secret talent, Mr. Hunt. I am quite sure of it."

He laughed and said, "We'll see." Then as though he had a sudden inspiration he said, "Call me at Paramount tomorrow. I'll have something for you, perhaps."

Betts, I didn't sleep all night long! I was so excited. When I called, his secretary seemed to know all about me. She told me to report to the Colossal Theater that very afternoon!

I did, Betts, and what do you think Mr. Hunt's offer was? Well, his brother-in-law owns the Colossal, and Mr. Hunt had told them to give me a job as an usherette!

Well, I was so mad I didn't know what to do! But the manager at the Colossal said it was a real opportunity. So many movie people go to the Colossal, he said I was certain to be discovered there!

I didn't know what to say until suddenly I remembered that Myrna Loy was discovered working as an usherette. Besides, Betts, the costumes at the Colossal are so darling. Black and white satin with glistening sequins. And you stand right under a spotlight!

So Betts, I accepted. And now I've got to talk Mom and Pops into giving me their permission.

I just know it is fate and something will come of it, once I stand under that little twinkling spotlight. For I can see bigger horizons and bigger spotlights.

Please don't think I am getting conceited, Betts, I am just so hopeful and so enthusiastic. I read somewhere always to keep the right thought to get places in this world.

Anyway, I am to be in the Hollywood spotlight, and who knows what will happen? I'll write and let you know.

Your devoted friend,
Victoria Allen Dunford.

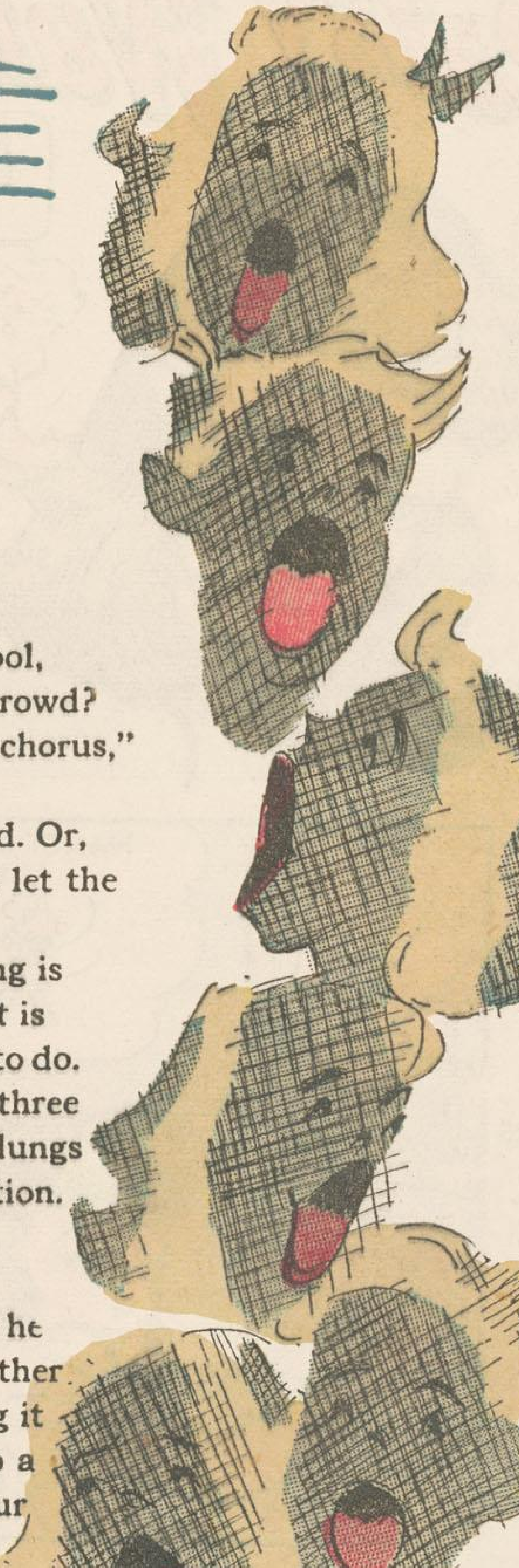
MISS C SHARP
MUSIC
BRAD

. . . I'm leaving her a note.
I can't attend class today!

# Everybody Sing!

You're in for a joyous treat when you join a musical jamboree...

*by Karen Van Lissel*



WHEN your school is going to have a ball game with another school, and there's a pep meeting for the players, do you sing with the crowd? Or, if the man on the movie screen says, "Now, everybody join in the chorus," do you sing?

Maybe you've tried. But your voice sounded squeaky—or too loud. Or, perhaps, no sound came out at all. Since then, well, you have just let the other girls and boys have all the fun.

Singing in a crowd is easy—if you know how. Of course, everything is easy when you know how. But the good thing about singing is that it is not only easy to sing; it is also easy to learn how to sing. Here is what to do.

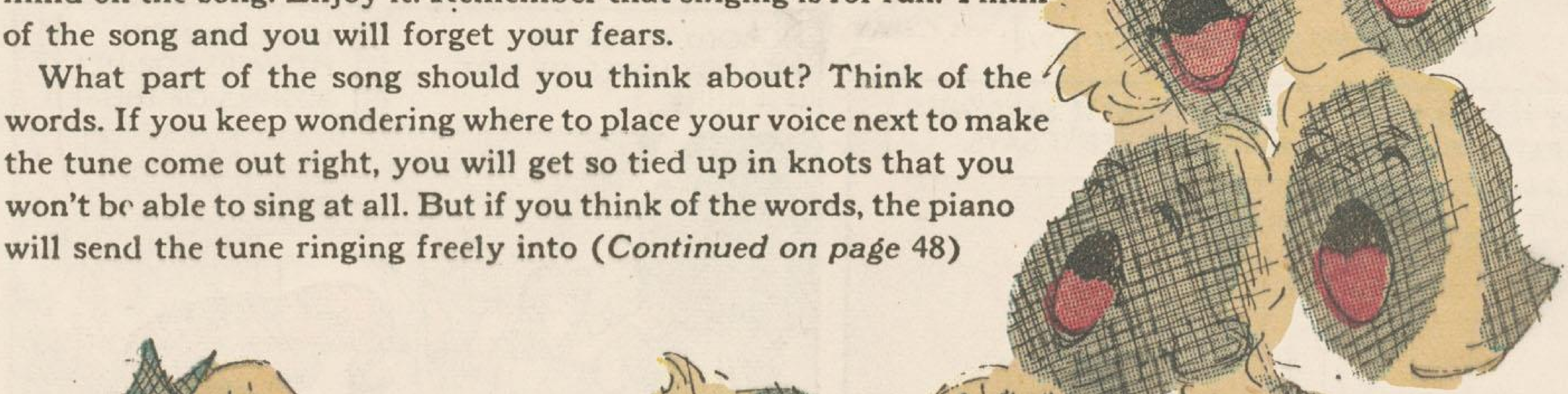
While the piano plays the introduction, take a deep breath—two or three if there's time. Remember that you should let the breath push the lungs out against the ribs—not up or down or into some other funny position.

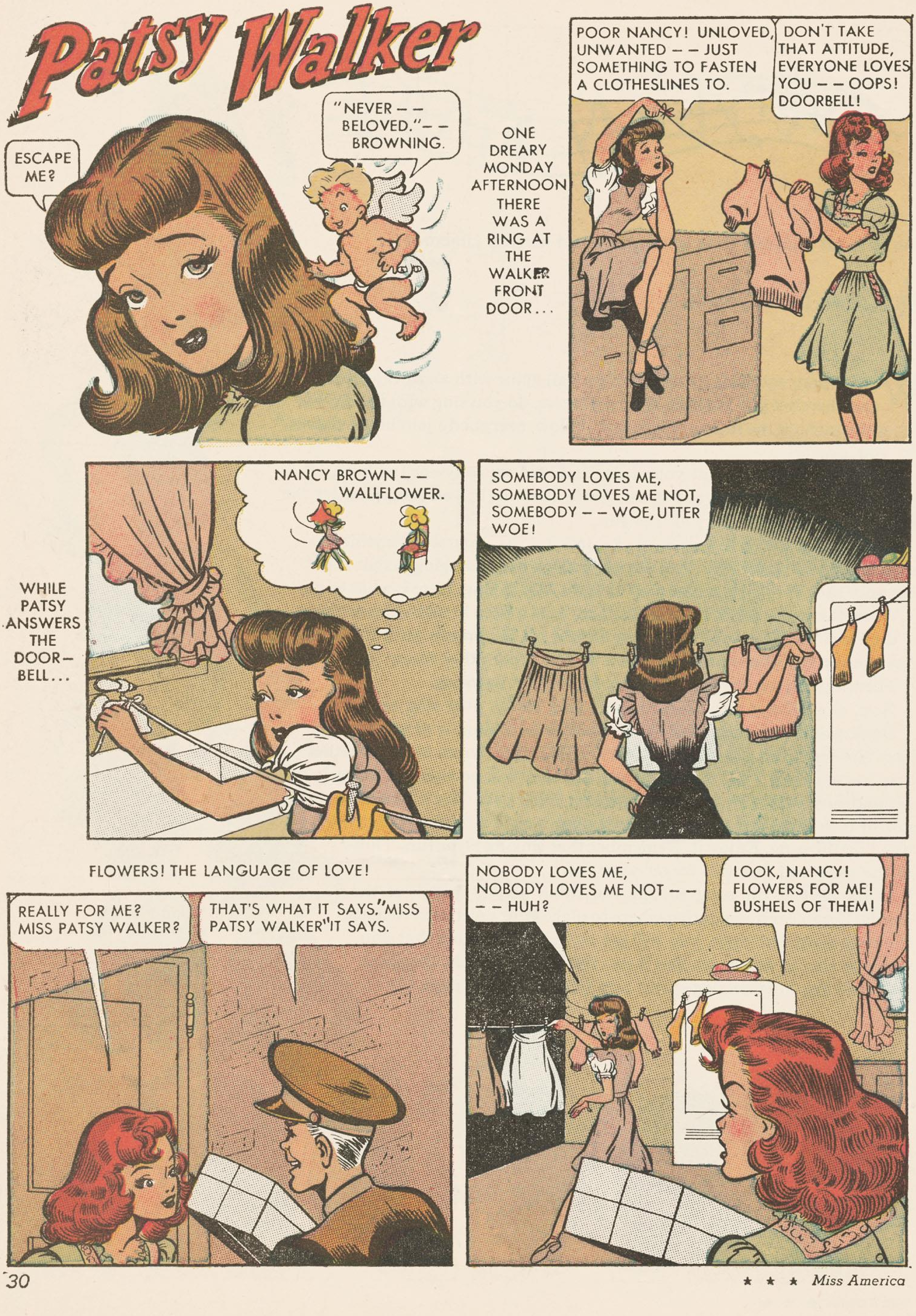
Then, open your throat. You can do this by yawning.

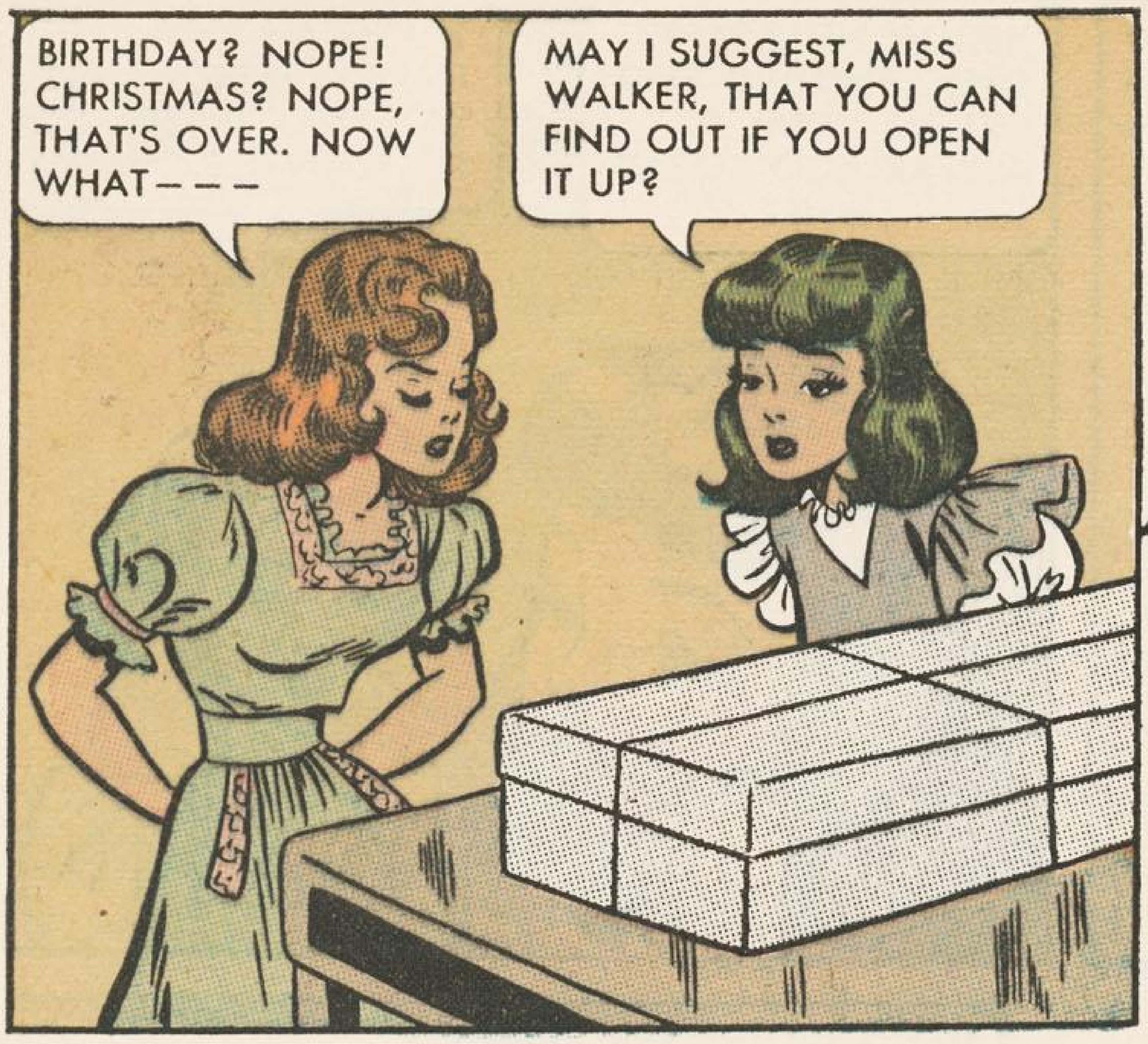
Now, sing! Don't sing loudly; don't sing softly. Just sing easily.

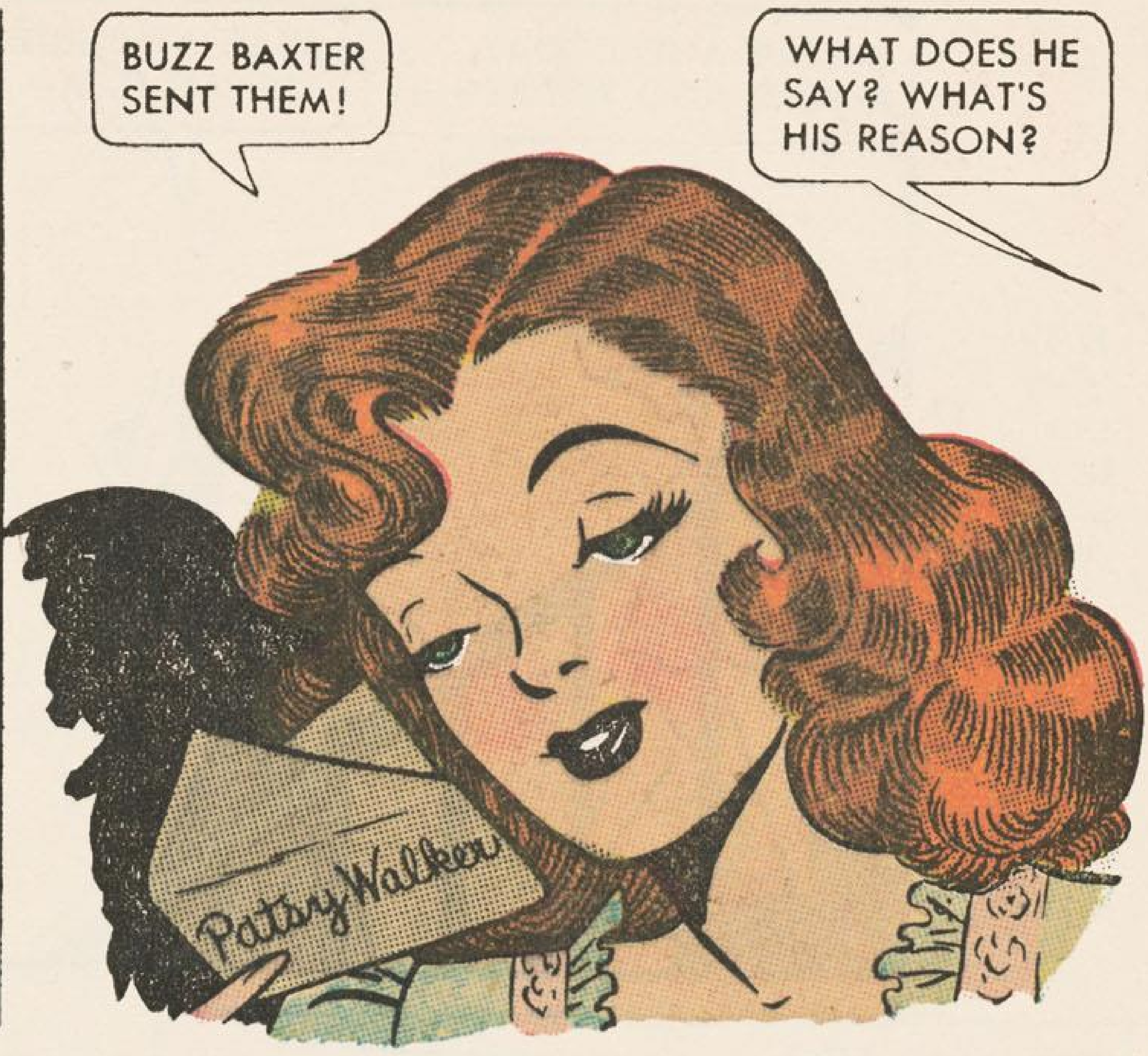
Don't watch your neighbor to see whether he is singing or whether he likes the way you are singing. Don't watch your knees to see whether they are shaking. They probably are, but they can go right on doing it without any attention or encouragement from you! Don't look into a mirror to see whether you are holding your mouth straight. Keep your mind on the song. Enjoy it. Remember that singing is for fun. Think of the song and you will forget your fears.

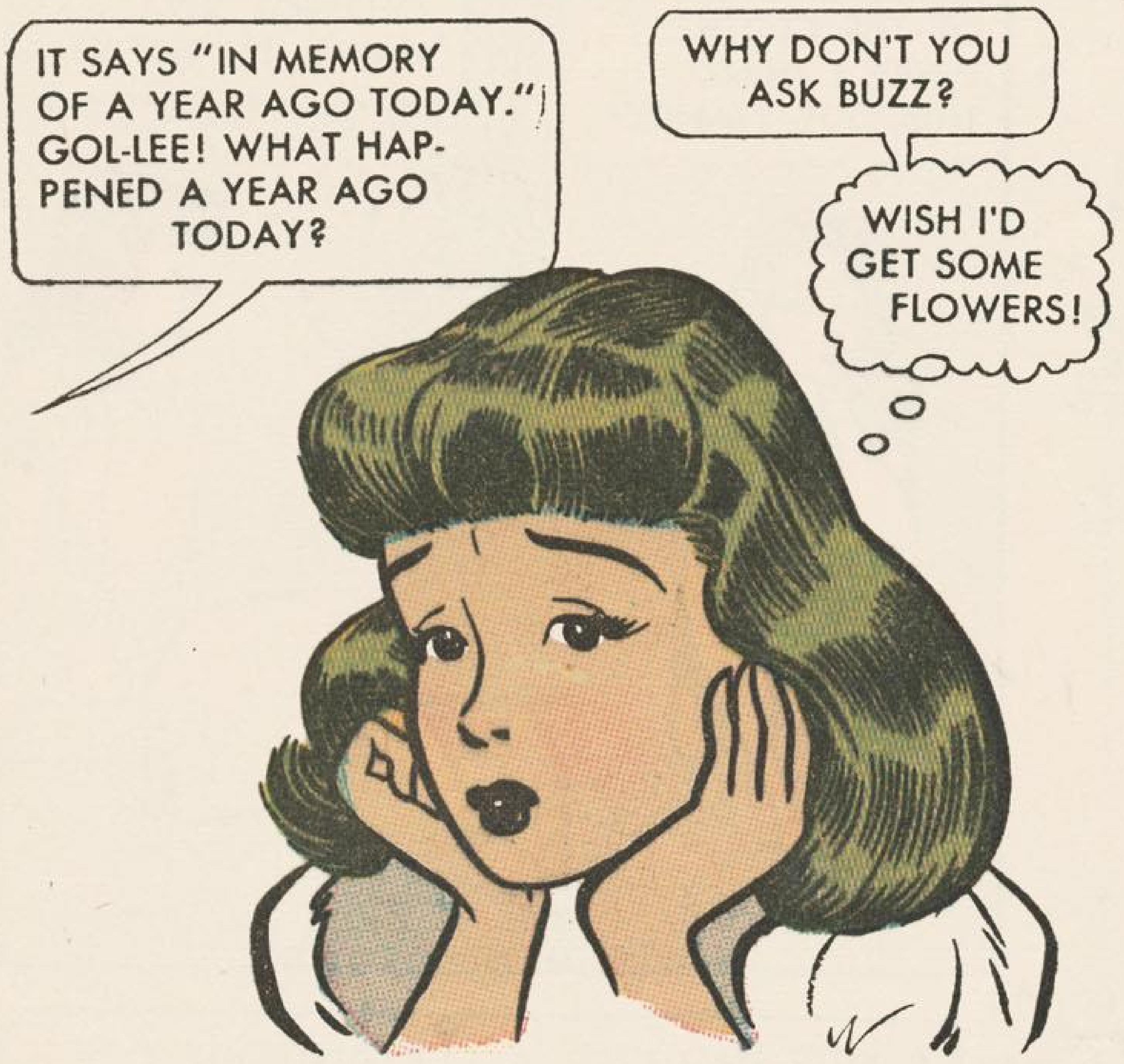
What part of the song should you think about? Think of the words. If you keep wondering where to place your voice next to make the tune come out right, you will get so tied up in knots that you won't be able to sing at all. But if you think of the words, the piano will send the tune ringing freely into (*Continued on page* 48)

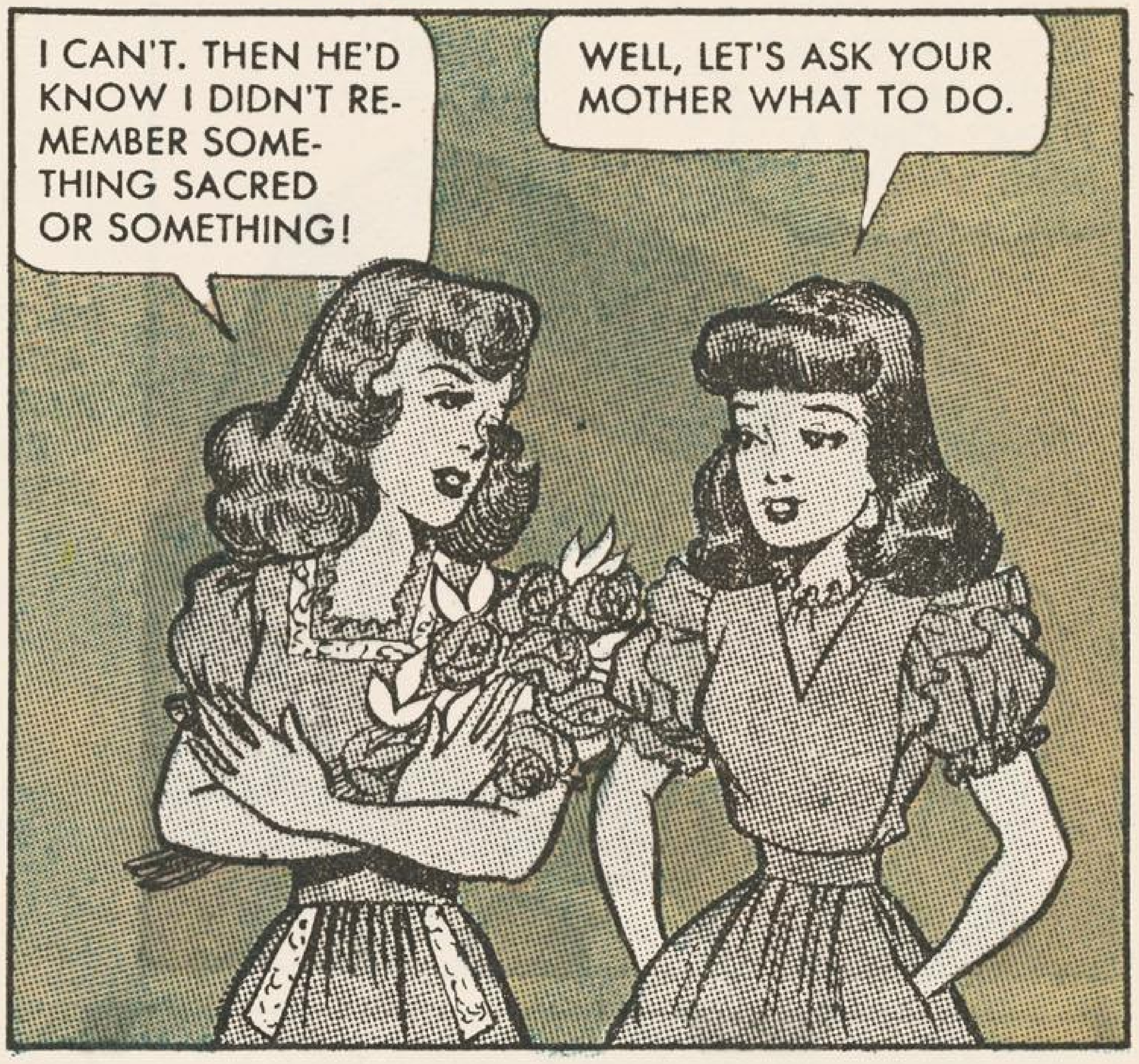


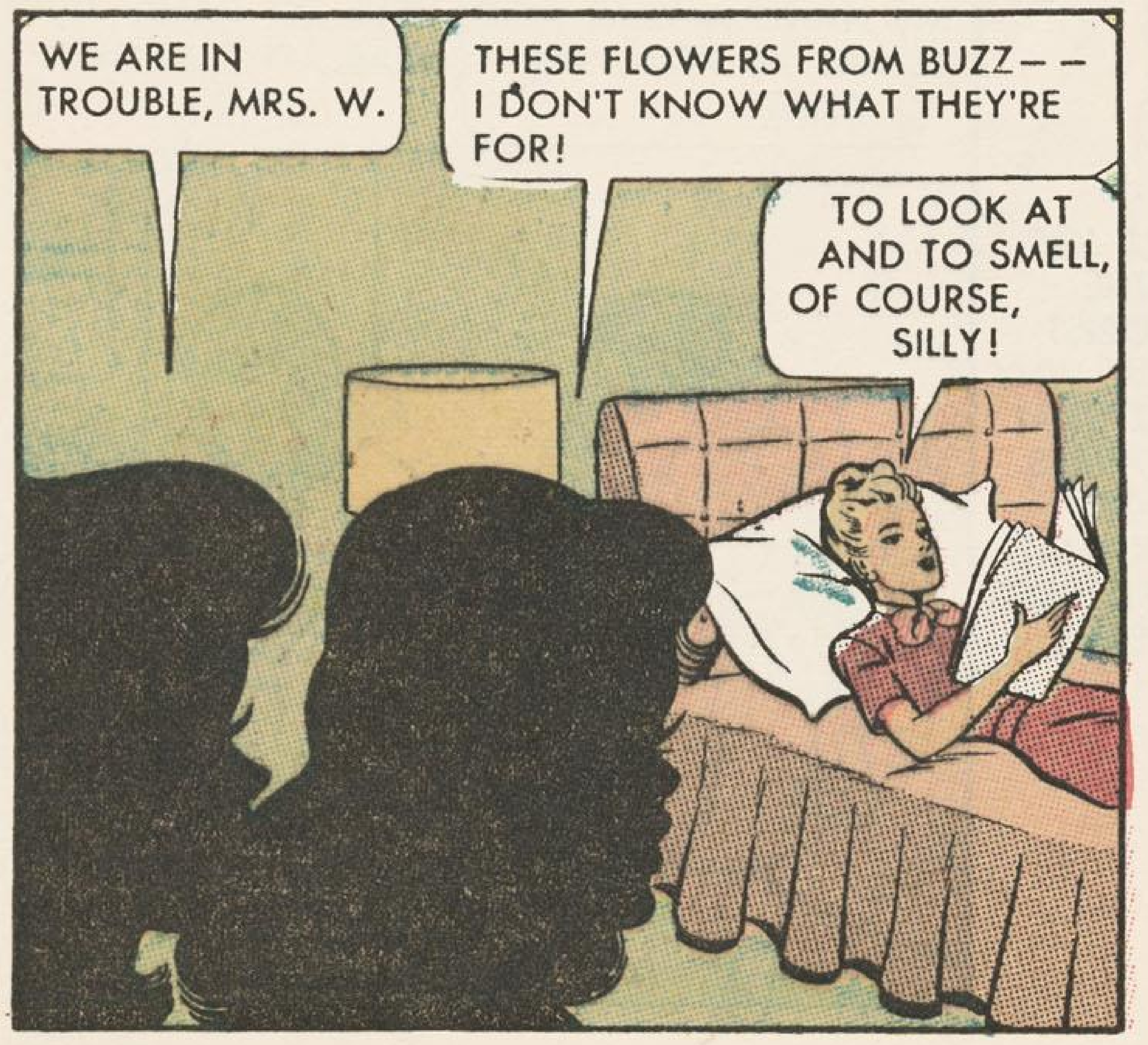
Patsy Walker
ESCAPE ME?
"NEVER – – BELOVED."– – BROWNING.
ONE DREARY MONDAY AFTERNOON THERE WAS A RING AT THE WALKER FRONT DOOR...
POOR NANCY! UNLOVED, UNWANTED – – JUST SOMETHING TO FASTEN A CLOTHESLINES TO.
DON'T TAKE THAT ATTITUDE, EVERYONE LOVES YOU – – OOPS! DOORBELL!
WHILE PATSY ANSWERS THE DOOR–BELL...
NANCY BROWN – – WALLFLOWER.
SOMEBODY LOVES ME, SOMEBODY LOVES ME NOT, SOMEBODY – – WOE, UTTER WOE!
FLOWERS! THE LANGUAGE OF LOVE!
REALLY FOR ME? MISS PATSY WALKER?
THAT'S WHAT IT SAYS."MISS PATSY WALKER"IT SAYS.
NOBODY LOVES ME, NOBODY LOVES ME NOT – – – – HUH?
LOOK, NANCY! FLOWERS FOR ME! BUSHELS OF THEM!

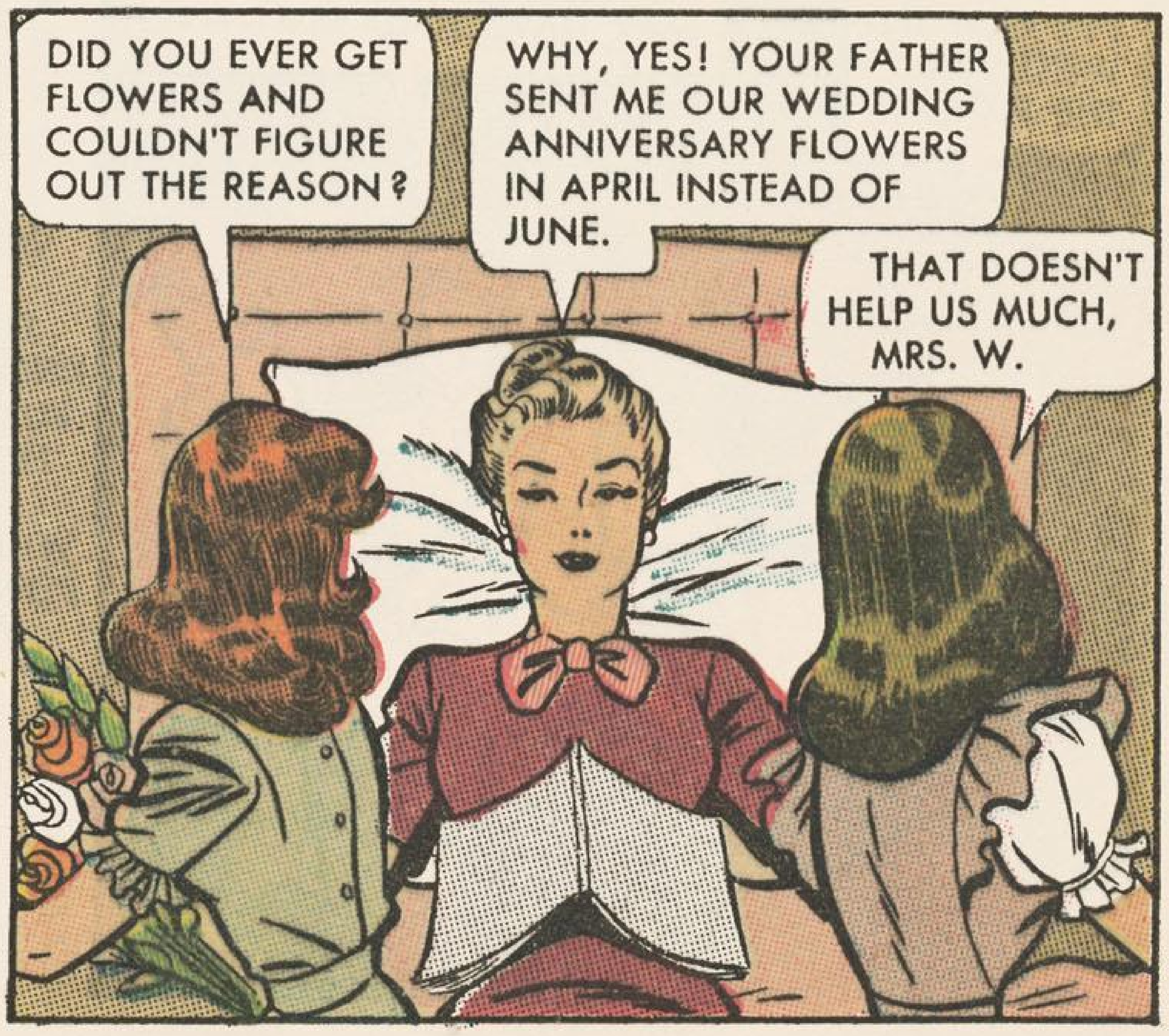

BIRTHDAY? NOPE! CHRISTMAS? NOPE, THAT'S OVER. NOW WHAT---
MAY I SUGGEST, MISS WALKER, THAT YOU CAN FIND OUT IF YOU OPEN IT UP?

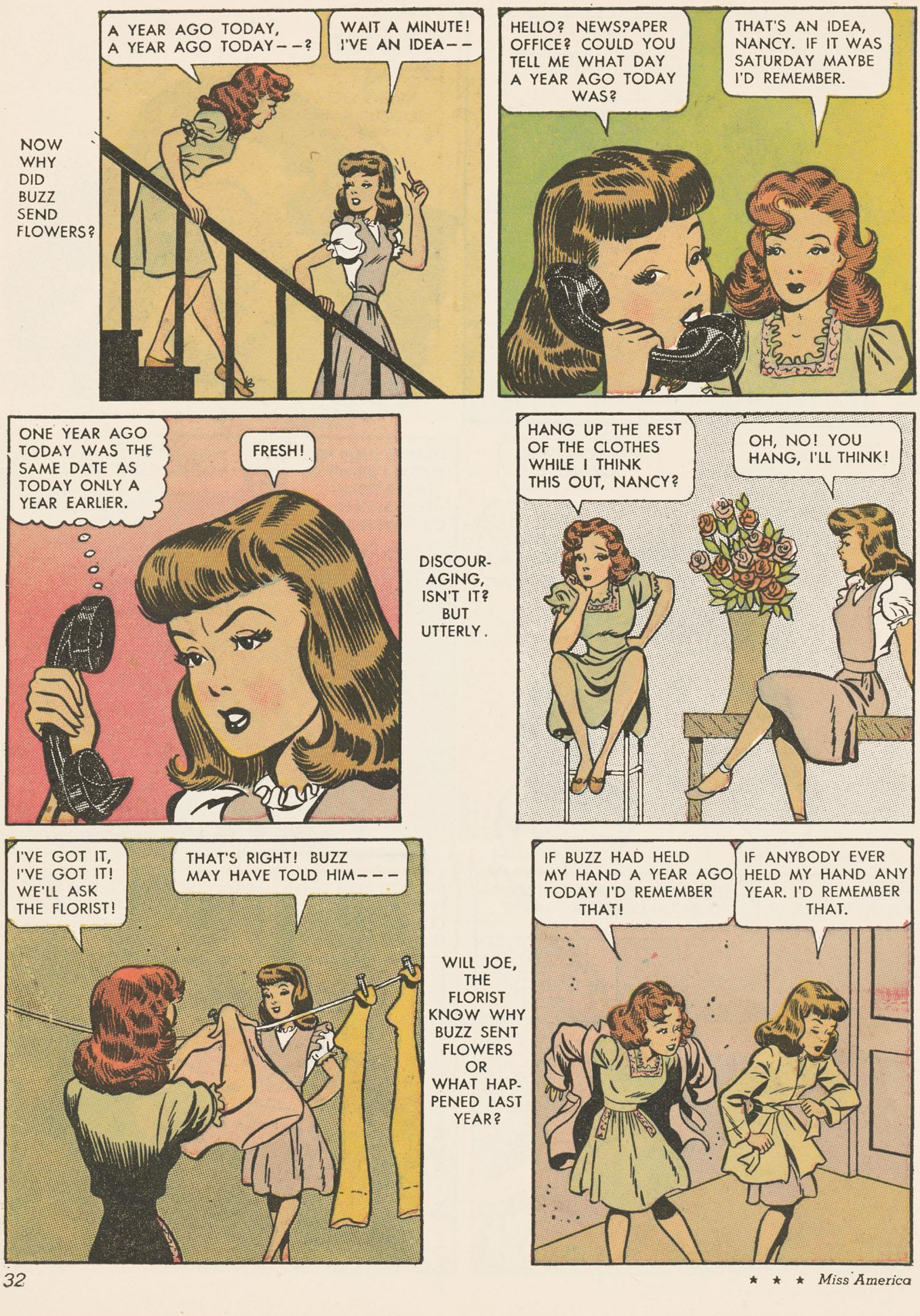

BUZZ BAXTER SENT THEM!
WHAT DOES HE SAY? WHAT'S HIS REASON?
Patsy Walker

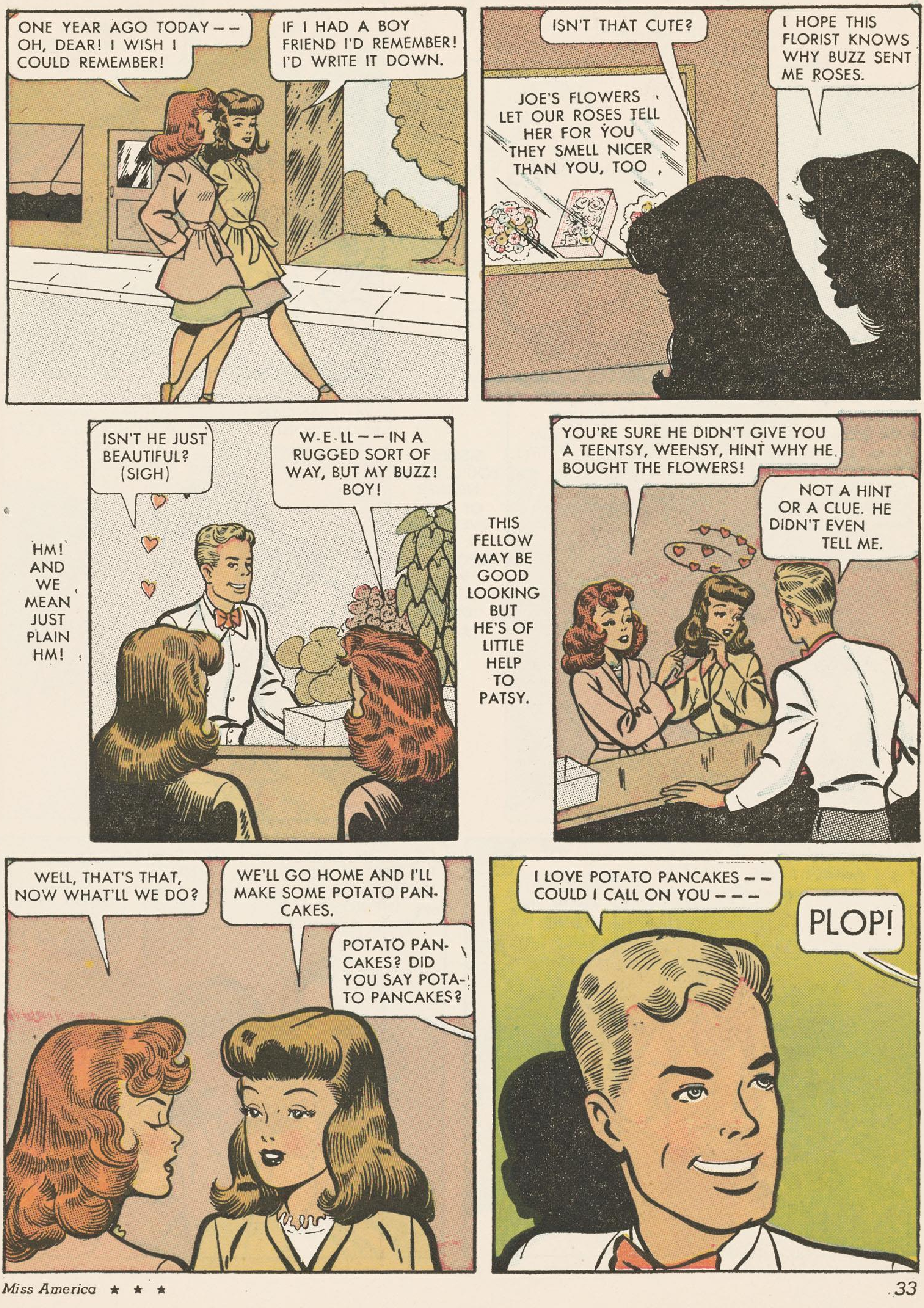

IT SAYS "IN MEMORY OF A YEAR AGO TODAY." GOL-LEE! WHAT HAPPENED A YEAR AGO TODAY?
WHY DON'T YOU ASK BUZZ?
WISH I'D GET SOME FLOWERS!


I CAN'T. THEN HE'D KNOW I DIDN'T REMEMBER SOMETHING SACRED OR SOMETHING!
WELL, LET'S ASK YOUR MOTHER WHAT TO DO.

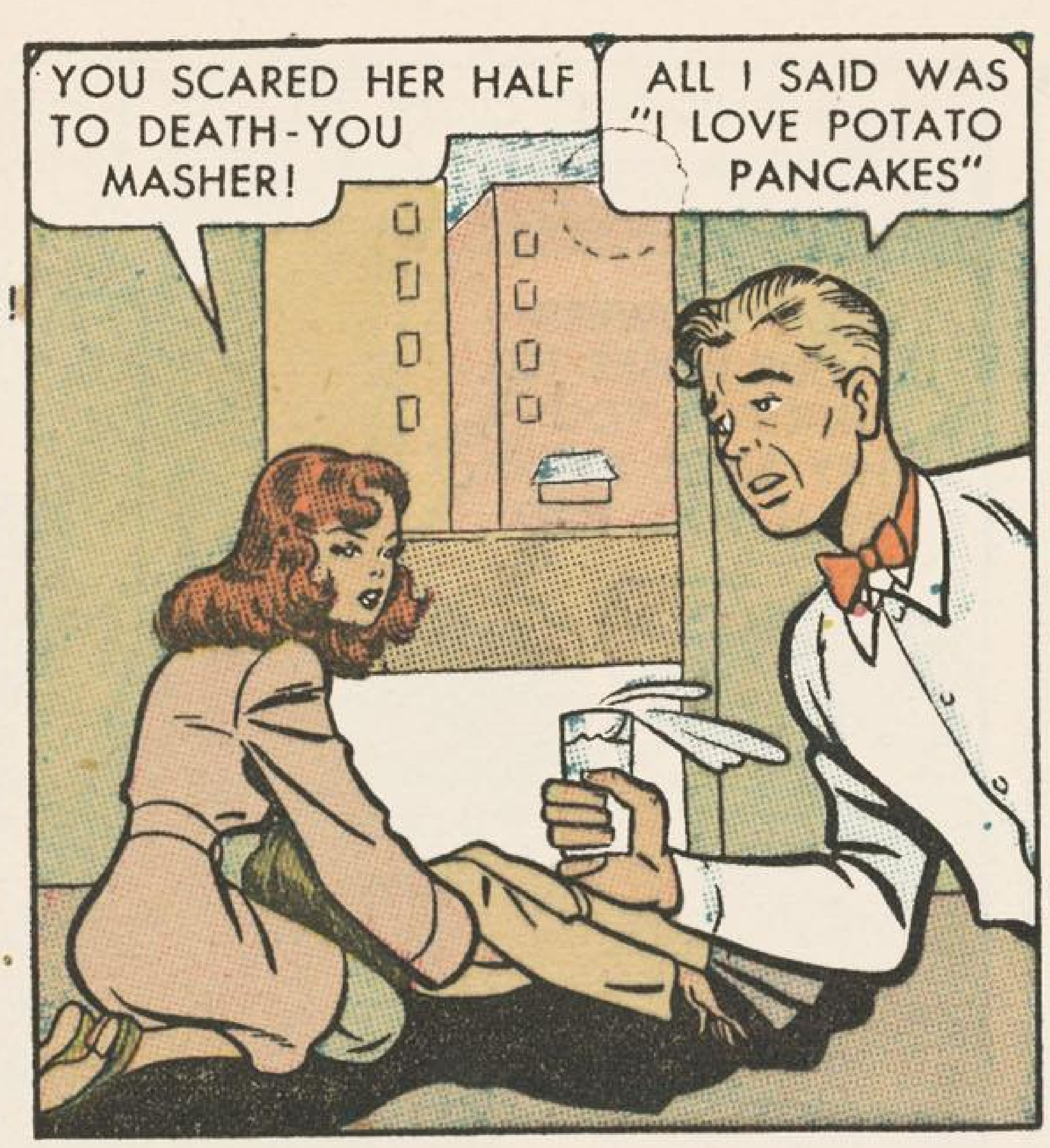

WE ARE IN TROUBLE, MRS. W.
THESE FLOWERS FROM BUZZ-- I DON'T KNOW WHAT THEY'RE FOR!
TO LOOK AT AND TO SMELL, OF COURSE, SILLY!


DID YOU EVER GET FLOWERS AND COULDN'T FIGURE OUT THE REASON?
WHY, YES! YOUR FATHER SENT ME OUR WEDDING ANNIVERSARY FLOWERS IN APRIL INSTEAD OF JUNE.
THAT DOESN'T HELP US MUCH, MRS. W.

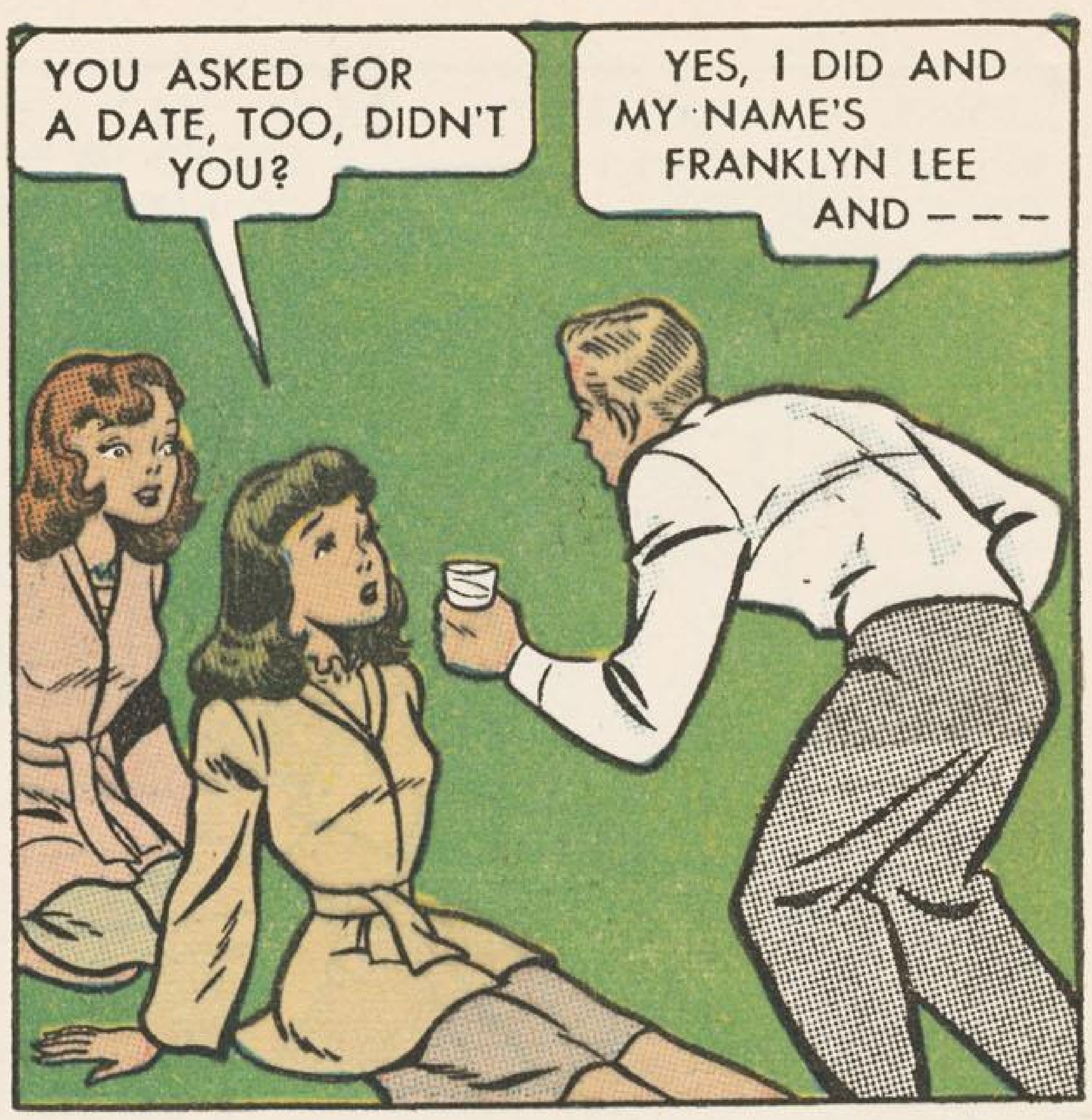

NOW WHY DID BUZZ SEND FLOWERS?
A YEAR AGO TODAY, A YEAR AGO TODAY---?
WAIT A MINUTE! I'VE AN IDEA--
HELLO? NEWSPAPER OFFICE? COULD YOU TELL ME WHAT DAY A YEAR AGO TODAY WAS?
THAT'S AN IDEA, NANCY. IF IT WAS SATURDAY MAYBE I'D REMEMBER.
ONE YEAR AGO TODAY WAS THE SAME DATE AS TODAY ONLY A YEAR EARLIER.
FRESH!
DISCOURAGING, ISN'T IT? BUT UTTERLY.
HANG UP THE REST OF THE CLOTHES WHILE I THINK THIS OUT, NANCY?
OH, NO! YOU HANG, I'LL THINK!
I'VE GOT IT, I'VE GOT IT! WE'LL ASK THE FLORIST!
THAT'S RIGHT! BUZZ MAY HAVE TOLD HIM---
WILL JOE, THE FLORIST KNOW WHY BUZZ SENT FLOWERS OR WHAT HAPPENED LAST YEAR?
IF BUZZ HAD HELD MY HAND A YEAR AGO TODAY I'D REMEMBER THAT!
IF ANYBODY EVER HELD MY HAND ANY YEAR. I'D REMEMBER THAT.

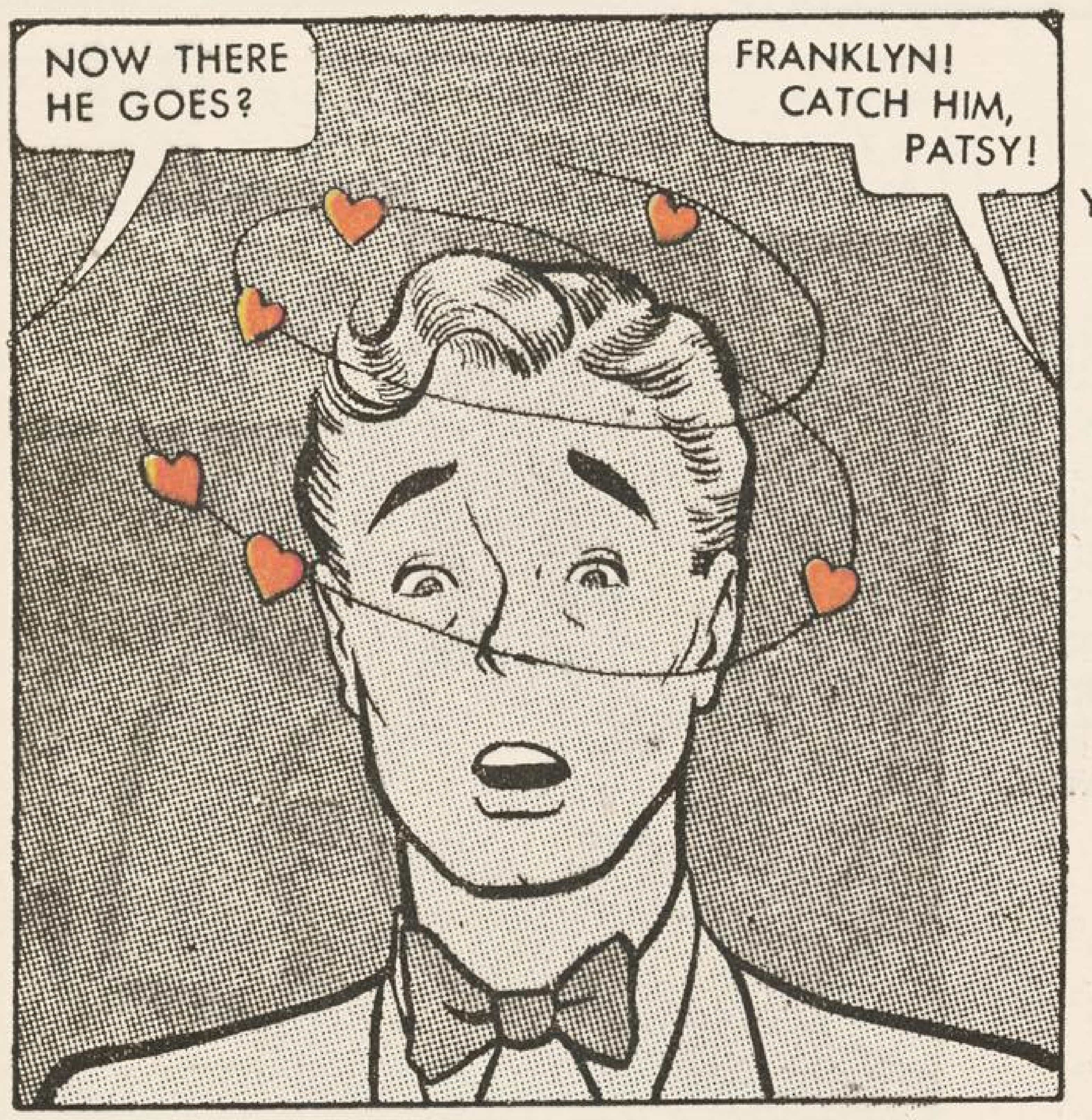

ONE YEAR AGO TODAY — — OH, DEAR! I WISH I COULD REMEMBER!
IF I HAD A BOY FRIEND I'D REMEMBER! I'D WRITE IT DOWN.
ISN'T THAT CUTE?
JOE'S FLOWERS LET OUR ROSES TELL HER FOR YOU THEY SMELL NICER THAN YOU, TOO
I HOPE THIS FLORIST KNOWS WHY BUZZ SENT ME ROSES.
HM! AND WE MEAN JUST PLAIN HM!
ISN'T HE JUST BEAUTIFUL? (SIGH)
W-E-LL — — IN A RUGGED SORT OF WAY, BUT MY BUZZ! BOY!
THIS FELLOW MAY BE GOOD LOOKING BUT HE'S OF LITTLE HELP TO PATSY.
YOU'RE SURE HE DIDN'T GIVE YOU A TEENTSY, WEENSY, HINT WHY HE BOUGHT THE FLOWERS!
NOT A HINT OR A CLUE. HE DIDN'T EVEN TELL ME.
WELL, THAT'S THAT, NOW WHAT'LL WE DO?
WE'LL GO HOME AND I'LL MAKE SOME POTATO PANCAKES.
POTATO PANCAKES? DID YOU SAY POTATO PANCAKES?
I LOVE POTATO PANCAKES — — COULD I CALL ON YOU — — —
PLOP!

MY GOODNESS! WHAT'S COME OVER NANCY?

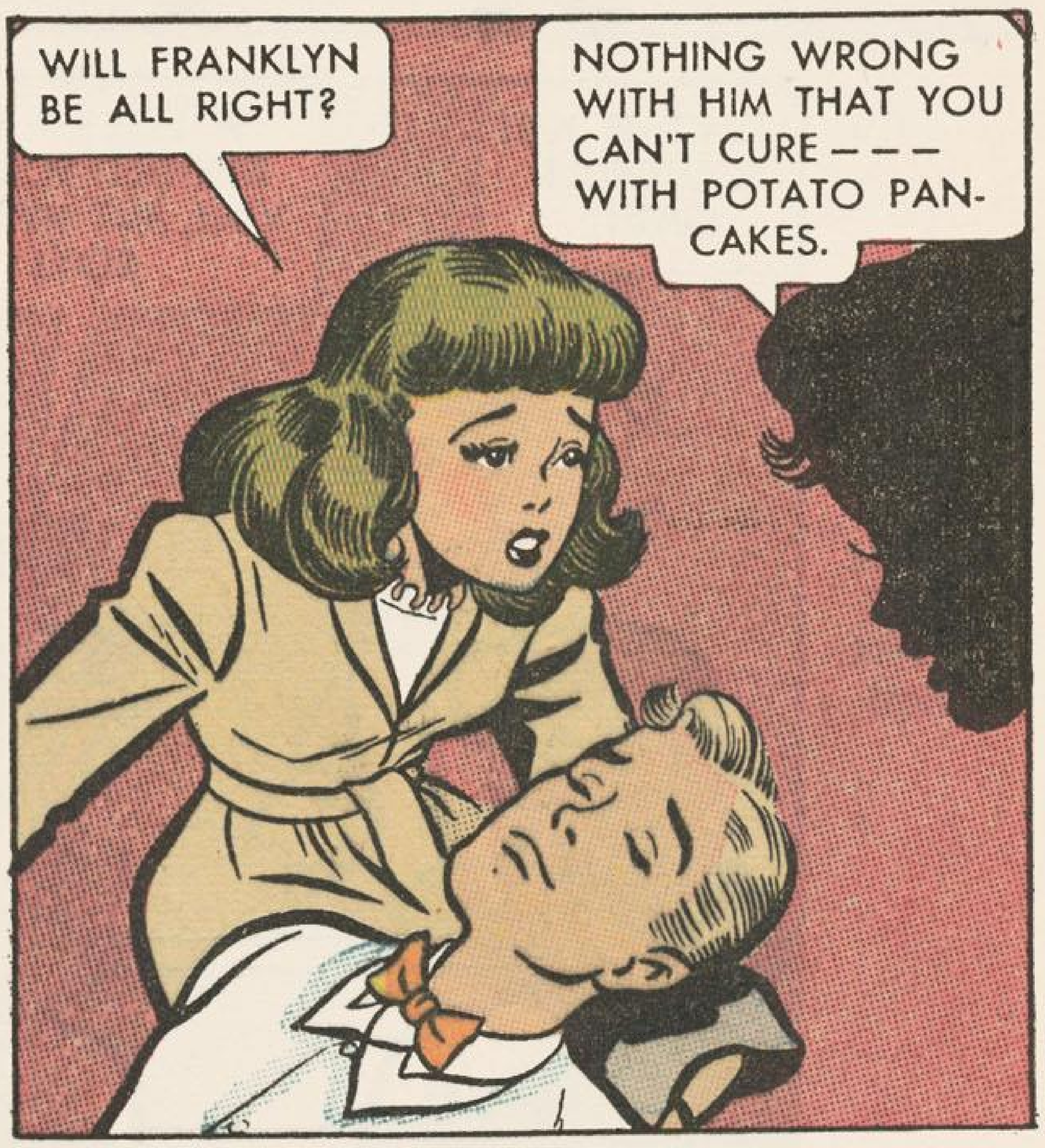

YOU SCARED HER HALF TO DEATH-YOU MASHER!
ALL I SAID WAS "I LOVE POTATO PANCAKES"

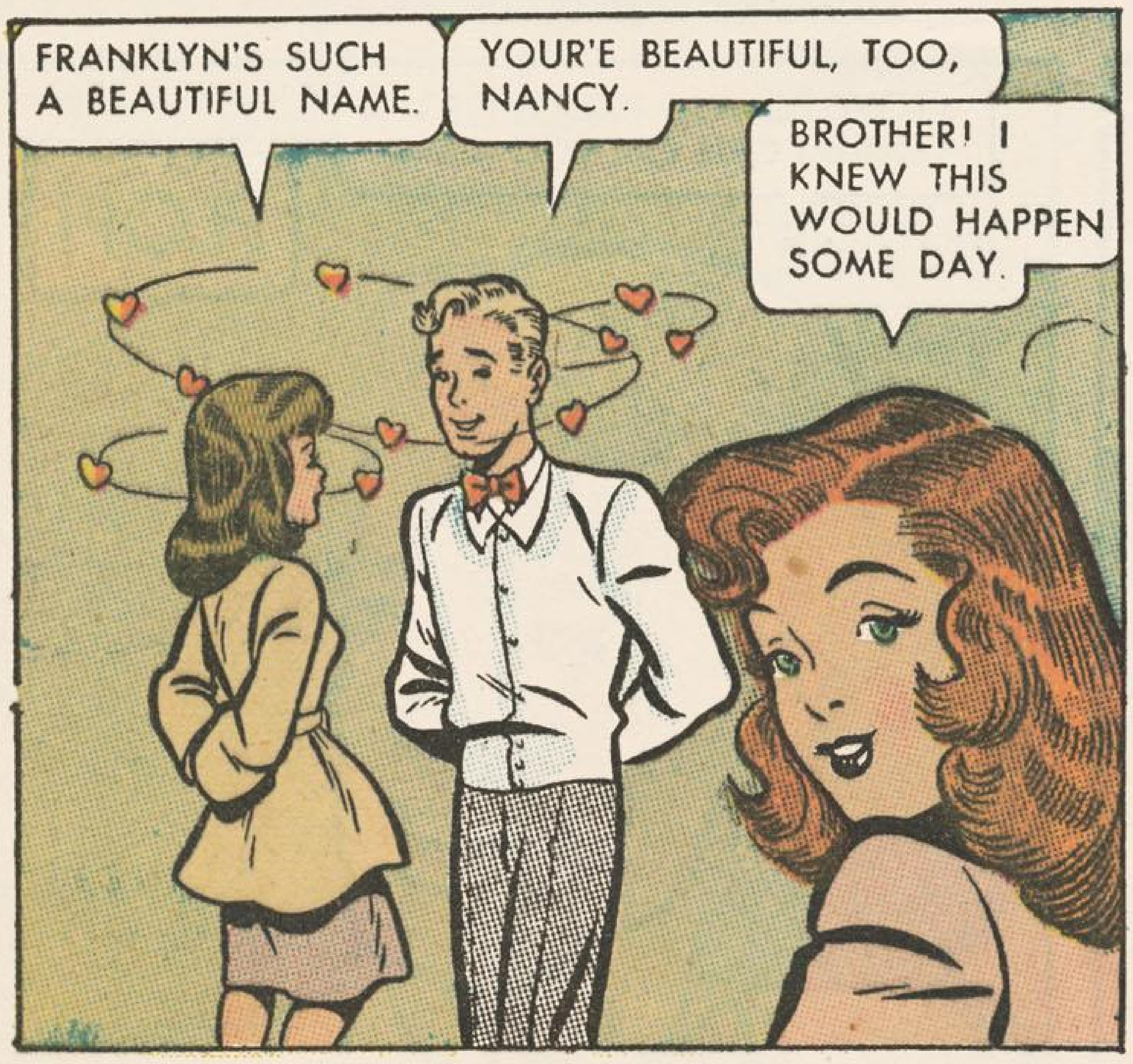
AH! NANCY'S COMING OUT OF HER FAINT.

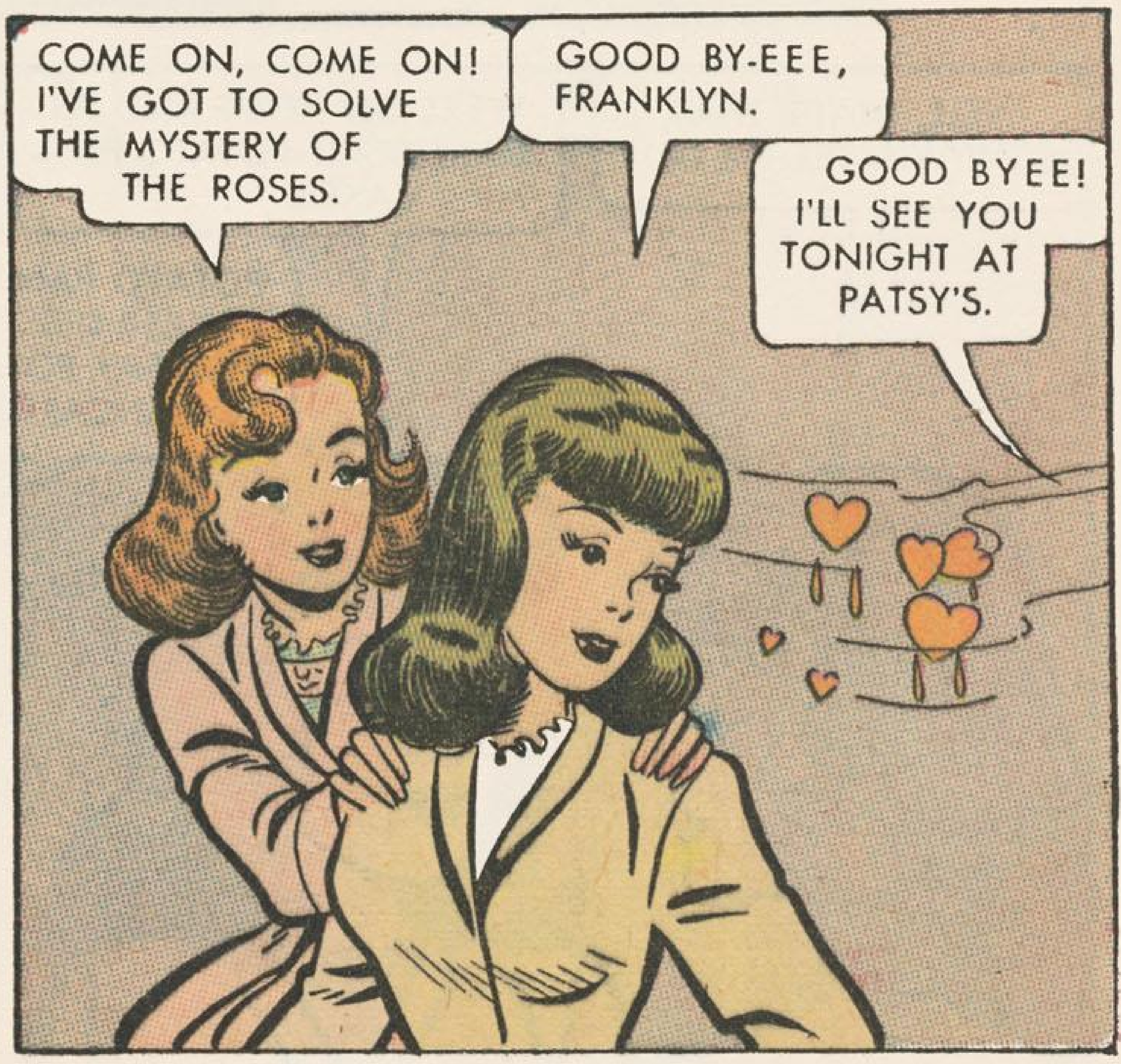

YOU ASKED FOR A DATE, TOO, DIDN'T YOU?
YES, I DID AND MY NAME'S FRANKLYN LEE AND – – –

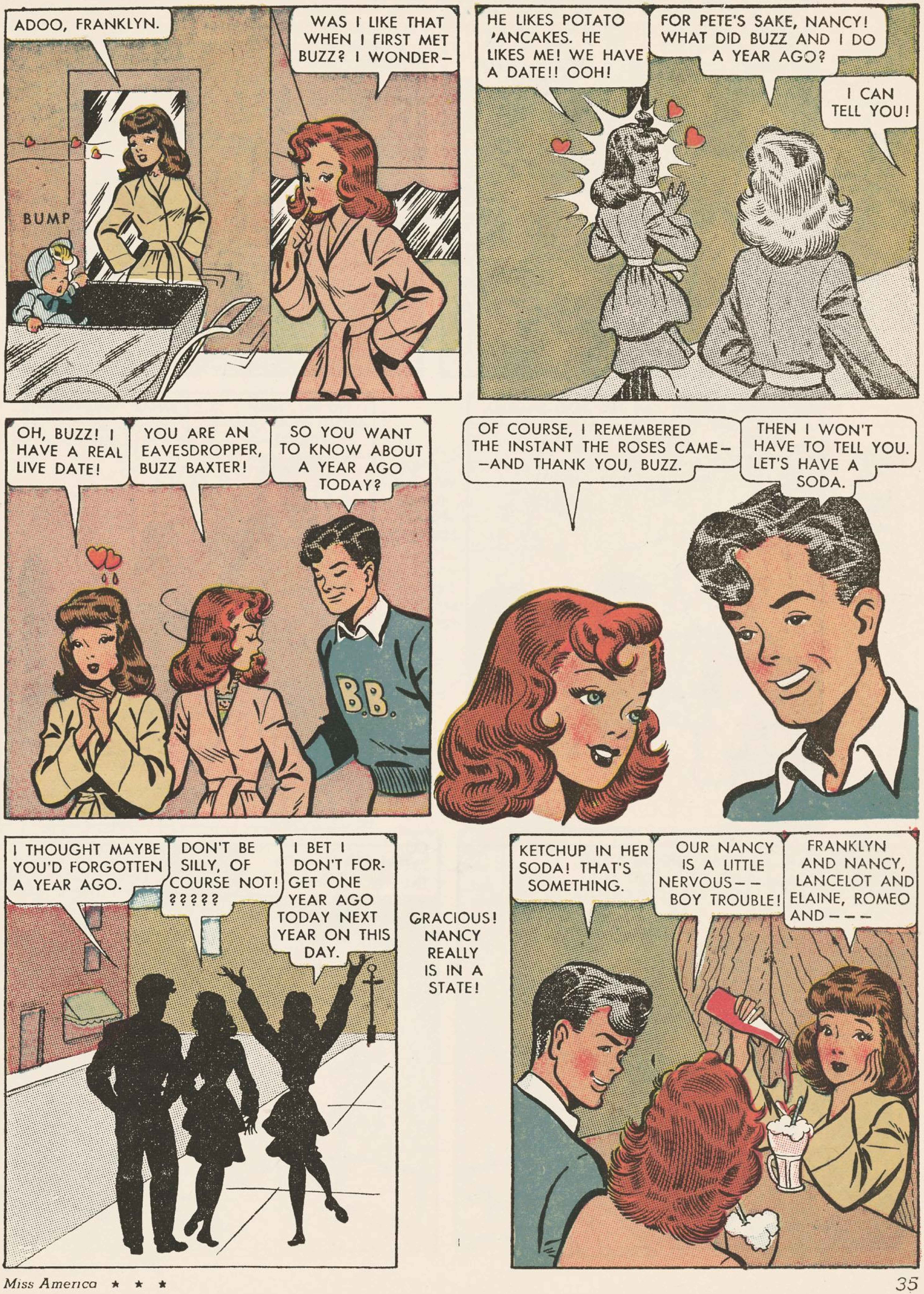

NOW THERE HE GOES?
FRANKLYN! CATCH HIM, PATSY!

SISSIES! YOU'D THINK NEITHER OF THEM EVER HAD A DATE BEFORE – – WELL, THEY DIDN'T EVER!

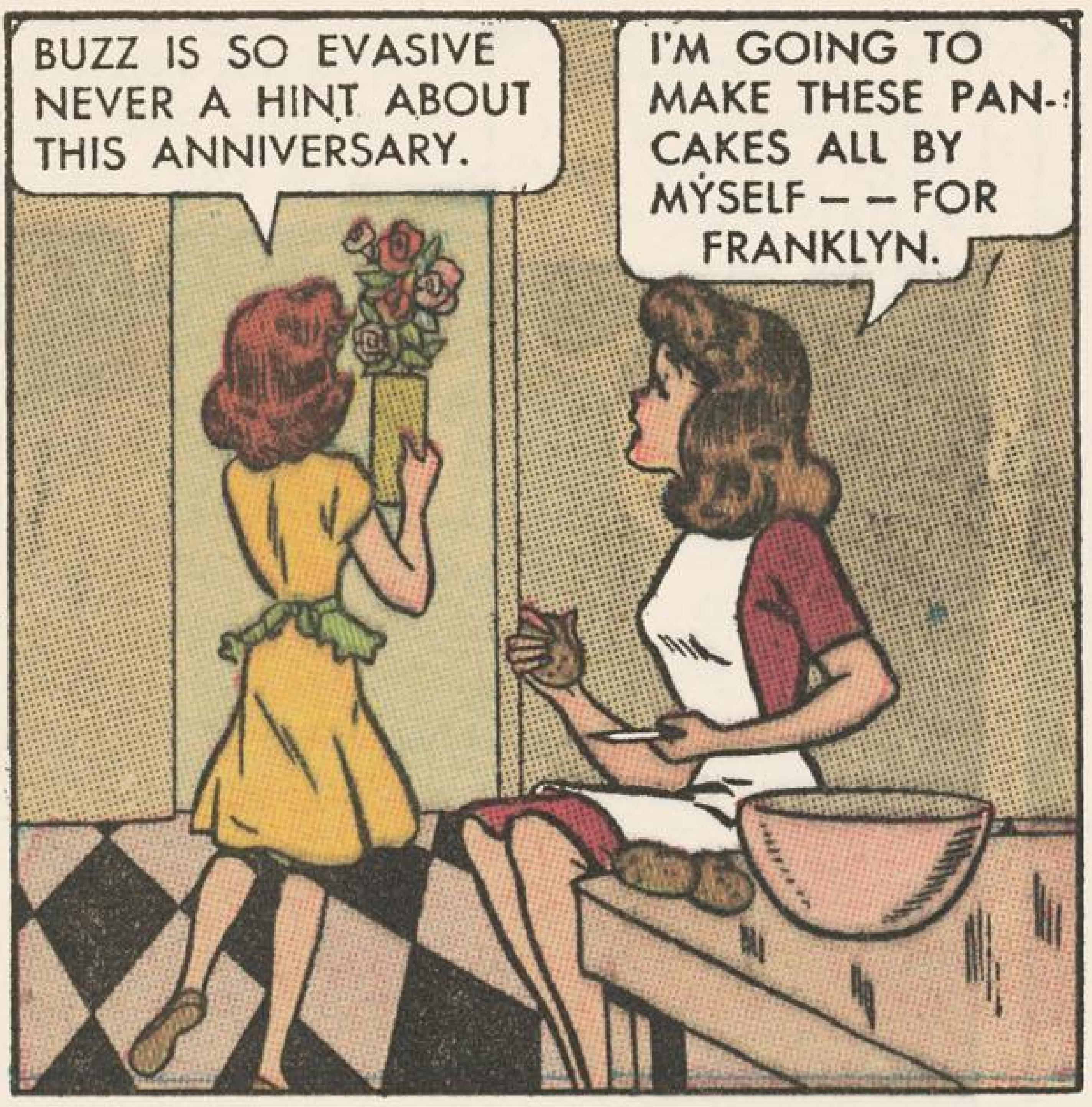

WILL FRANKLYN BE ALL RIGHT?
NOTHING WRONG WITH HIM THAT YOU CAN'T CURE – – – WITH POTATO PANCAKES.

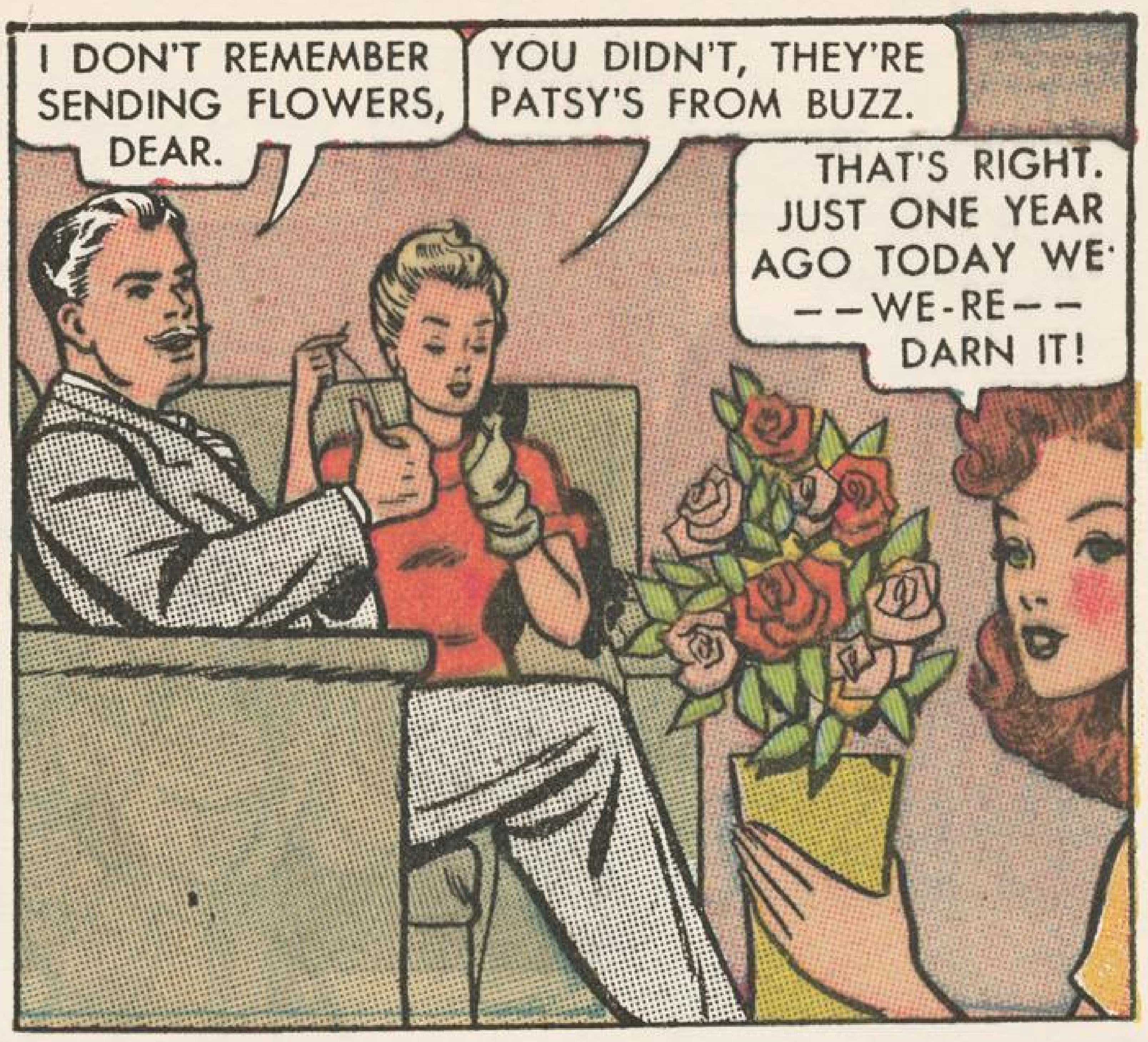

FRANKLYN'S SUCH A BEAUTIFUL NAME.
YOUR'E BEAUTIFUL, TOO, NANCY.
BROTHER! I KNEW THIS WOULD HAPPEN SOME DAY.


COME ON, COME ON! I'VE GOT TO SOLVE THE MYSTERY OF THE ROSES.
GOOD BY-EEE, FRANKLYN.
GOOD BYEE! I'LL SEE YOU TONIGHT AT PATSY'S.

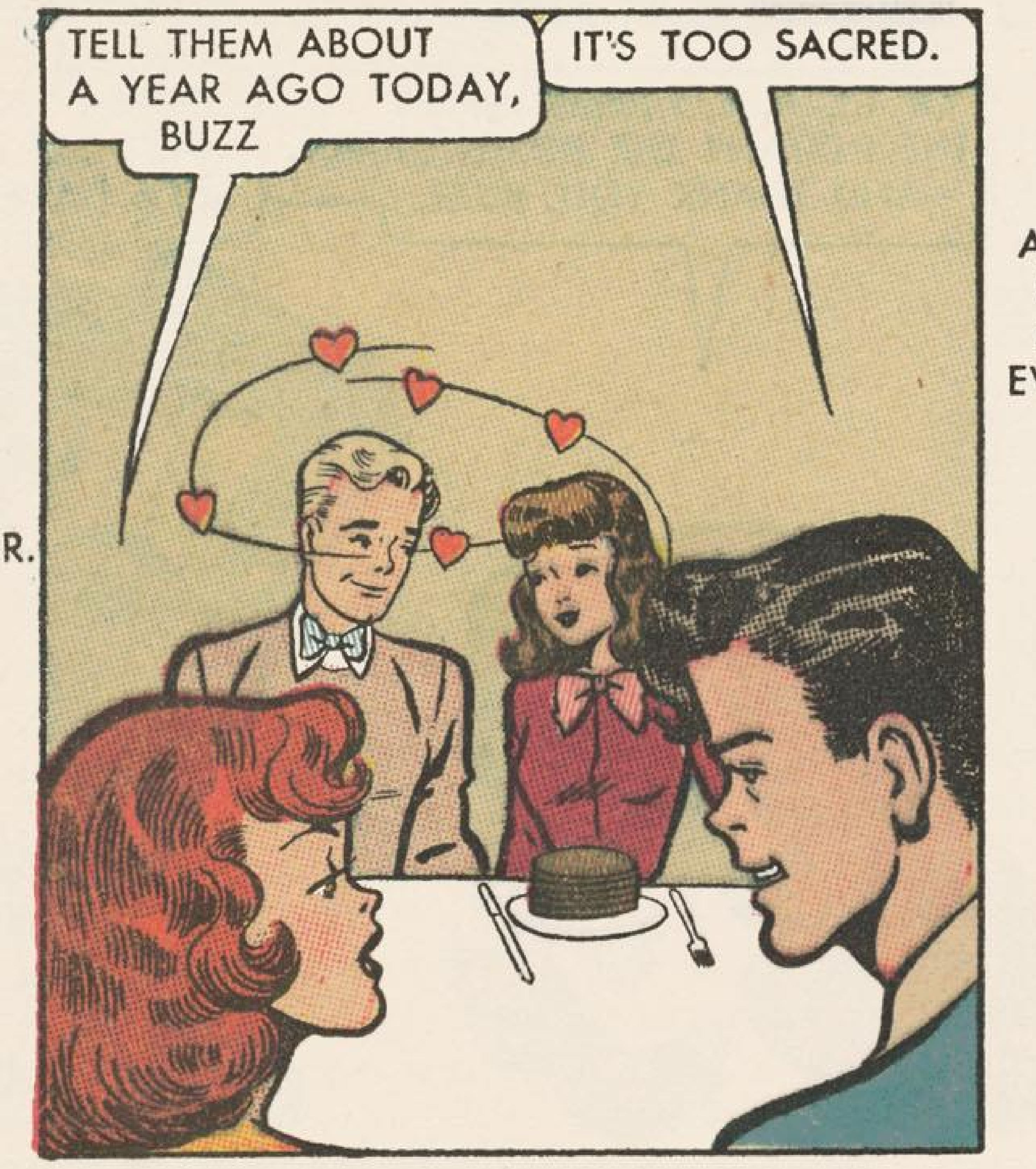

ADOO, FRANKLYN.
BUMP
WAS I LIKE THAT WHEN I FIRST MET BUZZ? I WONDER—
HE LIKES POTATO 'ANCAKES. HE LIKES ME! WE HAVE A DATE!! OOH!
FOR PETE'S SAKE, NANCY! WHAT DID BUZZ AND I DO A YEAR AGO?
I CAN TELL YOU!
OH, BUZZ! I HAVE A REAL LIVE DATE!
YOU ARE AN EAVESDROPPER, BUZZ BAXTER!
SO YOU WANT TO KNOW ABOUT A YEAR AGO TODAY?
B.B.
OF COURSE, I REMEMBERED THE INSTANT THE ROSES CAME— —AND THANK YOU, BUZZ.
THEN I WON'T HAVE TO TELL YOU. LET'S HAVE A SODA.
I THOUGHT MAYBE YOU'D FORGOTTEN A YEAR AGO.
DON'T BE SILLY, OF COURSE NOT! ?????
I BET I DON'T FORGET ONE YEAR AGO TODAY NEXT YEAR ON THIS DAY.
GRACIOUS! NANCY REALLY IS IN A STATE!
KETCHUP IN HER SODA! THAT'S SOMETHING.
OUR NANCY IS A LITTLE NERVOUS— — BOY TROUBLE!
FRANKLYN AND NANCY, LANCELOT AND ELAINE, ROMEO AND — — —

THAT NIGHT THE GIRLS PREPARE FOR THE ARRIVAL OF BUZZ AND — — OF COURSE, FRANKLYN

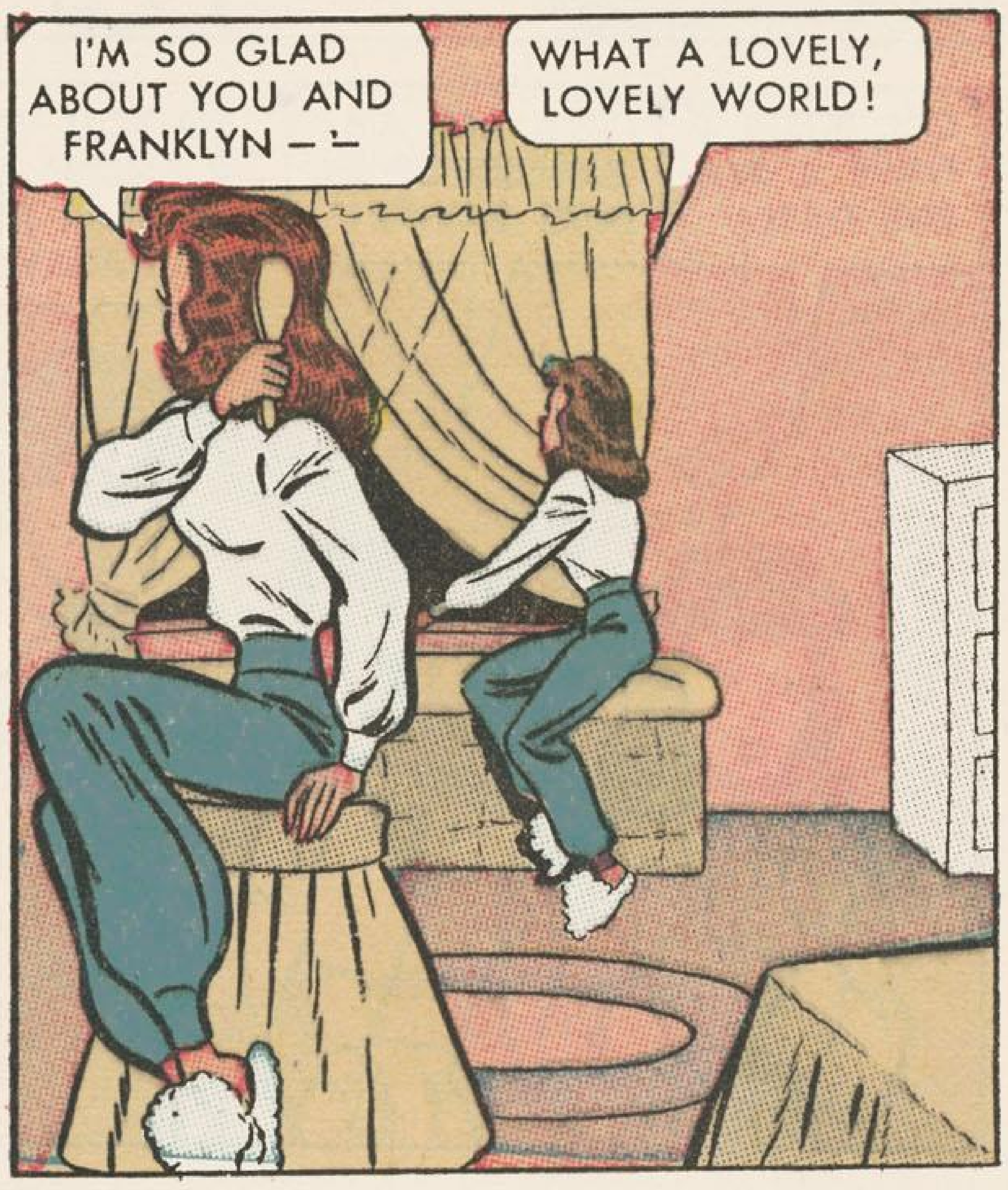

BUZZ IS SO EVASIVE NEVER A HINT ABOUT THIS ANNIVERSARY.
I'M GOING TO MAKE THESE PANCAKES ALL BY MYSELF — — FOR FRANKLYN.

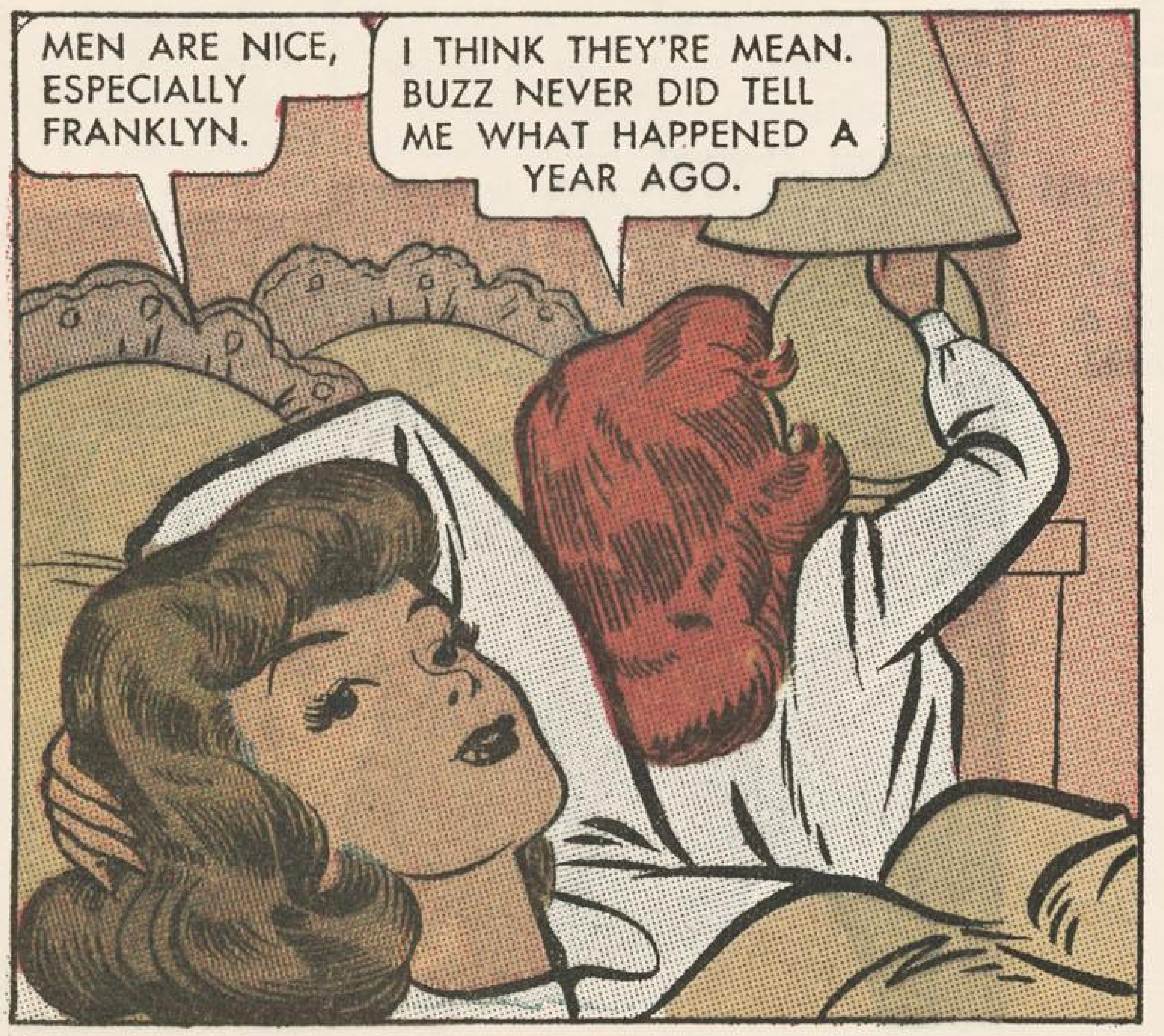

I DON'T REMEMBER SENDING FLOWERS, DEAR.
YOU DIDN'T, THEY'RE PATSY'S FROM BUZZ.
THAT'S RIGHT. JUST ONE YEAR AGO TODAY WE — — WE-RE — — DARN IT!

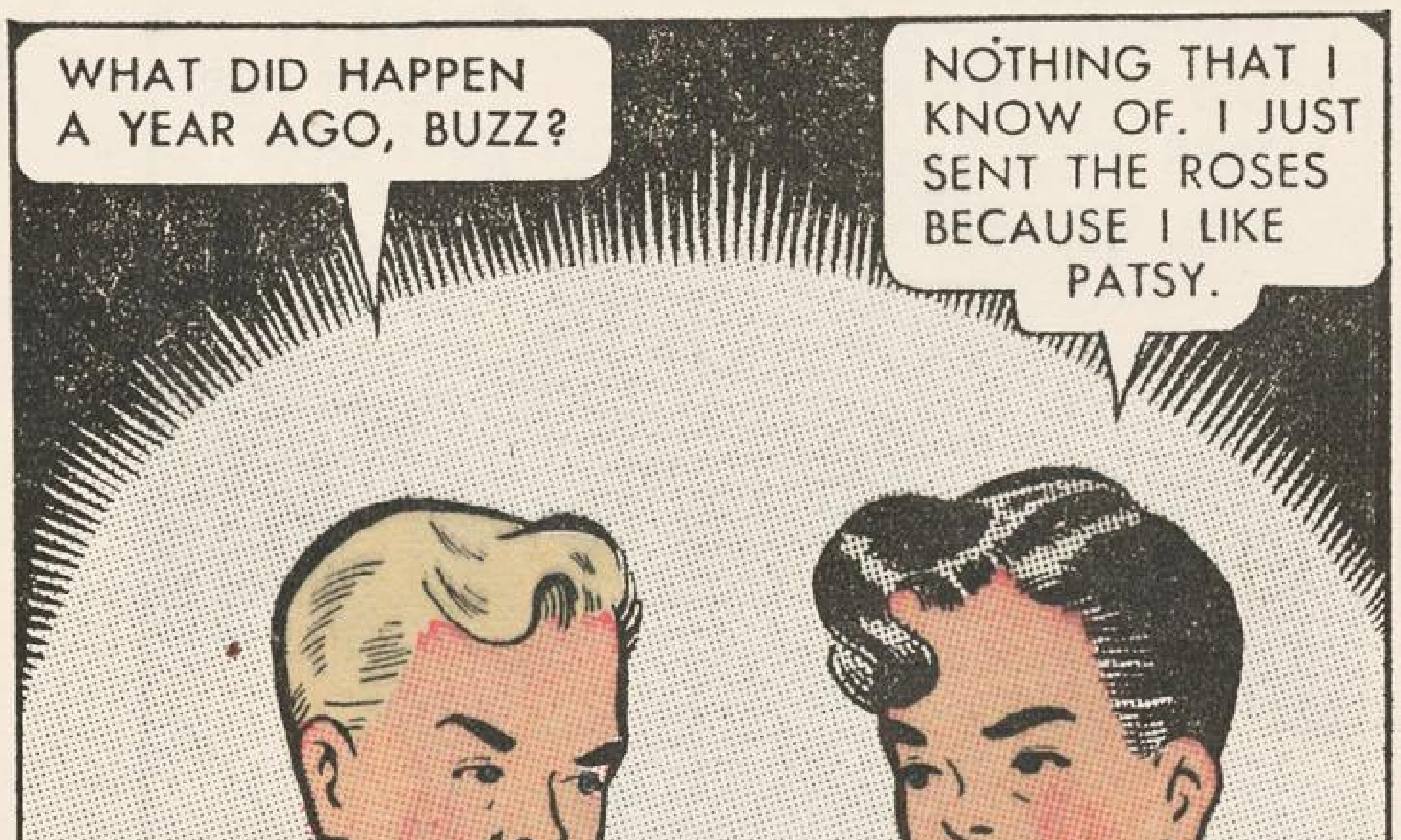
AFTER THE BOYS ARRIVE, PATSY TRIES A LITTLE MANEUVER.


TELL THEM ABOUT A YEAR AGO TODAY, BUZZ
IT'S TOO SACRED.

AND AFTER A LONG, HAPPY EVENING.


I'M SO GLAD ABOUT YOU AND FRANKLYN — —
WHAT A LOVELY, LOVELY WORLD!


MEN ARE NICE, ESPECIALLY FRANKLYN.
I THINK THEY'RE MEAN. BUZZ NEVER DID TELL ME WHAT HAPPENED A YEAR AGO.


WHAT DID HAPPEN A YEAR AGO, BUZZ?
NOTHING THAT I KNOW OF. I JUST SENT THE ROSES BECAUSE I LIKE PATSY.

# HOLLYWOOD'S YOUNGER SET

*From page 4*

telephone buzzed Peter.

"No, I have no keys with me except my own," he replied. "Yes, Mother, I am certain of that. I am going through my pockets and there are no other keys there!"

It was "Mother," he sighed fondly after the telephone conversation. "The car keys are lost again!"

"Mother is wonderful," he continued. "She darns socks, has learned to cook and now she's doing the family washing. (Dear Readers, she's Lady Lawford, you know, who has never had to lift a finger.) When the Keenan Wynns took delivery on their new washing machine, I bought their old one, which is perfectly good, and gave it to Mother for a surprise. A strange sort of gift I suppose, but Mother was very pleased. Now the laundry can't 'ruin' everything and we don't have to wait three weeks to get the clothes back.

"Mother is very cheerful about doing the family wash. She says, 'I wash the clothes. Of course I go through the wringer with them, but that's all right!'"

Peter is always thoughtful of his mother. And that we all admire.

Tom Drake, there's a charming boy! At first you get the impression that he is shy and very quiet. But he has a delightful sense of humor and turn of wit. And, well, I'd better stop, for I'm writing a story on Tom (plug) for SCREEN STARS Magazine.

While I was verily floating out of Metro to my car with both Tom Drake and Peter Lawford on my mind, a studio man called my name. "I saw you when you came on the lot today," he said, "I told Van Johnson you were here. And Van said, 'Give May my best regards!'"

There, Peter, Tom and Van, all in one day! Reaching home Ross Hunter was on the telephone! So, if I am dreaming, please let me dream.

Natalie Thompson, has been signed to an acting contract by David O. Selznick and is being considered for a role in Selznick's forthcoming Technicolor remake of Louisa May Alcott's "Little Women" . . . Judy Garland portrays Marilyn Miller and Bob Walker plays Composer Jerome Kern in their new picture "Till the Clouds Roll By" . . . Roddy McDowall was told that the fuzz on his cheeks must go when he made a closeup for "Holiday in Mexico." So Roddy was treated to his first shave by the studio barber.

Lauren Bacall was standing in line for a "crowd" shot for the fun of it. A helpful white-headed actor offered her some fatherly advice. "You're too pretty a girl to need that much make-up," he confided in undertones. "Some studios require that much for extras, but not when we're working out HERE!"

Margaret O'Brien is a regular Diamond Lil when she gets herself all decked out in her jewels. She has necklaces given to her by Edward G. Robinson, James Craig, Marshall Thompson and May McAvoy; bracelets given to her by Frankie Sinatra, Vincente Minnelli, and her aunt Marissa O'Brien; rings that were gifts from Lionel Barrymore, Jimmy Durante, and the March of Dimes Committee; and wrist watches from her mother and others. Top that!

Fashion Note: Lauren Bacall and Humphrey Bogart have gray flannel slacks and firemen red shirts of woolen flannel just alike.

Peggy Ryan is quite an enterprising business girl and has been conferring with builders and supply houses on the plans and operation of the restaurant she plans to open in San Fernando Valley this summer. It will be called "Ryan's Cellar." Peggy's Mom and Dad and brother will manage it.

Jane Powell, whose taste is beginning to turn toward dressy clothes, has found herself face to face with a real problem. They're hard to find in size 7!

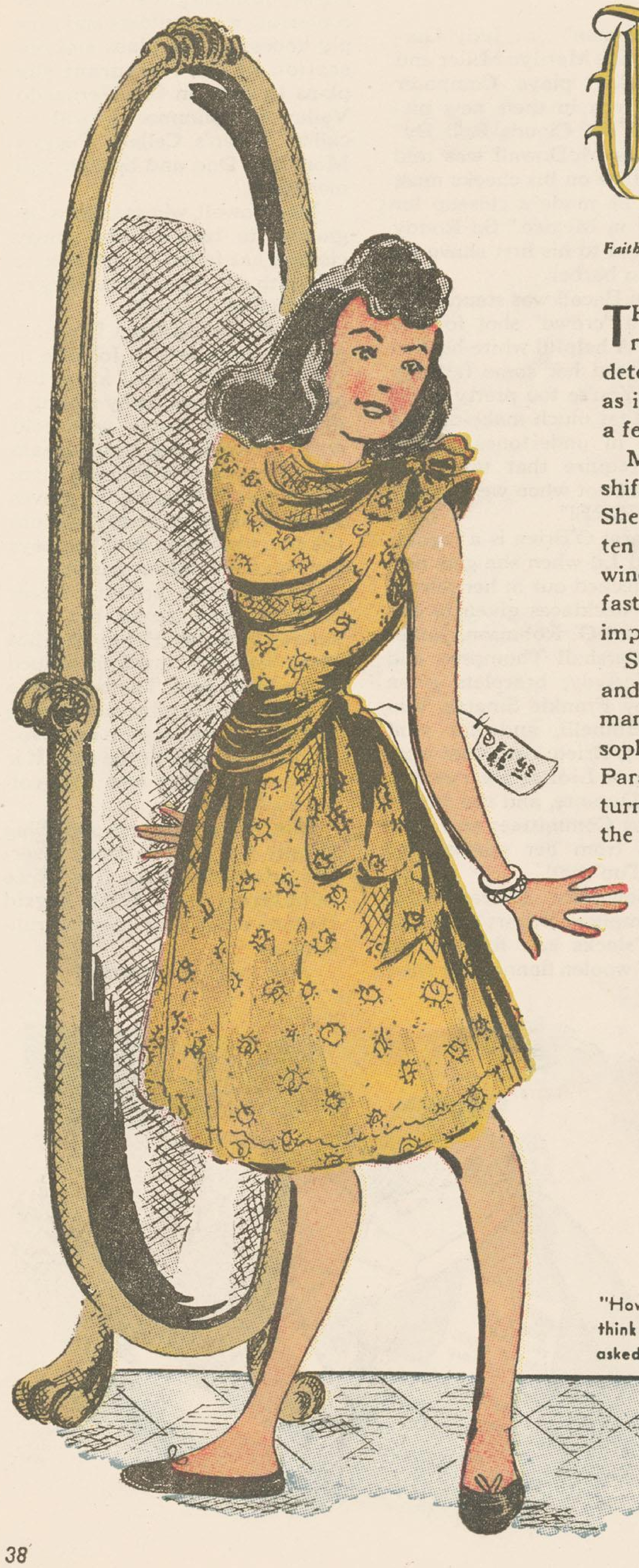
Pat Kirkwood from England, playing opposite Van Johnson in "No Leave, No Love," keeps her hands soft and white by mixing a few drops of honey with cold cream, rubbing the honey-cream on her hands and slipping them into a pair of loose cotton gloves to allow the mixture to soak into the skin overnight. And Van says Pat has the prettiest hands.

Speaking of pretties, Greer Garson need never get lost, strayed or stolen. Her mother has given her a gold lapel pin shaped like a lamp post. The tiny flame in the lamp is a ruby, and Greer's initials and address are engraved on the signboard at the side. It is lovely on Greer's new wine-colored wool suit.

Yes, Greer Garson and Bing Crosby are All American favorites according to the Box Office popularity poll. With Ingrid Bergman and Van Johnson runners-up.

And that's Hollywood!

MARY! DON'T PUT THE DIRT UNDER HERE LIKE YOU DID LAST SATURDAY!
BRAD



# The Easter Suit...

*Faith makes us, and not we it; and faith makes its own forms.*
*—Emerson*

THE shoppers who swarmed in and out of the revolving doors of Benson & Sons wore grim, determined faces. They scurried past one another as if some relentless force drove them in time to a fenzied tempo.

Madelene stood by the main entrance and shifted her feet while she searched the crowd. She looked up at the clock again. Twenty past ten and no sign of Gloria. She leaned against the window and sighed. The faces were bobbing by faster now. Periodically she was jabbed by an impatient elbow.

She turned her back on the maddened activity and looked into Benson's window. Bored-looking mannequins modelled what the suave, young sophisticate would be wearing to the Easter Parade. Madelene did not look impressed and turned back to the crowd. Suddenly, through the maze of faces she caught sight of Gloria breathlessly worming through the mob, her long, dark hair flying close behind. "Gee, Maddie, I'm sorry. You must hate me. But I had a date with Tom last night and we got in late and—well, you know how hard it is for me to wake up. Have you been here long?"

She shook her head and shrugged her shoulders. "Oh no. Not long. I got here ten minutes early. Only twenty-five minutes. Nothing. Don't give it another thought. Come on. Let's get going."

In the High School Shop at Benson's Madelene seated herself in one of the dressing rooms and watched her friend peel off the soft wool jersey.

"Don't you just hate shopping?" Gloria asked as she reached for a coral crepe dress. "Mother gave me fifty dollars to get a dress and accessories, but golly, I had no idea prices were so high."

Madelene looked non-concerned and studied her nails.

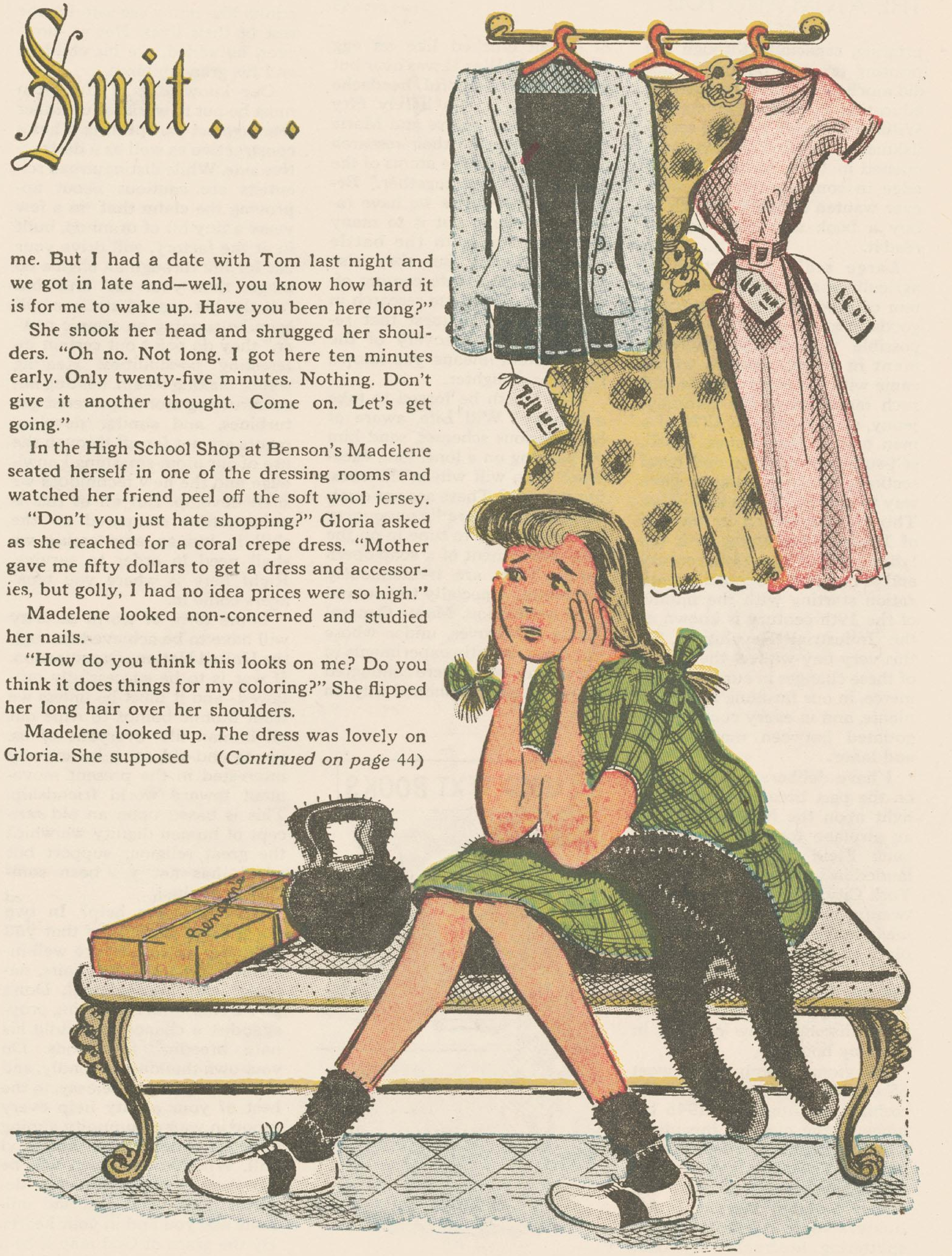
"How do you think this looks on me? Do you think it does things for my coloring?" She flipped her long hair over her shoulders.

Madelene looked up. The dress was lovely on Gloria. She supposed *(Continued on page 44)*

**Poverty made Madelene bitter, envious of her friend's good fortune . . . Life indeed was dismal, until—**

*by Riki Kremer*

"How do you think this looks on me? Do you think it does things for my coloring?" Gloria asked Madelene who sat glumly watching.



# THE ATOM AND YOU

From page 25

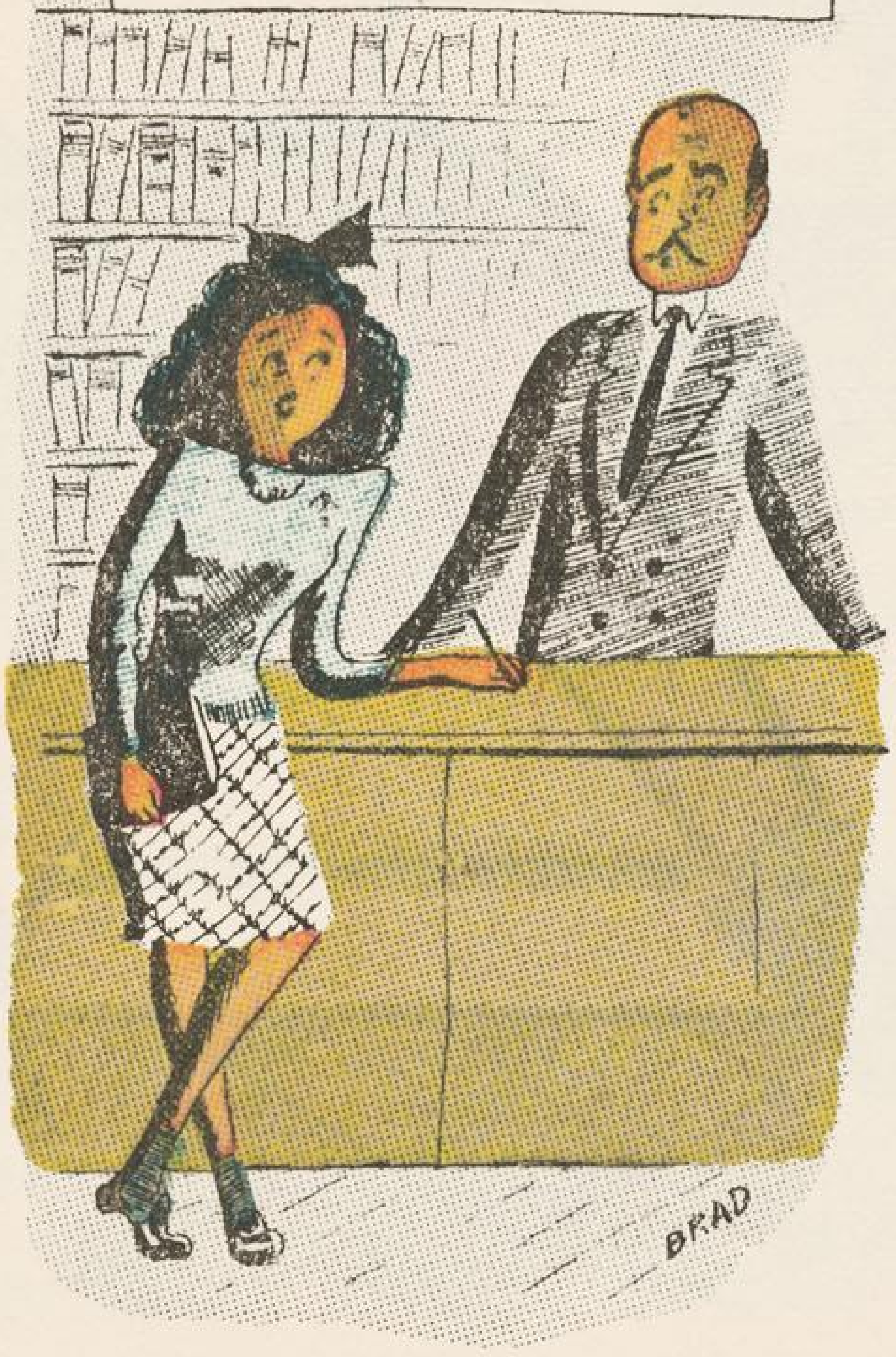
printing, especially through the printing press to publish books, did much to end the monopoly on education by the upper classes. William Caxton's printing establishment, the first in England, opened in 1476, brought knowledge in compact form to whoever wanted it badly enough to buy a book and learn how to read it.

Large scale production in agriculture and the factory system of producing manufactured goods in great variety were not possible without the improvement in transportation which came with the steam engine and such machines as the spinning-jenny, an invention in 1770 of a man named Hargreaves. Small, self-sufficient villages and rural sections, thinly populated, gave way to growing towns and cities. This transformation in the life of England beginning with the latter part of the 18th century and in our own economic organization starting with the middle of the 19th century is known as the Industrial Revolution. To this very day we feel the effects of these changes in our vast commerce, in our far-flung industrial plants, and in every contract negotiated between management and labor.

I have deliberately dwelt upon the past because it throws a light upon the future. Recently an airplane took off from Burbank Field in California and landed in LaGuardia Field, New York City, within five hours and twenty minutes. What will it mean to the human race when no place on earth henceforth will be really far off? Covered wagons starting from Ohio took many months of perilous travel to traverse distances now covered in as many hours.

An atomic bomb which went off over the Japanese city of Hiroshima on August 6, 1945 belongs in the class of inventions that are bound to affect human destiny. The force and range of this mighty explosion made the violence of our terrible Blockbusters seem no more than a sputtering firecracker by comparison. Damage on such a great scale resulted that the resistance of Japan cracked like an egg shell. World War II was over but man's most dreadful headache had begun. It was barely fifty years ago that Pierre and Marie Curie had started their research to find out "how the atoms of the universe are put together." Because of the Curies we have radium and have put it to many beneficent uses in the battle against disease. But they also stimulated scientists coming after them to continue research in atom-splitting, a quest that resulted in the discovery of the most potent means yet known for mass slaughter.

Will Death be forced to take a holiday? Will Life, aware of his nefarious schemes, send him off packing on a long, long vacation? Who will win in the coming struggle? These are not questions asked by a radio announcer who wants you to tune in on the next installment of a soap-opera serial. They are tremendously important, especially to you and your generation. Major General Leslie R. Groves, under whose direction recently experiments in the atomic bomb were conducted in our country explained why. In effect he pointed out that he and adults like him were safe for the rest of their lives. Not so, however, he added, are his children and his grandchildren.

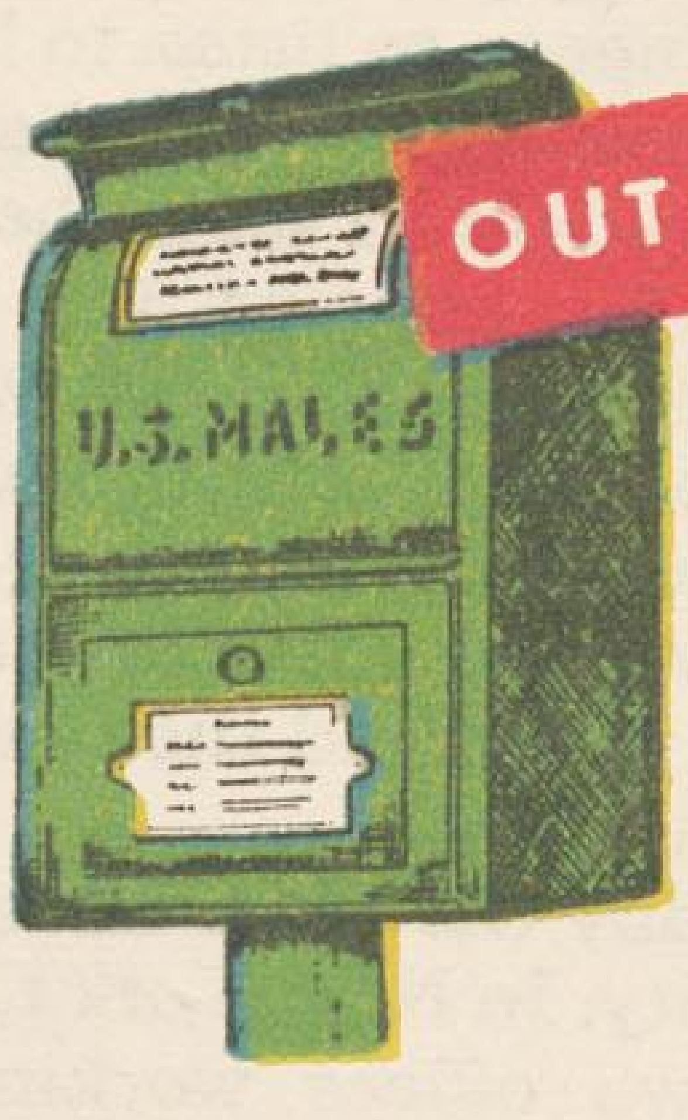


"It's got to be very old. I want the Prof to think I thumb through it every 10 minutes."

Our knowledge of the atom must be put to work for us rather than against us. Splitting it has a constructive as well as a destructive side. While distinguished scientists are cautious about approving the claim that "in a few years a tiny bit of uranium, built in at the factory, will drive your car for life through an engine no bigger than your fist" and that "all the big central stations will soon be running on atomic power," they do point out certain interesting possibilities. Heating water, making steam, heating air, constructing atomic powered gas turbines, and similar developments are not far off through the use of our atom-smashing knowledge and the new techniques we shall develop. But all of this is unimportant compared to the skill in human engineering we shall need in order to survive. Right here is where you teenagers come in.

Some form of world security will have to be achieved through the United Nations Organization. If war is to be successfully outlawed—and it must be unless we want atomic bombs to wipe out all human life—everyone of us, young and old, must be actively interested in the present movement toward world friendship. This is based upon an old concept of human dignity which all the great religions support but which has not yet been sufficiently applied.

How can you help? In two ways. First, make sure that you and your classmates are well-informed about public affairs, national and international. Don't give a charlatan nor a lying propagandist a chance to peddle his hate breeding falsehoods. Do your own thinking. Secondly, and this is not going to be easy, to the best of your ability help every group in your community aiming at better understanding and good will. Whether the atom will be our slave or our final master depends upon what you and millions like you find in your hearts. By the grace of God may it be a life-saving message for all humanity.



# OUT OF THE MALE BOX...

Will HIS face be RED when HE reads this—
and by all means let HIM read it...

by Helene Wanderman

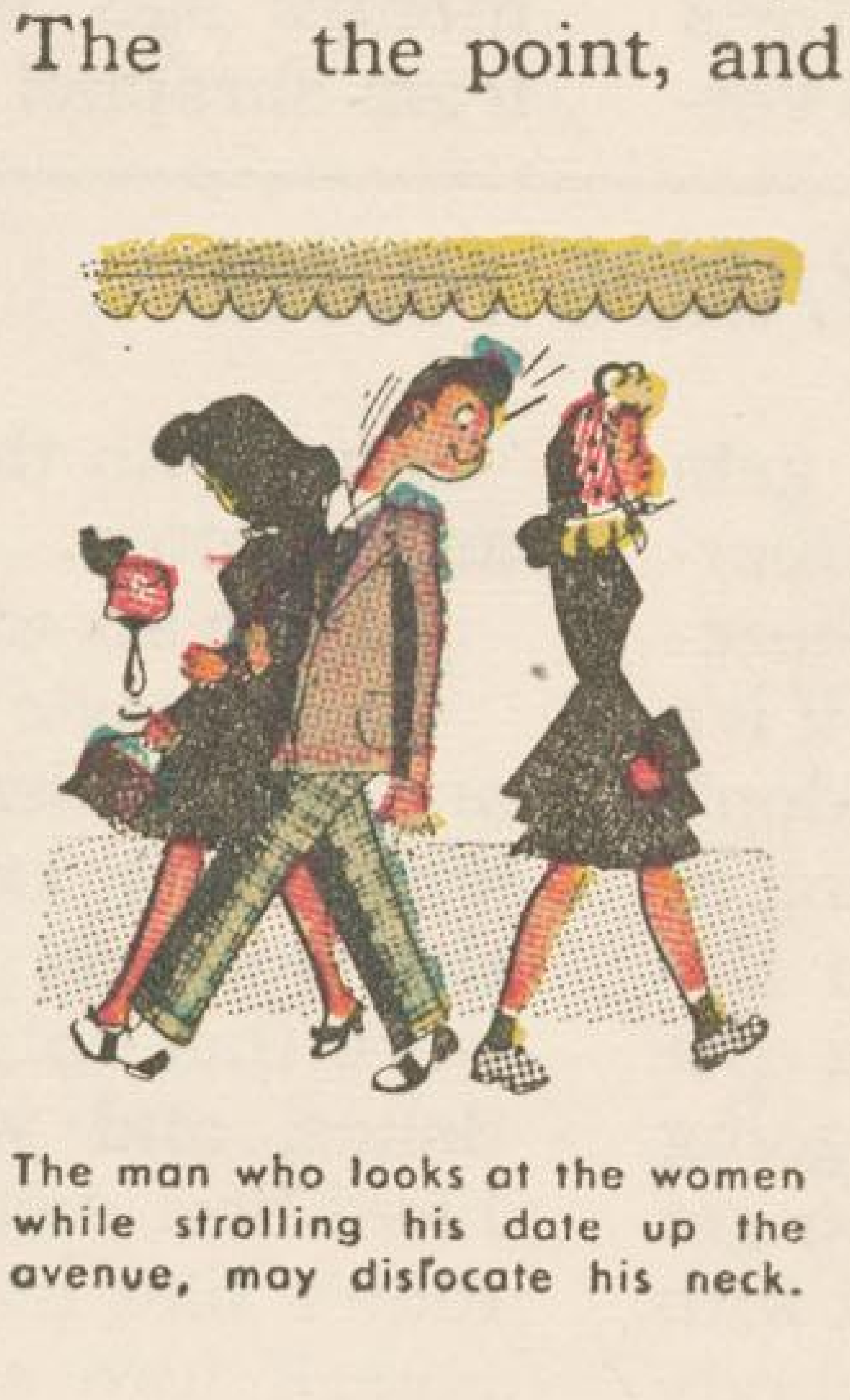
SOMEBODY once said, "the trouble with women is men", and although not a Platonian quote, there is much wisdom behind same. Men are all the time shaking their heads disconsolately, muttering a bewildered "women, women, women", under their breaths. True, women may not be logicians, or mathematicians, and they may not be aware of which way is North, the fundamental principles of the atom bomb, and how you turn the steam heat off; but their little irregularities are amply balanced by man's own little group of goons, who constantly terrify and disgust the distaff side. Here are some of the undesirables.

The man who commits the cardinal sin of looking at other women while blithely strolling his date down the avenue. There are several varieties of this snake. One is the sly one, who waits until your glance is safely riveted on a store window, and then he operates, by wheeling around, whistling, or just oggling some gal. The other type, the out and out brazen snake, is even more despicable. Not only does he dislocate his neck muscles in a desperate effort to dig the passing babe, but he has the consummate nerve to comment on her relative merits.

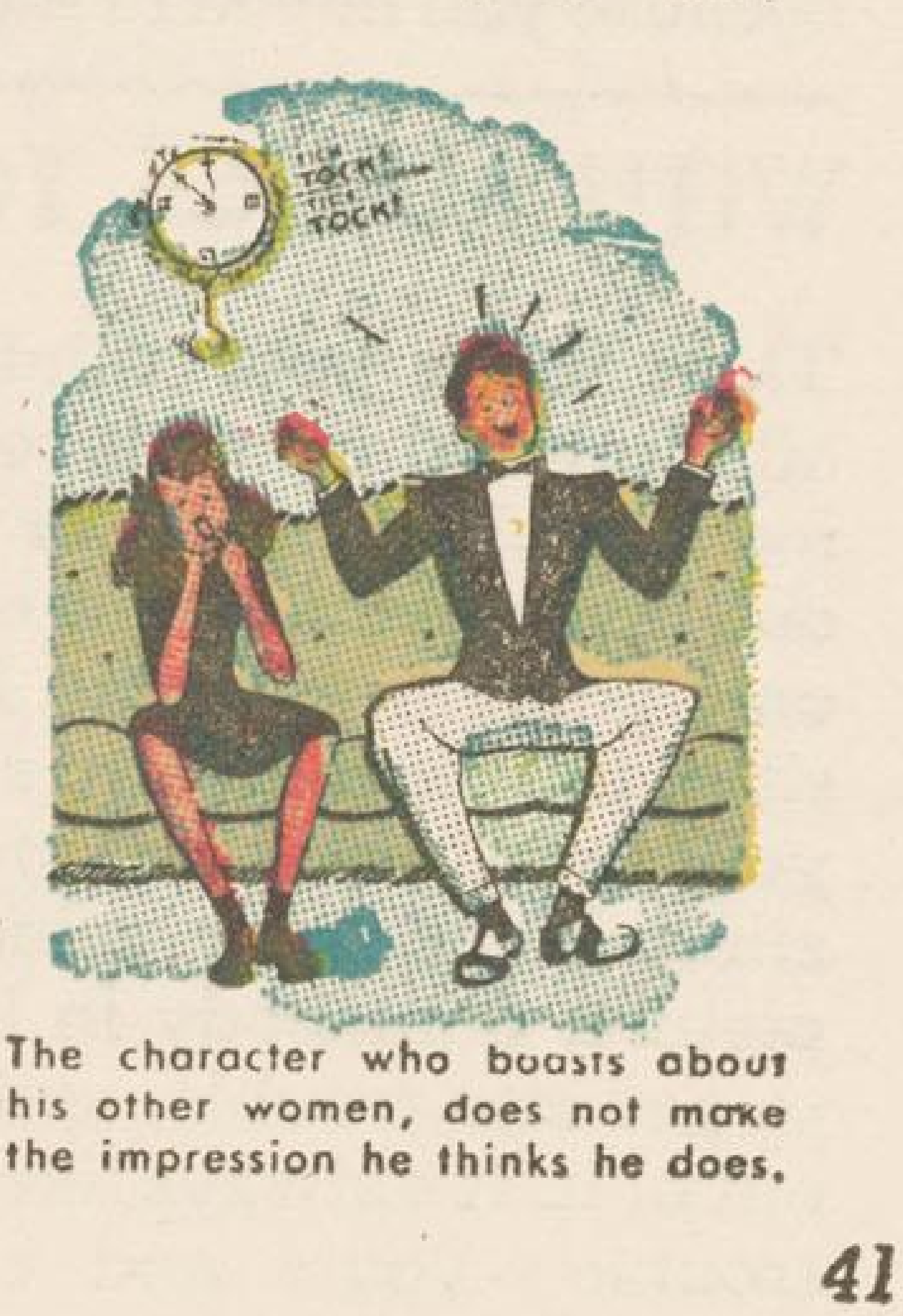
The character who boasts about his other women. Which one he has taken out, whom he has kissed (the cad!), what intimate secrets he knows (told him in strictest confidence). His entire line of chatter consists of episodes from his gay past, all intend to impress you with his Don Juan capabilities. You, naturally, are infinitely depressed.

The boy who won't talk. You try everything. Talking about the things he's interested in, really going all out to speak his language, and all you get is an uninspiring grunt. He demands to be entertained with jokes, stories, and a constant stream of Dorothy Parker witticisms. But the moment you take an intermission for a lubricating throat drop, he takes mental notes on the pause. Rumor soon hath it that you're not very good company. Not much personality.

The guy who would rather park in dark spots than eat. You do everything but beat him over the head with his own crowbar to prove that you're not interested. Finally, hours later, when he gets the point, and *(continued on page 55)*



The man who looks at the women while strolling his date up the avenue, may dislocate his neck.


TICK TOCK! TICK TOCK!

The character who boasts about his other women, does not make the impression he thinks he does.

## MAKING TOMORROW'S MUSIC

From page 10

Shaw, David Rose, Johnny Mercer, Leonard Bernstein, Frank Sinatra, Dinah Shore, Jo Stafford, Andy Russell, Billy Strayhorn, Si Oliver, Alec Wilder and countless others are all young people who achieved spectacular prominence and fame while still in their early twenties and some while still in their teens.

I started out at an early age. It wasn't an easy road. I went through a stage in life when I was derided for my ambition and efforts. But I think that all the adverse criticism I received then just heightened my love for music. It inspired a burning desire within me to become successful. I remember when I was sixteen and was just composing my first piece called, "Soda Fountain Rag." I was still in high school and, strangely, I was getting better grades in art than in music. In fact, I was offered an art scholarship to Pratt Institute. When I turned this scholarship down because I felt that it would interfere with my musical interests, my friends and family alike chided me. They said that I was making a regrettable error; that I was a silly kid for not taking advantage of that scholarship; and that there was no place in the musical world for youngsters like myself. Yet, three years later, I had my own band and already had some of my music published. I've never regretted the choice I made then. I'm stating all this principally to encourage any of you who have a heartfelt interest and love for music but feel perhaps that people might scoff at your efforts because you haven't reached voting age yet and are young yet.

Some people have asked me whether the present conflict has retarded the musical development of any of our potential musical greats. Has entrance into the armed forces put an end to a promising career? Have the services neglected to encourage and develop latent talents? The answer is an unequivocal NO. The opposite is more true. The army has provided an excellent practice ground for many a boy and girl to develop their musical abilities. The same interests are thrown together. There is an interchange of musical ideas. They give and gain from each other. Whether singing, composing, arranging or just playing in a band, they are gaining invaluable experience, experience that would take sometimes years to gain in civilian life. This freedom of musical expression and exchange, bereft of any commercial tinge, foretells a wealth of brilliant music to appear on post-war horizons.

Now the question is asked, "What happens after the army?" America has made plans for the returning serviceman and woman in industry and business, but what plans have been made for him in the world of music and entertainment? Perhaps, if I tell you the story of ex-G.I. Ray Rand, you'll get a better understanding of just what is being done for our returning warriors. Ray Rand, before he entered the service, was a songwriter — unknown, unheralded. Fourteen months ago, while recuperating from shrapnel wounds in a hospital in Italy, he realized the difficulties that confronted an unknown song writer attempting to get someone to listen to his songs and possibly publish them. With that thought in mind, he laid his plans for opening the hitherto barred doors of Broadway's music houses, band agencies and night clubs to returning servicemen who wanted to have their music heard and their talent recognized.

Today the plans have become a reality. In New York City there are two offices working exclusively for the ex-serviceman. This is only the beginning. Throughout the nation, similar organizations are opening their doors. The youth of today will be heard today.

For my own contribution to today's young people with an interest in music, I have recently had the good fortune to be able to set up a scholarship fund at the Juilliard School of Music to provide for the training of promising young musicians, vocal or instrumental, selected by elimination contests among outstanding public high school music students. Students with proficiency in either the modern or classical fields of music are considered eligible. It is my hope that other artists and groups interested in sponsoring young musicians will establish other scholarships, for many are needed.

You, who are young, bear this in mind. If you have any musical ambition — see that it stays with you. Study yourself and the methods of others. And practice, and then practice some more. Maybe soon we'll be hearing of you.

---

## WITH MALICE TOWARDS NONE

From page 21

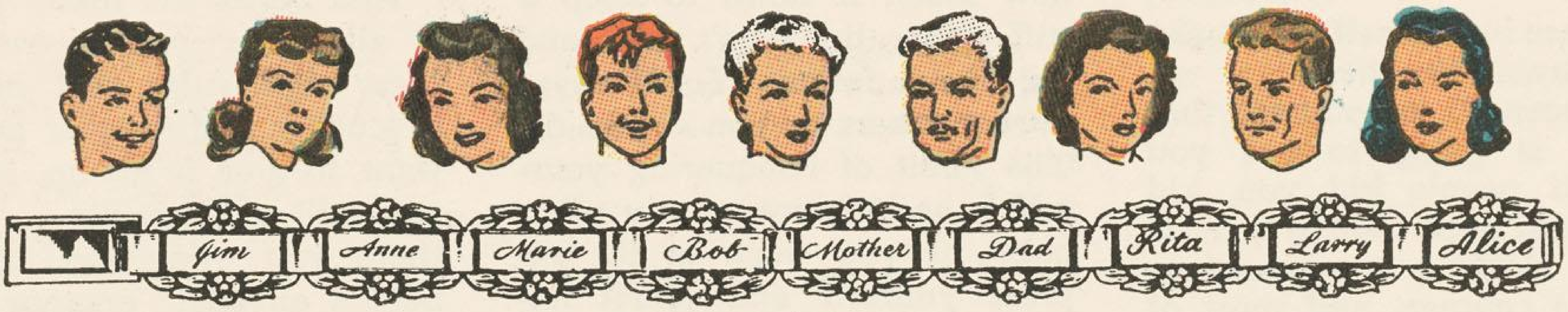
Then when your thinking gets all cluttered up with remembering a snub, or a dig, or a freeze-out, do something new even if it's only going to a movie. But don't sit in the dark theatre stewing in your own juice, till you're sizzling. Keep your mind on the picture. Somebody in it is going to get into trouble, and then get out of it. It's always like that with trouble — yours and everybody else's. Some day, if you'll let it alone with your thinking, it'll be "Gone With the Wind," and just as forgotten.

Listen about Lucy.

Lucy was a brooder by choice and a brooder by nature. Lucy was pretty except for the chip she wore on her shoulder. She wore that chip to the Christmas dance, and when the boy she liked best danced with a girl she didn't like at all, Lucy worked herself into a fit, and made up her mind to get even. Not with the boy, but with the girl. Lucy decided the girl was a professional beau-snatcher, and broadcast it all over the campus. But the girl she really tore to pieces was Lucy. The kids laid off her like poison ivy. Lucy had the tongue of a viper, and folks both old and young steer clear of vipers. Now Lucy's lonesome, and she's bitter. Her eyes are sharp, and her lips turn at the corners. She's no longer date-bait.

Don't keep a hurt alive.

Bury that grudge, and stick a bright red geranium on its grave. Red's a cheerful color.



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| | |
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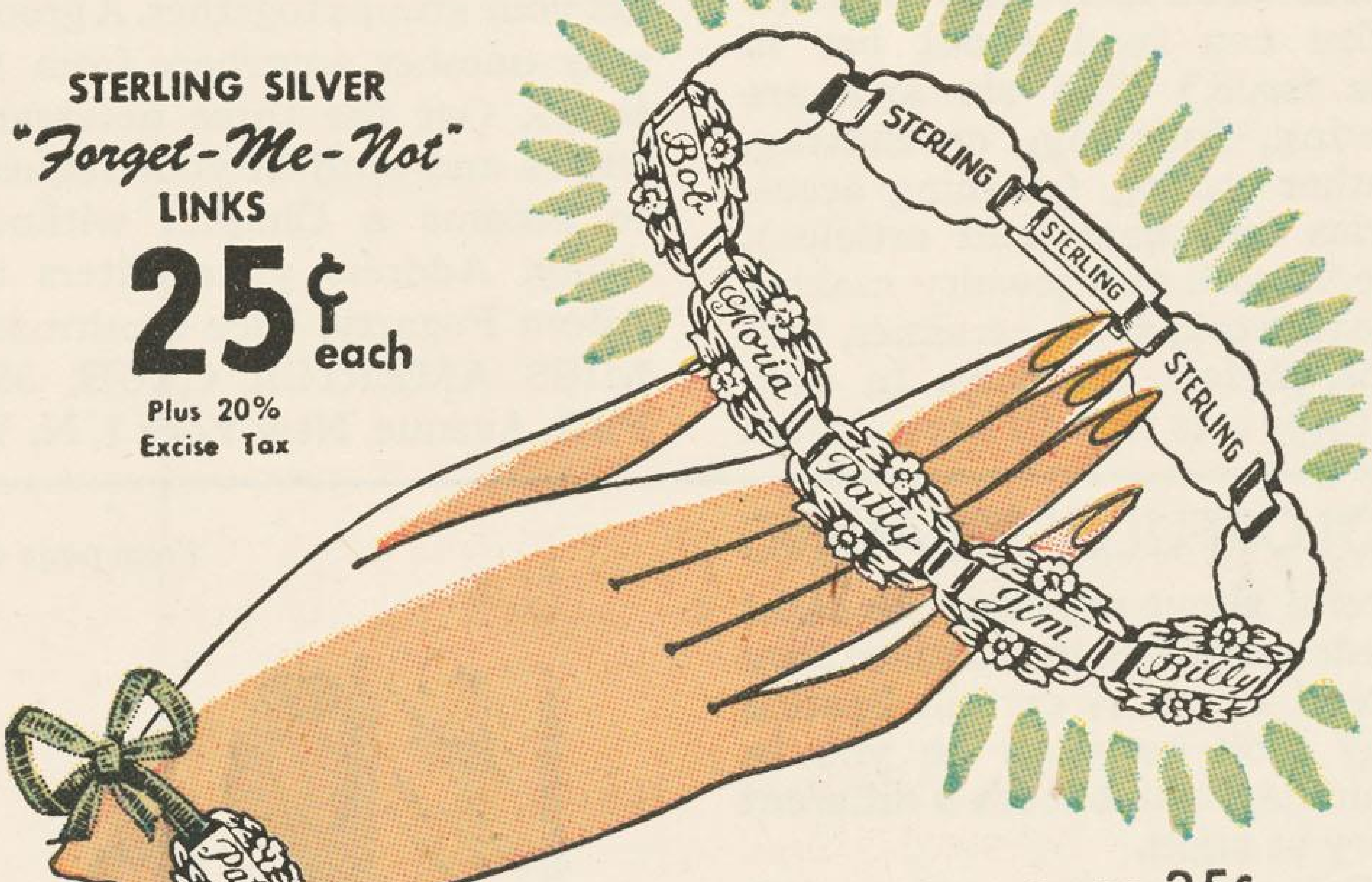

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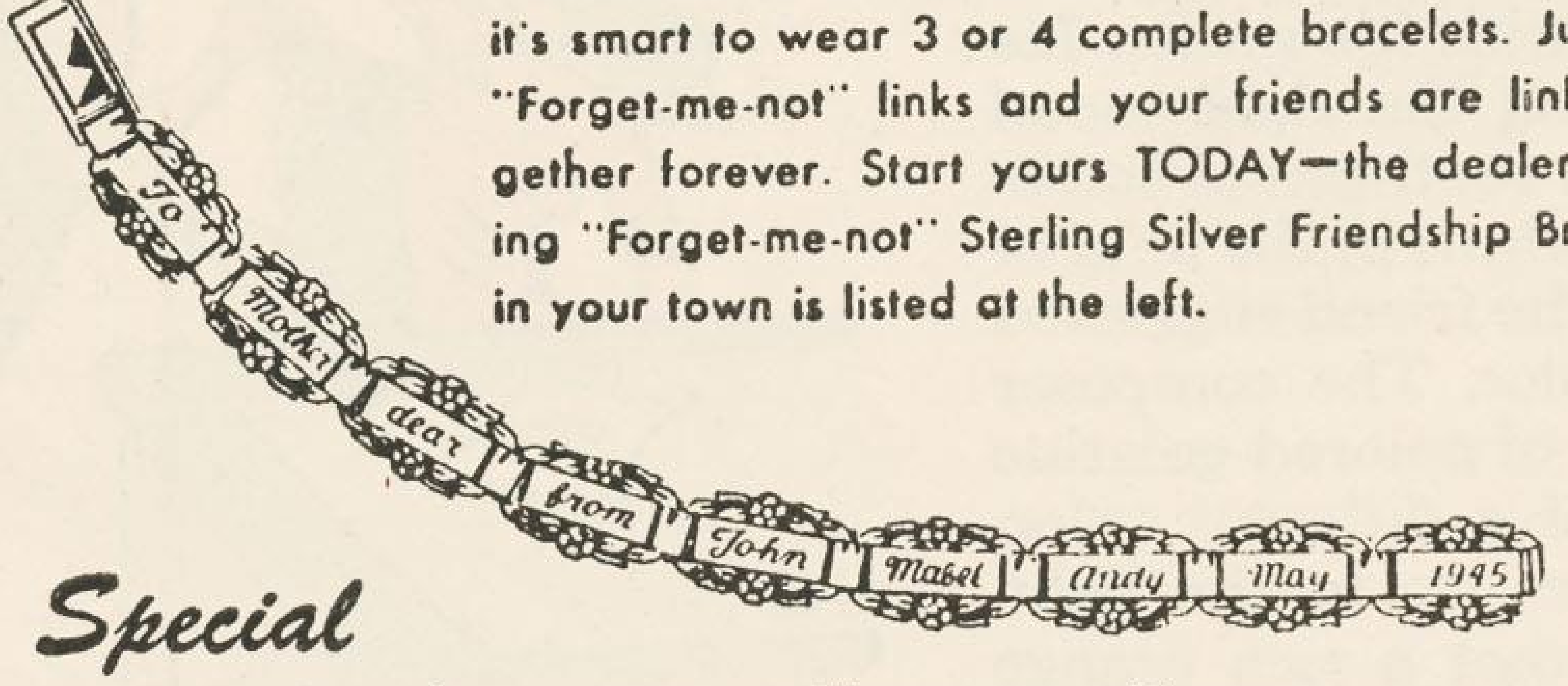

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# THE EASTER SUIT

*From page* 39

she should be happy that Gloria had fifty dollars, and if she wanted, could have the dress wrapped and leave with enough left over for the best in accessories. She thought of her beige suit with the worn cuffs and the stain that no cleaner could coax off. She thought of walking into church Easter Sunday, down the aisle past pews peopled with smartly attired worshippers. Only they weren't watching the alter. They were all staring at the conspicuous stain on her skirt.

She shook the vision off and was a little surprised at her answer. "Yes, it makes your coloring just peachy. It puts stars in your eyes and moonbeams in your hair. Everyone will stare and whisper, 'There goes that bewitching Gloria Mallory'. If you want it, take it and let's go."

Gloria looked hurt, made no reply.

When Madelene got home, she went quickly to the bedroom and changed the faded plaid dress for a pair of baggy slacks. In the kitchen she found her mother preparing lunch. She looked up and smiled as her daughter flopped into a chair.

"Did Gloria get a nice outfit?"

"Yes. The works."

"What's the matter, baby?"

"Nothing, mother; it's just . . ."

"I know. Here, eat your lunch. You don't think it's right that Gloria should have new clothes for Easter while you have to make the old beige suit do. I know, baby. I know. But Gloria has a father who brings a nice paycheck home every week. You know, since your father died I haven't had anything new either and that was four years ago." She heaved a heavy sigh. "But I guess when you are fifteen, it's harder to take."

Madelene looked at her mother and for the first time realized how tired she looked. Sewing all day and far into the night just to keep food on the table and shoes on her feet, had worn lines into her face that she hadn't noticed before.

With a shock she saw that her mother's hair had grown almost entirely grey. She was no longer wrought with the feeling of intense sorrow, she was angry. Angry that Gloria's mother, who complained of the lack of adequate help to clean up after her bridge parties, had just bought a fur coat while her mother had to recut her old black cloth coat and turn it inside out to make it do for another year. Angry that Gloria need only hint that she saw the darlingest velveteen suit at Benson's and Mrs. Mallory would dig into a bottomless purse and come up with enough money not only to permit her daughter to walk off with the suit but get a matching hat as well.

Yes, it was unfair all right but even more, it seemed as though God had deliberately forsaken them while he gave more and more to those who did not need it. While this thought struck her, she even began to doubt His existence and decided then and there that she would certainly not go to Easter Mass to worship one who obviously played favorites.

Mrs. Peterson interrupted her daughter's sacrilegious thoughts. "What are you thinking, baby?

(*Continued on page* 46)

*Dear Margy:*

HAVE you seen MISS AMERICA, that slick teen magazine which is published especially for US? And isn't it super? There's so much to it . . . you never get tired of reading it again and again . . . Swell, *smooth* stories . . . up-to-the-minute news about Frankie and Van and Bing . . . latest record reports . . . And aren't the fashions strictly *O-O-T-W (the beauty of 'em is that you really can afford to buy what you drool over on the fashionable pages) . . . There are Charm Tips, Poise, Posture and Personality Pointers (the "P's and Cues" of everyday living) . . . and articles that tell you what to say to a boy, and how to dress and act on dates . . . and there are patterns, party hints, recipes, and . . . and . . . well, I practically have to tear *Mother* away from each issue, so I can read it . . . Just to be sure I don't miss one single copy of this wonderful magazine, I have a SUBSCRIPTION to it. Because you can't get a copy around anywhere, a few hours after it hits the newsstands. So many girls want it, I guess, that they just can't get enough paper to print all the copies. So — why don't YOU SUBSCRIBE to MISS AMERICA, too, and—pronto! Happy reading!

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Teena

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# For Girls Only

Kindly, helpful advice from MGM's brilliant star...

### by Laraine Day

**Dear Laraine:** These problems of mine may seem trivial to you but they surely worry me. Let me tell you about myself. I am 14 and have dark brown hair, brown eyes, and people tell me I have a nice complexion although I don't think so, because I have freckles. One of my problems is that I wear braces on my teeth. This is a small town and no one at this high school wears braces but me, so people just *stare*. It makes me self-conscious. Also, I am very little (just one half inch over five feet) and I resent being little very much. I'm just ordinary looking. I'm not allowed to go out with boys yet, so when they ask to take me home I refuse and say why. But I'm afraid they'll quit asking me if I keep on refusing. Can you help me solve my problems? Claudette.

Dear Claudette: One of the things girls have to learn very early in life is how to be analytical and logical. Therefore, let's approach your problems that way. In the first place, since boys are asking to take you home, your braces must not be as big a handicap as you think. People may stare because they are interested in the technical side of how braces are attached to the teeth, but everyone knows that braces are temporary affairs. Take them in your stride and play up your other features. Wear your hair long, keep it clean and shining. Wear clothes in colors that will bring out the color of your eyes. When you start wearing lipstick, put it on very carefully, so that when people look at your mouth, they'll see a nice smooth lip line instead of a sloppy smudge. Now about your second problem, remember that many men think short girls are adorable. Tiny girls can wear ruffles, bows, and frilly jumpers. As they grow older, they can dress in very feminine clothes. They look darling in things that make more statuesque girls look like overgrown dolls. As you grow older, too, your heels will make a difference in your height. You will be the girl who can be very diminutive or just average height, depending on your shoes. Very convenient when your date is not so tall, either! Being short has a lot of wonderful advantages, so make the most of them. Since we've assumed that if boys ask to date you, then your so-called handicaps can't really be very serious, let's go on to your refusals of those dates. Claudette, if there's one thing as sure as death and taxes, it's that 14-year-old girls get cuter as the years go by. Those boys will never stop asking to take you home. Next year or the year after, they'll still be asking, never fear. (*continued on page* 55)

(*Continued from page* 44)

Don't look so fierce."

"I am *not* going to mass Easter Sunday."

"What?"

"I will not go to church and sing the Lord's praises when He doesn't care whether we live or die. 'God must love the poor because he made so many of them,' a myth."

"Darling, you must put such thoughts from your mind. You must have faith and I'm sure everything will turn out for the best. Now stop rushing through your lunch like that. Where are you going that you must gulp down your food like a starved piglet?"

Madelene swallowed the last of her milk. "To blue blazes. But I am *not going to mass on Easter!*" She bounded out of the kitchen and into the bedroom. Removing the frayed grey coat from an almost empty closet, she flung it over her shoulders and called a hurried goodbye to her bewildered mother.

Once out on the street, she slowed her pace but walked none the less determinedly in the direction of Benson's.

Without hesitation she entered the store and boarded the elevator for the High School Shop. There she selected three suits and carried them into the dressing room. After careful deliberation she chose a navy gabardine with pearl buttons. She adjusted the shoulder pads, smoothed the jacket over her hips, then whirled before the mirror. On a sudden impulse she pulled the braids down from around her head, untied the ribbons and combed out her hair until it fell loosely around her shoulders. She stepped back and smiled at her image. Then humming a tune, she carefully removed the suit and climbed back into the slacks. She took the suit to one of the salesgirls and told her to hold it. "I don't have the money now, but I'll be back in about two hours to pick it up."

Then she made her way to the shoe department and picked out a pair of smooth navy blue calf shoes with identical instructions for the salesman.

After a similar visit to the hat department she headed for the accessories section and chose a navy bag, white gloves and a white silk scarf. Mentally she added up the amount of the would-be purchases. Sixty dollars. She had figured it would be something like that. Well, it had been fun . . . pretending . . .

She left Benson's and walked slowly around the block. She was no longer humming. Her feet moved more slowly until they came to a full stop in front of a candy store. The tears that welled in her eyes began a slow trickle down her cheeks. She looked around for refuge, then dashed into the store and made for the nearest phone booth. She shut the door and leaned against the wall, sobbing.

She dug into her pocket for her handkerchief and dried her face but as she turned to leave, her eye caught something red under the phone. A small red change purse. Nervously she picked it up, opened it and stared incredulously at its contents. Four bills and each a twenty. Eighty dollars and a broken, but diamond studded wrist watch! She looked almost fearfully for an address, then breathed a happy sigh when none could be found.

Her heart pounded wildly as she opened the door of the booth and deliberated with her conscience. If she kept it, she could return to Benson's, buy the outfit she had picked out and still have money left over. On the other hand, it really wasn't hers to keep. But then, how did she know the storekeeper wouldn't keep the purse if she surrendered it to him, and simply tell the owner it had not been returned.

DORMITORY
GIRLS PLEASE LIMIT CALLS.

Downstairs!! Waiting for me!! How do you spell it—M-A-I-L or M-A-L-E?

While she was mentally debating, an excited grey-haired lady bustled into the shop. She hastily explained to the storekeeper that she had lost her purse. With agitated motions she said that its contents were very valuable and she simply must have it back. The storekeeper shook his head. She ran to the phone booth and searched.

Madelene, who had been watching the scene with a mixed feeling of disappointment and guilt finally managed to stammer, "I, ah, Miss, I think . . . is this it?"

The little lady smiled through grateful tears. "Oh dear me, yes. Where did you find it?" She held out her hand for the purse, emptied it out on the counter and smiled to find everything intact.

Madelene felt as though she had been swallowed up in a whirlpool. She heaved a tired sigh and turned to go. A hand touched her shoulder. She whirled.

"I'm terribly grateful that you returned the purse. It meant a great deal to me."

Madelene forced an embarrassed smile, "That's all right."

"You see, the watch is worth many thousands of dollars. It belonged to my great grandmother. The band is broken but I was going to have it made up for my granddaughter's debut."

Madelene stared unbelievingly but stood politely by as the woman unsnapped the purse again. "I wish you would take this for your trouble," she said, emphasizing her words by forcing the four bills into Madelene's clammy hand.

"Can I drop you anywhere?" she asked indicating a long, sleek car at the curb.

She nodded dumbly, then climbed in beside her. The car wrenched itself from the curb and slid smoothly over the street. "What's the matter dear? Aren't you well?"

(*Continued on page* 48)

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7. Do you sit correctly?
8. What you should weigh.
9. Table of Average Weights.
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11. If you are thin, putting on weight.
12. Does one have to exercise?
13. Assuring personal cleanliness and hygiene; check list.
14. Take care of your teeth.
15. How much sleep do you need?
16. She Walks in Beauty.
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*Continued from page* 46)

"No. It's just that I, well . . ."

"I guess it was quite a day for both of us, eh? Where to?"

"Would it be too much trouble? . . . Could you drop me off at Benson's?"

"Benson's it is."

Once at the department store, however, she did not go to the High School Shop but made her way to the Women's Suit department, to the size 16's. "It's a surprise for my mother," she told the saleslady as she wrapped a smart-looking pin stripe. "This is her size and if it needs alterations—well, mom can fix it."

Counting her change, she made a quick decision. In the High School Shop she walked over to a rack marked HOLD. She spied the suit with her name on it and ran her fingers lovingly over the lapels then turned quickly to the salesgirl. "I find I don't care for this after all. You needn't hold it any longer."

When she rang the bell at home, her mother stepped back and opened her eyes wide.

"Happy Easter, Mother. Hallelujah, the angels are singing."

"Madelene Peterson, what does this mean?" her mother demanded.

Madelene marched into the bedroom and let the boxes fall to the bed. Then carefully removing the suit, a black bag, gloves, a frilly hat and a white blouse, she said proudly. "These are for being the best mother in the world." Then she told the whole story.

"Saints preserve us!" Mrs. Peterson stood transfixed, then awoke from her daze to inquire, "And what did you get for yourself?"

"These," she said, removing the navy shoes and matching accessories. "There's enough left over for a pair of shoes for you. There was a lovely suit . . . But my beige isn't terribly old and if I really try, maybe that ink stain . . . Where are you going, mother?"

"Be back in a minute." She returned shortly carrying something pale grey.

"Mother, that's the suit you made for Imogene Rogers."

"Right. Only Imogene came in this afternoon and said her fur cape had cost her more than she expected and she simply couldn't afford the suit. You are Imogene's size, so guess what I thought?"

"Oh mother! Oh..." She raised tear-filled eyes and said softly, "Mother, let's go to an early mass on Easter. And I want to sit in the first pew. It—it sort of brings you closer and there's something I want to tell Him."

## EVERYBODY SING!

*From page* 29

the back of your mind so that you will sing it without any effort at all.

Another reason that you should think of the words is that the words give the meaning to the song. If you try to put "expression" into the music, you will sound artificial. But you can get the right expression simply by thinking of the meaning of the words. If the words are sad, you should feel sad; if they are gay, you should feel gay—and these feelings will give the right expression to the song.

There is still another reason that you should think of the words. Speaking the words clearly as you sing is the best way to make clear beautiful tones.

That's all there is to it. Just do these things and you will soon wonder why you were ever afraid to enjoy the treat that comes from singing with the crowd.

## GIGGLES

*From page* 15

honey. Lots of men remarry and jeepers, you're liable to love your new mother. . . . ."

Giggles eyed the toe of her loafer as it traced surrealistic patterns on the rug.

"I'm not going to meet her—or him," she announced.

There was a long silence during which she debated whether or not to explain her feelings on the matter to Tess. After all, there are certain situations that just can't be ironed out with mere words. She was no orator, she knew that. She doubted if she could ever explain the feeling that had always existed between herself and her father . . . the mutual sharing that they had known ever since the death of her Mother. He had been Mother, Father, Confidant, Escort, and first cousin to her. And now with his new wife, there would be no more gloriously private weekends in New York, no more drives in a hansom through Central Park or a table for two on the Green. She'd have to share him with someone now—a new someone she had never even met.

No, Tess wouldn't understand.

"You can just tell them I—uh — I — disappeared," Giggles murmured in what she hoped was her very best Greer Garson manner.

Tess didn't answer. She rummaged, instead, through the top bureau drawer for a fresh dickey that she seemed to remember having seen in the vicinity of the pink silk and lace slip that had been a splurge a few weeks before. She knew that it was useless to argue, so she merely smiled triumphantly as she fastened on the snowflake dickey, then ran a fifty cent eiderdown-like puff that they had gone halves on across Giggles' face.

"We can't," Tess announced "have you looking like my dug-up Grandma. Look, sweets, they're downstairs now — in the Reception Room—I saw them as I came up. . . ."

Giggles gulped.

"You mean *she's* here?"

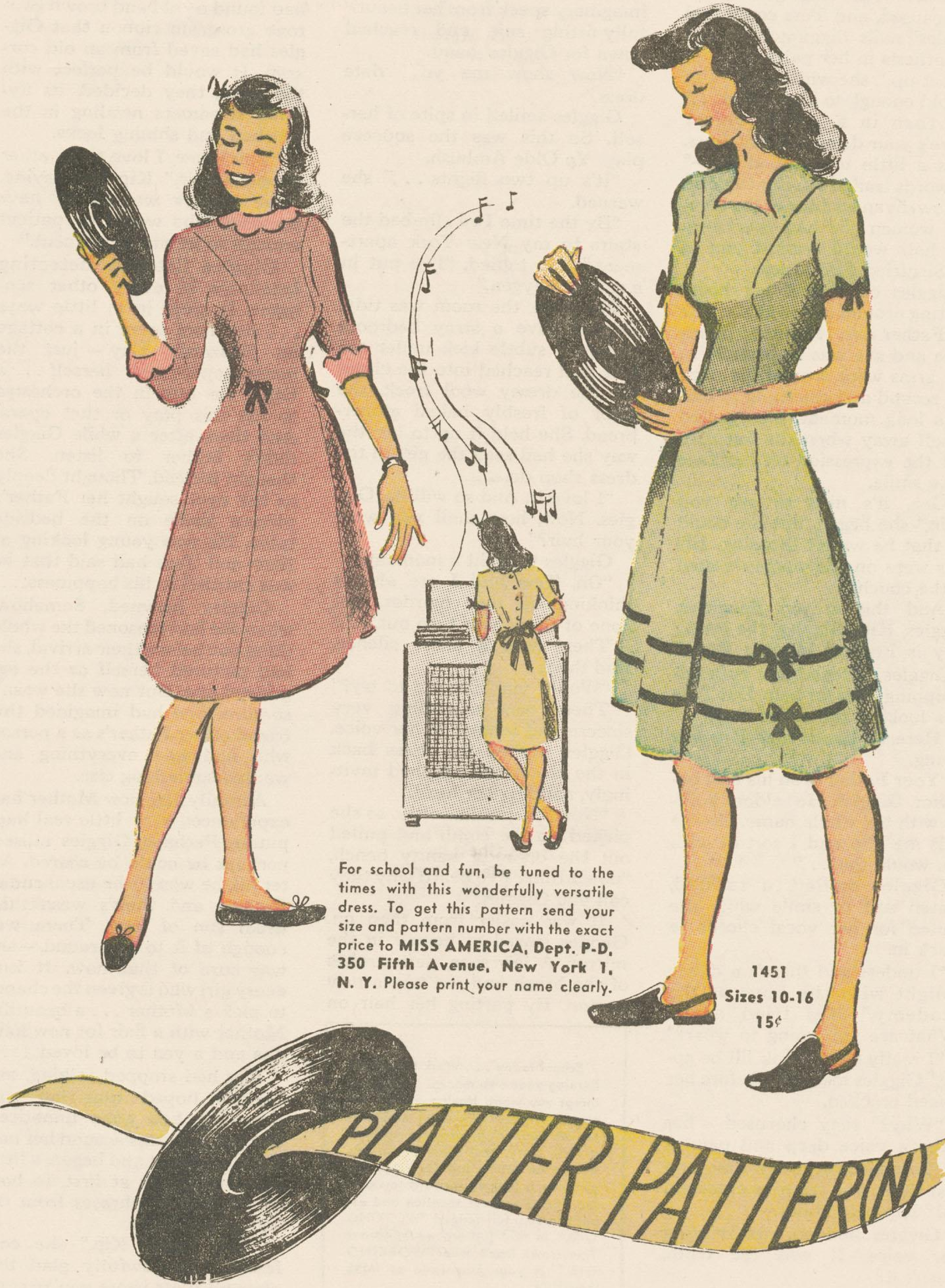
Tess had no sooner nodded her head in the affirmative than Giggles' wrists began to hurt in that funny way they did whenever anything exciting was about to happen.

"Oh, stay with me, Tess," she begged. "I can't face them alone. I won't face them alone. . . ."

"I'll come with you—you dear dope. Now stop undoing all of my good work with those tears. A little more powder and you'll look embalmed!"

The two flights seemed endless and when they had reached the Reception Room Giggles' legs were tingling the same way they had the time she had walked up and down the Bunker Hill monu-

(*Continued on page* 50)



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# GIGGLES

From page 48

ment. She could see her Father's reflection in the large gilt mirror. She paused, and Tess could feel Giggles' nails digging little red parenthesis in her palm.

"Let up," she whispered, "I'm not old enough to give blood . . ." and then in a louder voice: "Here's your daughter, Mr. Ross. She's a little tongue-tied but—" her words trailed off. For there on the low divan was one of the loveliest women she had ever seen. Her hair would remind you of the Siegfried Fire Music.

Giggles could feel her heart twisting around inside as she saw her Father rise. He was so handsome and she was so proud! . . . Her arms were around his neck in a second and she clung to him for a long moment, then pulled herself away when she felt sure that the expression on her face was a smile.

"Gee, it's nice to see you again," she began, but she could see that he wasn't listening. His eyes were on the woman seated on the couch.

"And this is my daughter, Giggles, Kip. Giggles, the lovely lady is Frances Kipling Ross."

Giggles stiffened, her eyes telegraphing Tess for help. But Tess was looking the other way.

"Here, sit beside me," Kip was saying.

"Your Father is on his best behavior, Giggles. He seldom bothers with the whole name. He—he calls me Kip and I sort of wish you would too. . . ."

Giggles smiled, a twisted, beaten sort of smile while she waited for her vocal chords to check in.

"I understand there's a dance tonight with the boys at the Academy," Kip tried again. "What are you going to wear?"

"I really don't think I'll be going," Giggles managed, before her voiced cracked.

"Why?" they chorused — her father's voice deep and pained.

"Is it because we're here and you think you have to entertain us?" Kip helped out.

Giggles nodded, not trusting her voice. It was the truth, wasn't it?

"We wouldn't think of spoiling your evening. In fact, we only stopped here for a short chat. . . ."

Kip stood up, brushing an imaginary speck from her beautifully-fitting suit, and reached down for Giggles' hand.

"Now show me your date dress."

Giggles smiled in spite of herself. So this was the squeeze play. Ye Olde Ambush.

"It's up two flights . . ." she warned.

"By the time I've climbed the stairs to my New York apartment," Kip tallied, "I've put in a call for oxygen."

For once, the room was tidy. Giggles gave a stray bedroom slipper a subtle kick under the bed, and reached into the closet for the dressy wool frock, the color of freshly baked gingerbread. She held it up to her the way she had seen the girl in the dress shop do.

"I love it. And so will he, Giggles. Now, how shall you wear your hair?"

Giggles thought a moment.

"Oh, Tess and I are always thinking up new hairdos, but none of them ever turn out. . . ."

There was a short silence. And then:

"Would you like me to try?"

There was something very sincere and intense in her voice. Giggles pushed the dress back in the closet and laughed invitingly, nodding her head.

"Now," Kip said, softly, as she picked up the comb and pulled out the organdy vanity bench, "now I think I've heard why they call you Giggles."

It was easier from then on. Giggles stared at herself in the mirror. A few sure, deft strokes of the brush and she was a new person. By parting her hair on the side instead of in the middle they'd found that she had a natural wave. Then, while rooting through the ribbon drawer, Kip had found a gold and brown two-tone grosgrain ribbon that Giggles had saved from an old corsage. It would be perfect with the wool, they decided, its fly-away streamers nestling in the brushed and shining locks.

School today . . . Work tomorrow! Earning your own money! Buying the things you want! Having a bank account of your very own! Golly, it sounds wonderfully exciting! And just a little scary, too! Ibbie Bryan has written an article just for YOU—the girl who is looking forward to working during summer vacation and expects to be a full-fledged "WORKING GIRL" in that just-around-the-corner Tomorrow! Don't miss "WORKING GIRL" in your May issue of MISS AMERICA.

"You know, I love to fix other people's hair," Kip was saying. "I've always wanted to have someone who would be patient enough to let me experiment."

Giggles listened, detecting loneliness in every other sentence. It crept in in little ways . . . summers spent in a cottage on Buzzard's Bay — just the housekeeper and herself . . . a ticket for one in the orchestra to see this play or that opera. And then, after a while Giggles didn't bother to listen. She thought instead. Thought deeply as her eyes sought her Father's picture there on the bedside table. He *was* young looking at that—and Tess had said that he was entitled to his happiness. . . .

Giggles frowned. Somehow, when she had reasoned the whole thing out before their arrival, she had pictured herself as the aggrieved one. But now she wasn't so sure. She had imagined this friend of her Father's as a person who had had everything and wanted something else.

Actually, her new Mother had experienced very little real happiness. Perhaps, Giggles mused, perhaps he could be *shared*. After all, he wasn't the usual run of Fathers and their's wasn't the usual run of love. There was enough of it to go around, — she was sure of that now. It isn't every girl who is given the chance to pick a Mother . . . a beautiful Mother with a flair for new hairdos and a yen to be loved. . . .

Kip had stopped talking, and Giggles hoped that her day dreaming had gone unnoticed. She put her arms around her new Mother's waist and began, a little self-consciously at first, to haul up buckets of phrases from the well of her heart.

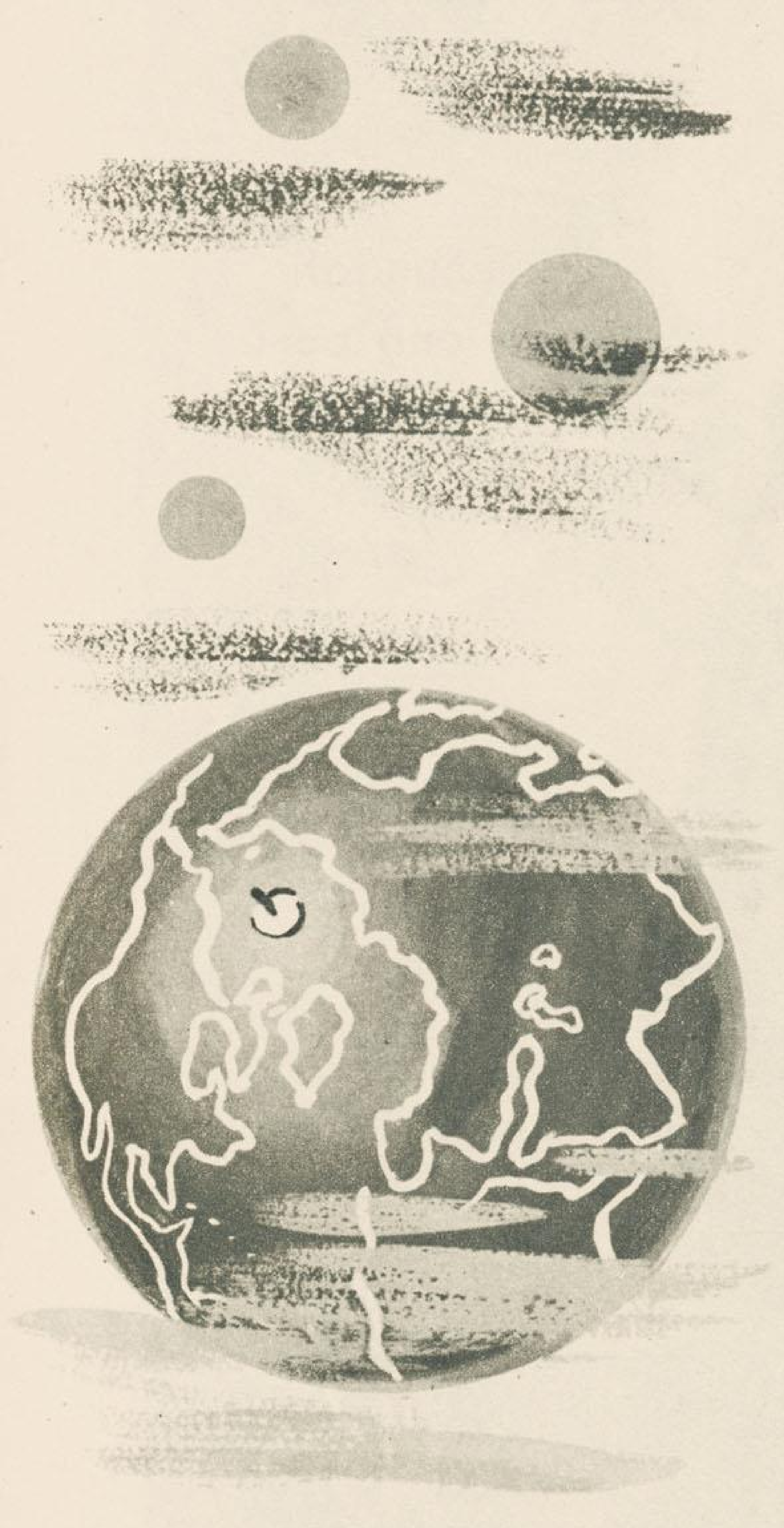
"You know, Kip," she confessed, "I'm awfully glad that after all these years you've come to Daddy . . . and me!"

"Whee... a Tee-Nee!"
"Tee-Nee"
faBric by Berlinger

by *Hydi Hyde* of California

● Ready for a "super-special" kind of excitement . . . ? Are you? Do you want to glow all over and just feel smoothy-swell? Here's the answer . . . this floral-dorable Tee Nee magical black full wrap around, side drape skirt that'll send your glamour-rating soaring. TEE NEE Sizes. About $5.00.

At fine Stores Everywhere. For name of store nearest you write **NORTHWESTERN** • 1213 Van Buren • Chicago 7, Illinois



# What's Being Modern?

YOU keep right up to the minute—your clothes are smart, you're wearing the latest hair-do, your conversation is strictly in the groove. You're modern as radar.

Of course! Nobody wants to be considered old-fashioned, out-moded, passé. Everybody wants to be modern. But—pause a moment—are you, *really*? What's being modern? Do you know?

No, we're not talking about clothes now, or hair-do's, but about something far more important. The you within. For instance, how's your thinking? Thought patterns are changing, too, you know, along with the styles. Are you on your mental toes?

No teen-agers ever grew up in a world of greater challenge or opportunity. You know what they're saying. One world—or no world. It isn't just vague adult talk, either. It's real and serious—the most significant fact of today.

Exactly what does it mean to be modern, then? It means *thinking* as well as dressing and talking in the modern manner.

Want to give yourself a friendly quiz, answer a few questions—maybe embarrassing (*Continued on page* 72)

Being modern is more than being up on smart styles, slick hair-do's, hep talk . . . You must also be streamlined in your thinking to pass this modern manners quiz . . . Are you?

*by Maxine Shore*

In a Figure it's

YOUTHFUL-FLEXIBILITY

★

Miss America Foundations fashion your figure along pencil slim lines, youthful curves. Skillfully designed to make your hips seem inches smaller . . . mould your curves into an enchantingly youthful silhouette. You'll enjoy the comfort and graceful loveliness Miss America Foundations lend your figure.

Miss America

BRASSIERE CO. CHICAGO 7, ILLINOIS

# Jam Session

Music's in the air—sweet, swingy and sentimental . . . Take your pick of the record raves . . .

by Pat Parks

MAYBE it's because the war is over and everyone's trying to erase the unhappiness of the past few years from their minds. Maybe it's just a natural musical trend from bad to good. Maybe it's well, who really cares what the cause? The point is that all of a sudden swing has a new ring to it. Jive has become alive again.

New bands are cropping up by the dozens, and all of them seem to be good. Singers are crowding the kilocycles, and jazz has come out of the alley and onto records and into night spots and dances like never before!

Greatest thrill of all is seeing the Glenn Miller band again and hearing the music which will always keep the late Major Miller alive. 'Tex' Beneke, who for many years was featured tenor saxophonist and singer with Glenn's band, is an ideal man to baton the band, too. Lots of luck, 'Tex', to both you and Glenn, wherever he may be.

Incidentally, Helen Miller, Glenn's wife, still won't believe that he is gone. She still expects him to turn up. We're hoping, too. . . . Lionel Hampton almost signed to record for Victor. Long indecision on the part of Victor execs angered him and he re-signed with Decca.

Strange sounds: Gravel-voiced Tony Pastor chatting with the baritoney Vaughn Monroe at the latter's Commodore Hotel opening. Whatta contrast. . . . Randy Brooks' new band has some contracts which make old-timers envious. Pennsylvania Hotel (N.Y.) and Sherman (Chi) are spots he has already (*Continued on page* 64)

Pat reports that Frank Sinatra is conducting an orchestra for Columbia, but warbles nary a note! Here's the maestro at work.

Lovely Dardanelle not only arranges her own music, but fronts her band—that's talent. She has more than talent—courage.

## OUT OF THE MAIL BOX

From page 41

you are completely exhausted with your ju-jitsu exhibition, he accuses you of having no sense of humor. "Aw, I was only kidding." he mumbles.

The man who arrives at 8:30, with no tie, and an antagonistic expression on his face. "Where do you want to go?", he says as he brings himself down on the sofa, (where he will undoubtedly remain for the next few hours). Obviously, you can't go dancing with a square dressed like that, and if you did suggest moving out of the living room vicinity, he'd have 400 reasons for not budging. Any man who rings your bell without a plan in his noggin for the evening's entertainment, usually has your living room, your cokes, and your music in mind.

The boy psychoanalyst. This guy insists upon giving you a free, unrequested, and most inaccurate analysis. It generally begins with "You have wonderful potentials Alice, but you're wasting your true self." From that point on, comes a long harangue on the "real" you, (which, of course he knows intimately, having dated you exactly once before.) You are scientifically insulted for the better part of that evening.

The telephone fiend. He merely calls to pass the time of day. Not for a date. Nothing special. Just a friendly call, in which you are privileged to listen to his tirades, philosophies, and sob stories. No matter how rude you may be to this pest, he calls back, cries on your shoulder, and designates himself your best friend. What a bore!

The intense student. Dancing, parties, and similar frivolities are on his black list. An evening with him consists of his critical monologue on your way of life. He animatedly punches for horn-rimmed glasses, a top-knot, old maid style, on the crown of your bean, and the library, as your home away from home. He probably is still doing research on why you never accepted a second date with him.

The little man who never quite meets expenses. For months he whines about the pitiable size of his allowance (never considering the possibility of working for some more after school). Finally, the big day arrives. You go out. Things are ducky until the check arrives. After that, there is much excitement, whispered confabs with the waiter, the head manager. Then the tragic turnout of his pockets, and the sad sight of the waiter's tip in pennies. Naturally, you walk home, (it's cold, too!) since modern conveyances are often as high as a nickel. All you asked, you tell yourself, was that he have enough money to cover an evening. Any kind of an evening. All you got was humiliation, and a ranting speech on those "gyp artists." It will be a long time before he shakes his pockets out again in your behalf.

And thus, my pets, if the trouble with women is men, (these headaches, in particular), is it not plausible that female perfection may be achieved by the elimination of the offending male.

## FOR GIRLS ONLY

From page 45

Write me in 12 months and tell me if I wasn't right!

* * *

Dear Laraine: I have no major problems as most of the girls who write you seem to have, but there's one thing I'd like your opinion on. I am 15 years old and a junior in high school. I'll be through school in 1947 and I know what I want to do and what college I want to attend. However, I must earn money to put myself through school. Should I stay out a year and work, saving money for my education in advance, or should I go right on to college and work while going to school? The college I am going to is Boston University and is located in Boston. I would greatly appreciate any suggestions you could give me. Barbie.

Dear Barbie: I have always

(*Continued on page 59*)

Jordan Marsh
BOSTON

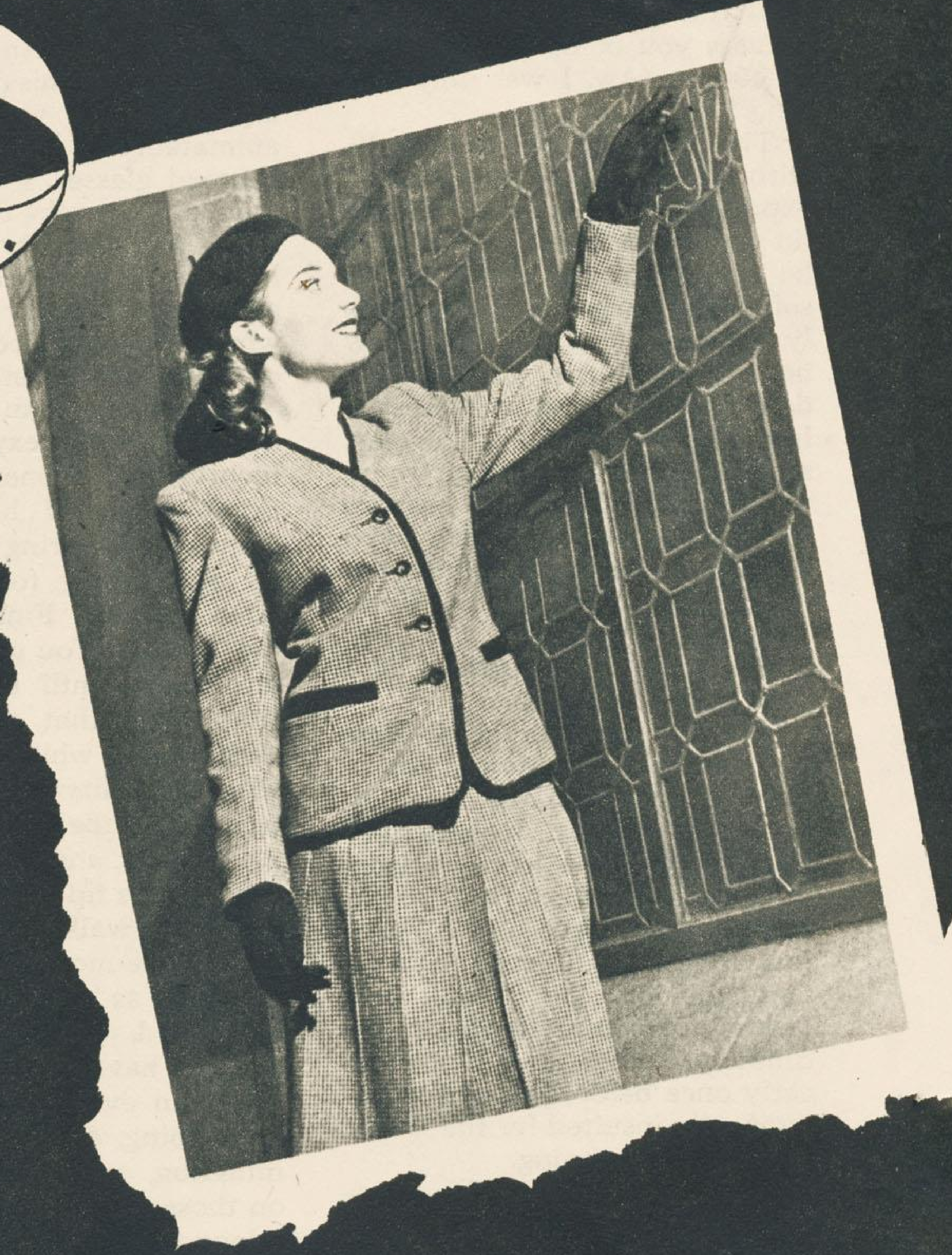
by JOAN LORD

"Chalk up a Stripe" you teensters!
100% wool grey flannel with a fresh-as-snow stripe
$16.80
10 to 16

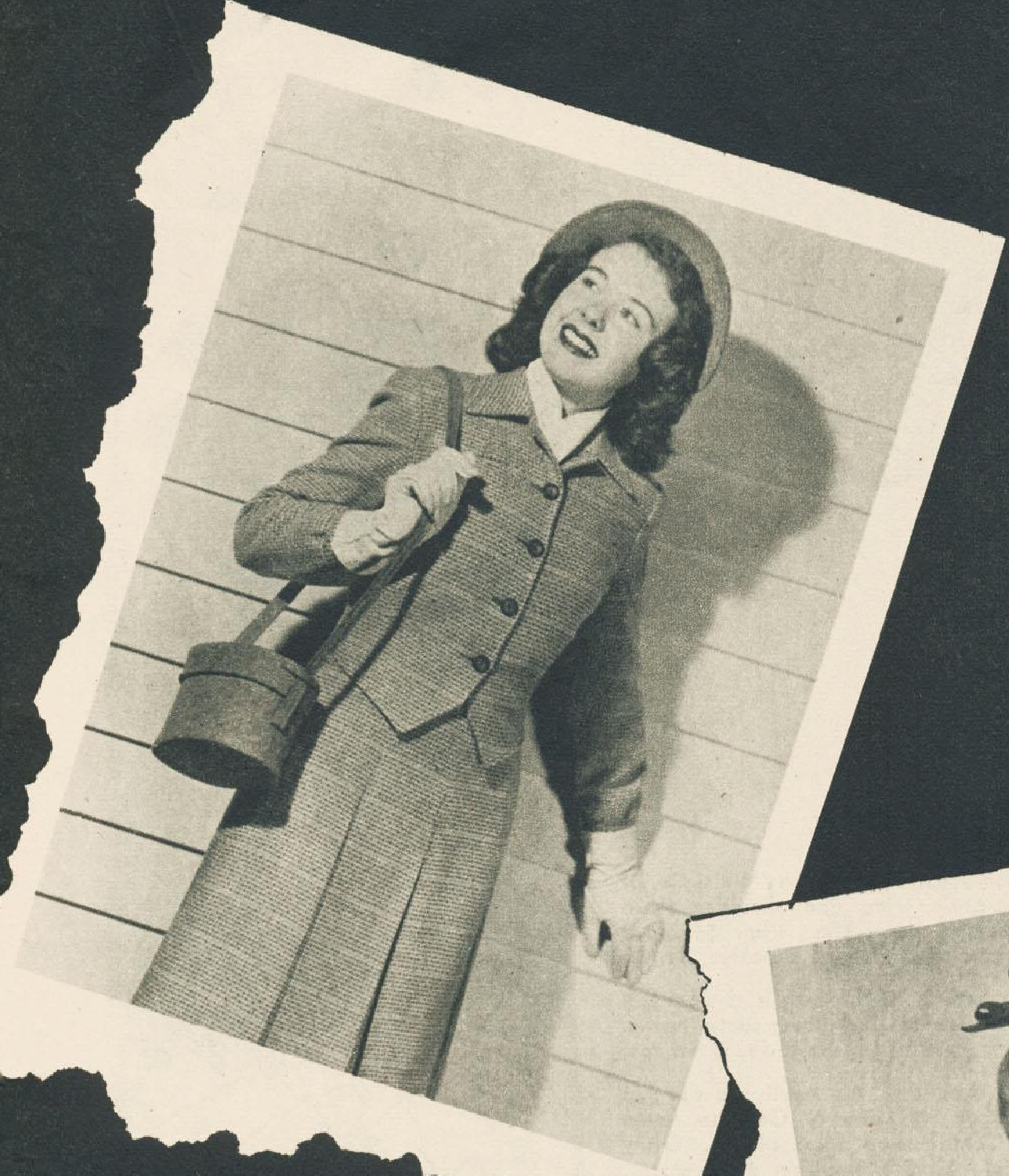
THE MARSHA JORDAN SHOP
FOURTH FLOOR-MAIN STORE
D-109

# SUITS and SUITABLES...

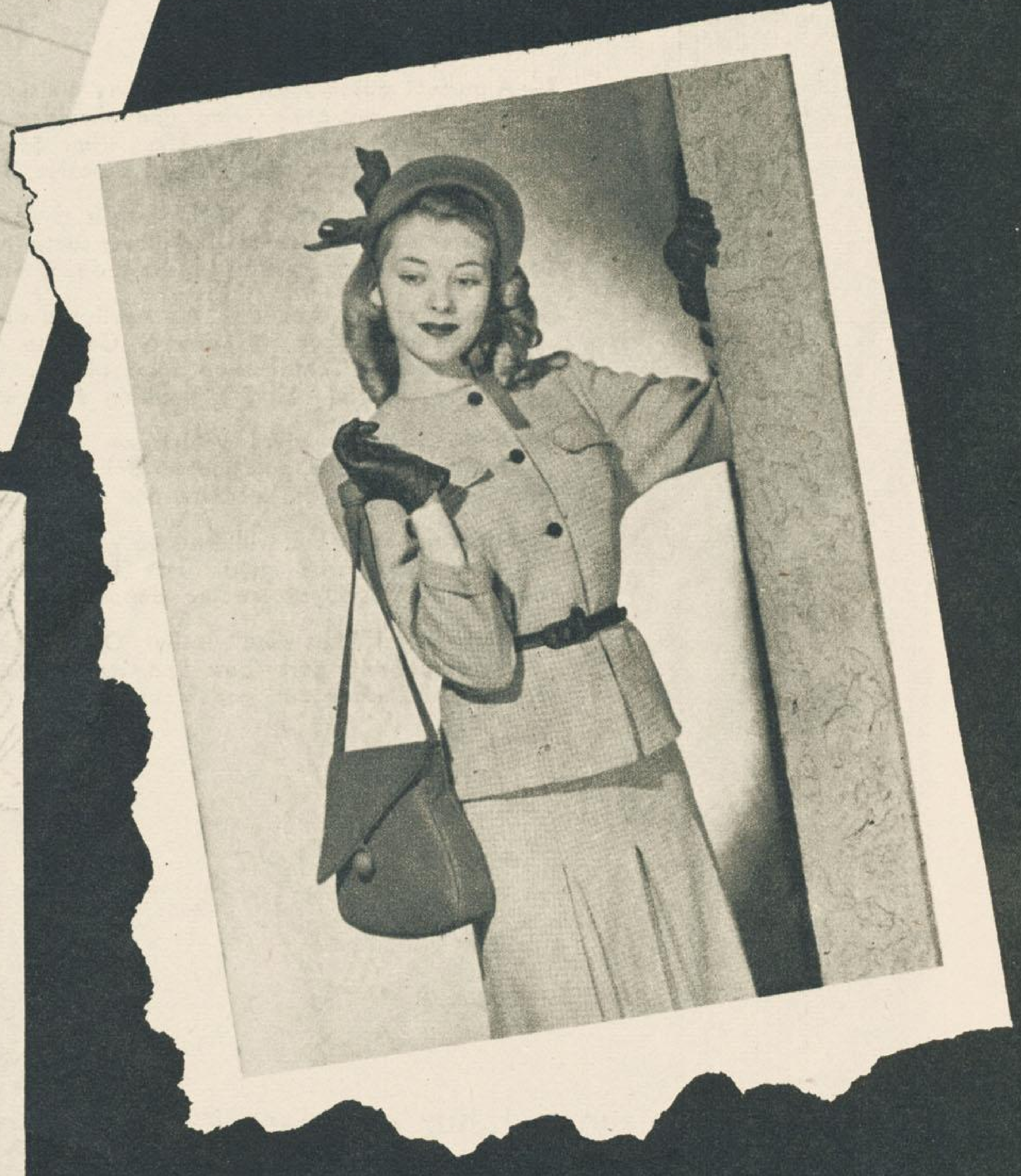
almost time for the pealing of the Easter bell . . . and you can emerge a slick chick and sing Hallelujah with the best in these gadaboutfits.



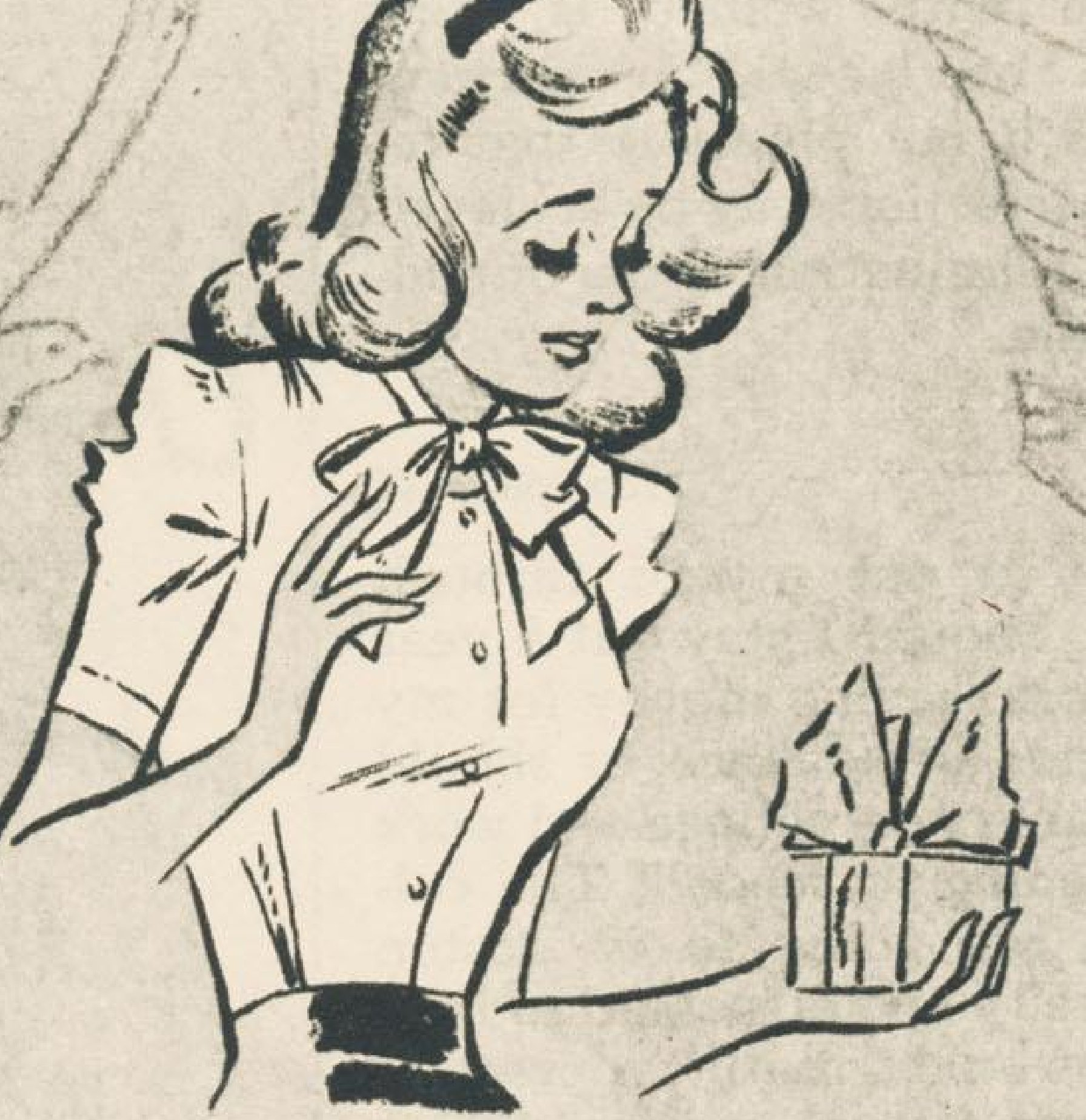
To suit the occasion and your purse, *suit* yourself with this 100% wool houndstooth check. Skirt with all around pleats for all around eye appeal and solid trim jacket by Joan Lord. Sizes 10-16, $19.95.



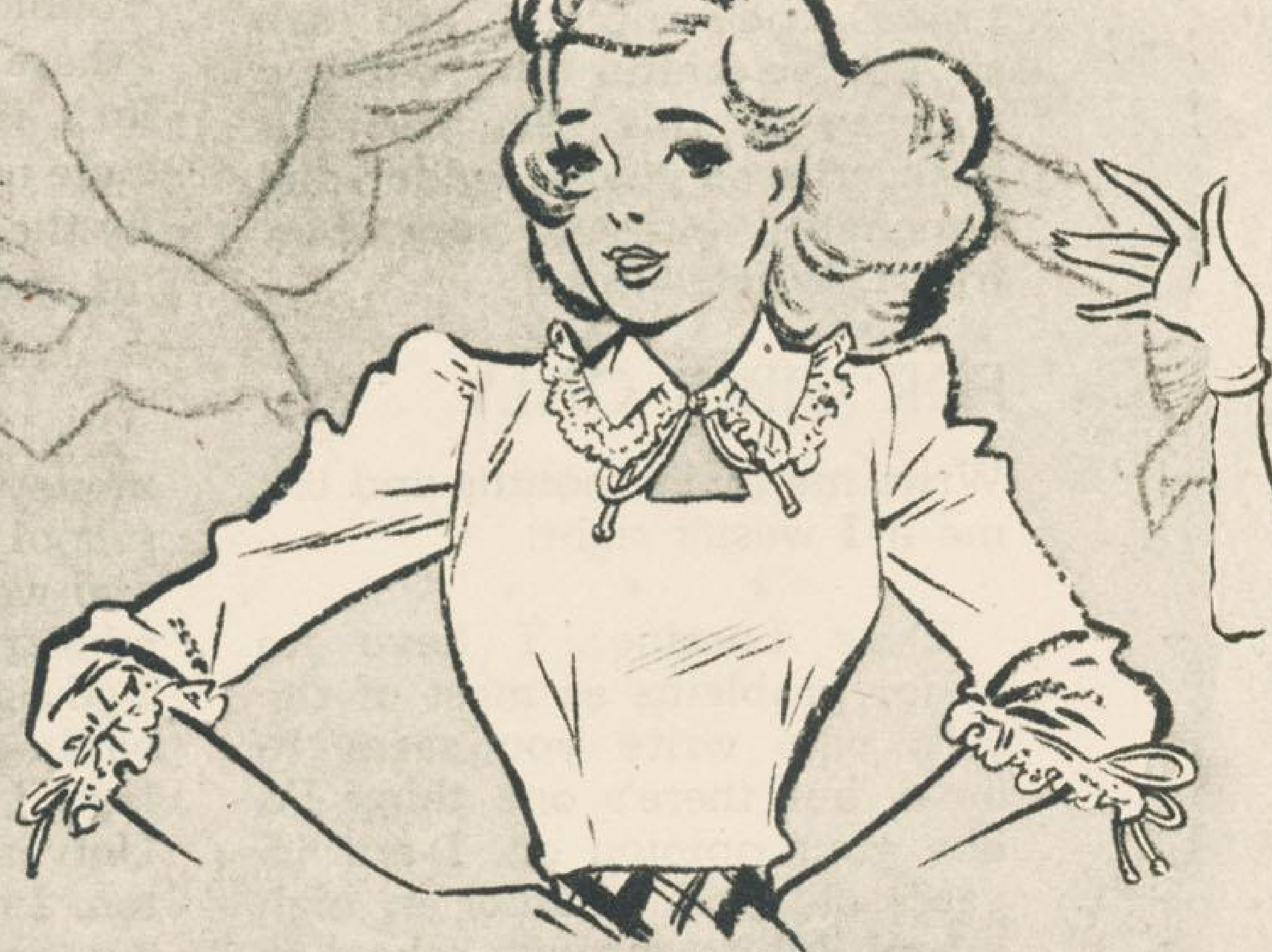
How smart you'll look in a Gordon Maid brown-blue, plaid over tweed weskit suit. $16.95, 100% wool, sizes 10-16. Add a "Cover Girl" set of shoulder strap bag and cloche both at McCreery's, N. Y. All colors.



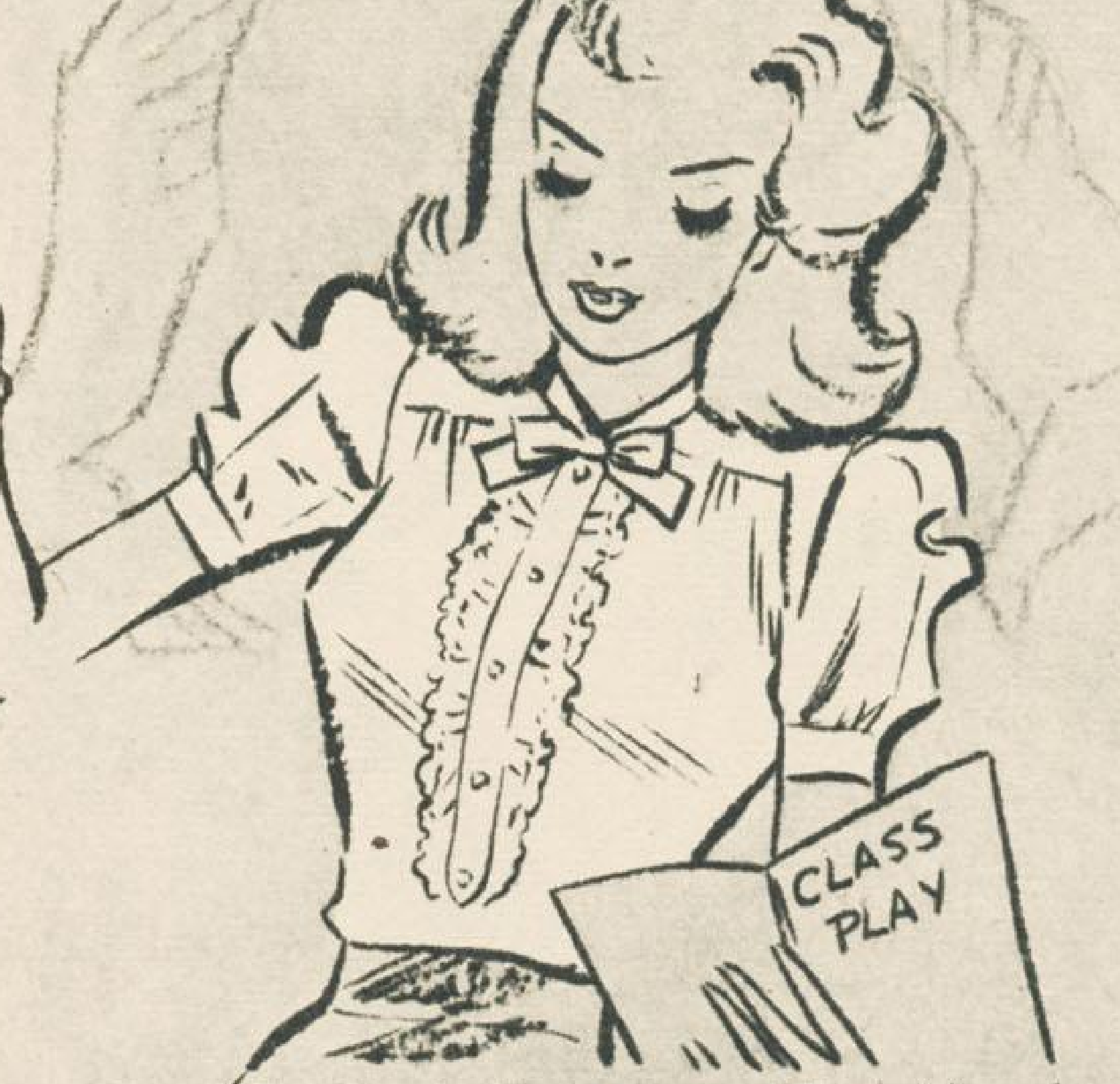
For Happy Easter egg-rolling, this all-occasion suit by Petiteen in blue, rose and aqua. 100% wool, flap pockets, and box-pleated skirt. $20. Sizes 10-14a. Harry Weiss offers a "Piggy Back" wool felt set of half-hat and bag for $4.50 at Stern Bros., N. Y.



Look more oomphy for less with this Judy Kent blouse in white, pink or maize cotton faille. Look into this while Easter shopping at the bigger department stores. $3.50.



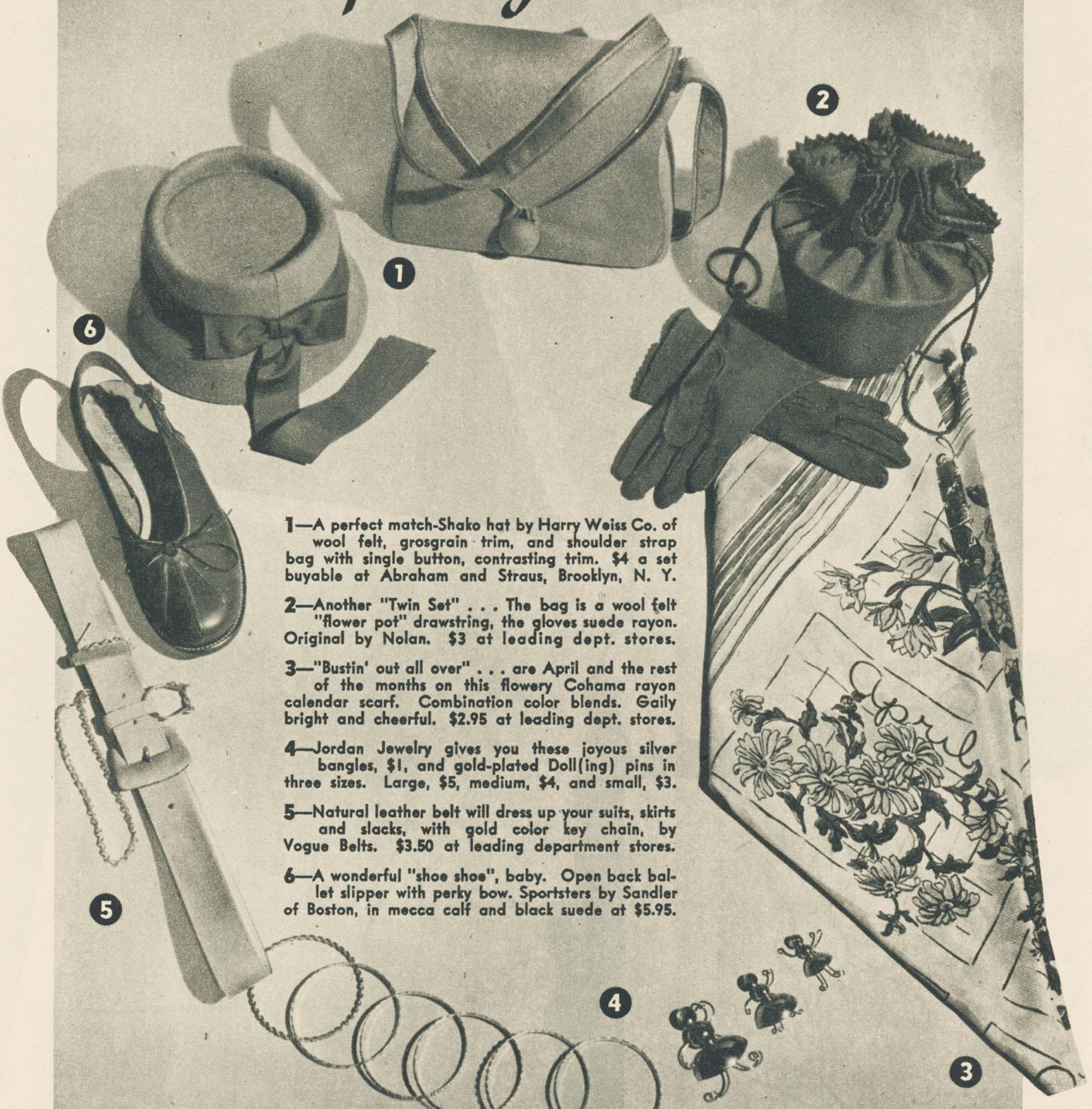
Sally Mason gives you this white cotton charmer for some fancy Easter strutting. For $4.00 and a trip to New York's Franklin Simon, you can tuck it under your belt.



To make his buttons pop with pride when escorting you to the Easter Parade, wear this white batiste blouse by Chicky with eyelet embroidery. $2.30 at leading stores.

Larry Gordon

# Spring Tonics



**1**—A perfect match-Shako hat by Harry Weiss Co. of wool felt, grosgrain trim, and shoulder strap bag with single button, contrasting trim. $4 a set buyable at Abraham and Straus, Brooklyn, N. Y.

**2**—Another "Twin Set" . . . The bag is a wool felt "flower pot" drawstring, the gloves suede rayon. Original by Nolan. $3 at leading dept. stores.

**3**—"Bustin' out all over" . . . are April and the rest of the months on this flowery Cohama rayon calendar scarf. Combination color blends. Gaily bright and cheerful. $2.95 at leading dept. stores.

**4**—Jordan Jewelry gives you these joyous silver bangles, $1, and gold-plated Doll(ing) pins in three sizes. Large, $5, medium, $4, and small, $3.

**5**—Natural leather belt will dress up your suits, skirts and slacks, with gold color key chain, by Vogue Belts. $3.50 at leading department stores.

**6**—A wonderful "shoe shoe", baby. Open back ballet slipper with perky bow. Sportsters by Sandler of Boston, in mecca calf and black suede at $5.95.

**No, we don't mean "sulphur 'n' molasses"—we propose a selection of these gay, young-hearted finishing touches to give you a dash of color—and a memorable spring outfit . . .**

## GIRLS ONLY

*From page* 55

felt that working a year before going to college was a wonderful thing. If you go right to college before facing the world on your own, then when you are graduated, it is sometimes a shock when you have to re-adjust your world from the academic one to the business one almost overnight. However, there is a grave drawback to this plan and that is this: when you work for a year, too often you never go back to school. No matter how interested you are now in college, you might get equally interested in your job and not want to give it up in a year's time. So I would suggest a compromise. When you get out of high school, why don't you work during the following summer vacation? Save that money for a start toward your college life. Meanwhile, line up an after-school or weekend job to take care of your incidental expenses. After you pay your tuition and buy your clothes and books, the weekly expenses are easier to meet. I would advise against working every afternoon. College courses are much tougher than high school ones. It's almost too much for a young girl to go to school all day, work late afternoons and study until midnight. Some girls do, but I'm afraid their health suffers. Anyway, if you work every summer, it will be a great help toward first of the semester expenses. That's my advice, and I do hope it helps you. Best of luck!

* * *

Dear Laraine: I am 14 years old, and last winter during basketball season I met a nice boy and started going with him to movies and football games. My parents said I could go; they met him and liked him. He came over quite often and we would find something to do. One night he came over and we played cards and he acted like he always did, but the next day he didn't speak to me and he hasn't since then. Do you think he could have stopped liking me so suddenly? Or did he just get sick of me? Jean.

Dear Jean: Since you are so young, probably your boy friend is, too. I think he is going through a period of adolescent adjustment right now where he thinks girls are a little silly. There isn't much you can do about it until he outgrows it. Meanwhile, say "hello" when you meet him in the halls between classes. After all, HE may think YOU are the one who is angry. If he isn't going through a re-adjustment period, then it's quite possible that you were unconsciously acting a bit too possessive. Boys, like men, don't like halters put around them until they are good and ready! If you start going with him again, let him be the one to act possessive. It will work out much better. One other thing might have happened. Someone might have told him you said something about him that was not true. Why don't you just go up and say, "Look! Did I offend you? I'd like to make it right if I did!" Ten to one, you can straighten it out. Let me know what happens, will you?

* * *

Dear Laraine: I read your

(*Continued on page* 61)

I.J.FOX
Fifth Avenue
BETWEEN 36TH & 37TH STREETS
NEW YORK

Jane Withers, Republic Productions, Inc.
Artist, now appearing in "Lonely Hearts Club"

Jane Withers picks a Star

**CHALK STRIPE GREY FLANNEL SUIT**

. . . as bright a star as sparkling Jane herself, one of 6 best-dressed teen-age girls. Strictly super in this suit with the huggable waistline and whittled down dolman sleeves that give a new slant to the stripes. Notice the perky kick pleat in the skirt. 100% wool? But definitely. And lined with good rayon taffeta. Heaven sent for Spring for Sophisticated teen-age sizes—10 to 18.

$22.50

**ORDER BY PHONE (CAledonia 5-4500) OR BY MAIL**
I.J.FOX, 393 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

Dear Sir: Please send me the chalk stripe grey flannel suit at $22.50, Jane Withers wears in the April issue of Miss America. I wear size (check your size) 10 ☐ 12 ☐ 14 ☐ 16 ☐ 18 ☐

I enclose ☐ Check ☐ Money order

Name____________________
Address____________________Zone______
City____________________State______

AMERICA'S LARGEST FURRIER • NEW YORK • BOSTON • CLEVELAND • PHILADELPHIA

MAYBE you are one of those lucky girls who never had any trouble with their skin, but if so, you certainly are the exception to the rule. For it has been proved that about nine women out of every ten are afflicted with unsightly pimples some time during their youth.

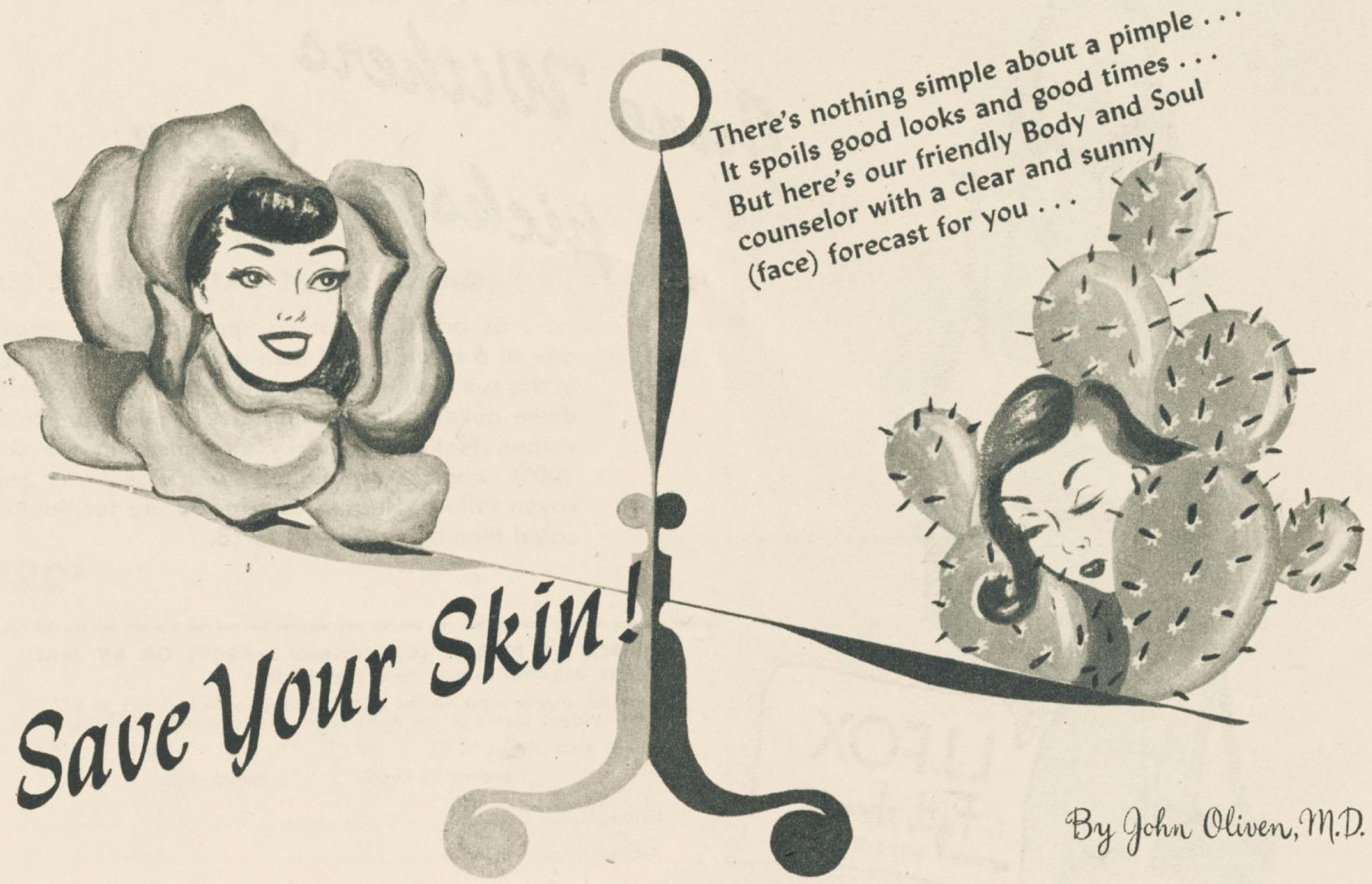
These common pimples—we doctors call them acne—have the strangest tendency to crop up in places where they embarrass teenagers most: on the face, on the upper part of the chest, and on the back near the shoulders.

Grown-ups often laugh at a girl's "pimple worries." They say "It's unimportant"; or "You'll outgrow that, just forget about it." But of course these blemishes are not easy to forget. Often there is real tragedy brought into a girl's life by this affliction: invitations refused with an air of indifference, but in reality with a bleeding heart; long minutes, even hours, of anxious scrutiny before the mirror; tears of disappointment over some remark that hurt; and a growing sense of inferiority which certainly does not help a girl to get on in the world.

Usually these pimples have a short life span; after a few months, maybe a year, they may disappear as mysteriously as they have come. But, of course, unless a girl follows some of the basic rules which I'll give you now, there is always a chance of inviting complications, pitting little scars, for instance, which mar some of the otherwise most beautiful faces I have seen.

Basic rule Number One for a girl with acne pimples is to get fresh air, and plenty of it. And, generally, if it's to be had, sunlight. And, of course, exercise. Naturally in the case of sunlight I don't mean that you have to bake in the sun until your skin comes off in crisp shreds. In fact, for the pimples of some girls this sunlight business isn't even good. You'd best let your doctor make the decision on that.

Rule Number Two has to do with keeping a sensible diet, and an undisturbed elimination. By "sensible diet" I mean just that—sensible. A sudden attempt at self-imposed starvation may furnish you with an interesting topic for conversation, but it certainly won't (*Continued on page* 62)



# Save Your Skin!

There's nothing simple about a pimple . . .
It spoils good looks and good times . . .
But here's our friendly Body and Soul counselor with a clear and sunny (face) forecast for you . . .

By John Oliven, M.D.

*From page 59*

column every month in Miss America and I enjoy it tremendously. Could you answer these questions for me, please? Is it all right to give a present to a boy on Christmas or on his birthday? Is it all right to go to a boy's home if he invites you? When people are rude and thoughtless and hurt you, what can you do to make them understand that they are hurting you? I wish with my whole heart that you would answer these questions for me. Evelyn.

Dear Evelyn: Let's take first questions first! It is all right to *exchange* inexpensive gifts with a boy you know well, but it would be embarrassing for you to remember him if he didn't remember you. It is also permissible to go to a boy's home if his mother and father are there, not if you were to be alone. When people are thoughtless, you can influence them to change by verbally admiring people who are very courteous and kind. Don't do this at the precise time the rude incident occurs, but later when everything has blown over, mention people you admire for their kindness. Most people will take the hint because they want to be admired!

* * *

Dear Laraine: I am quite a stout person and I want to know how to reduce. Also, do you think my mother, father and my two brothers should read every letter I get? I ask because every girl I know doesn't have everyone read her mail. Margaret.

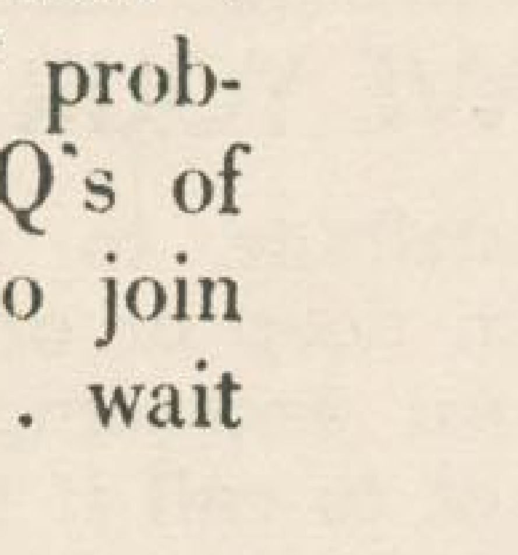
Dear Margaret: I would suggest that your parents take you to your doctor to diagnose your case. About your family opening your mail, I suggest that you have a family conference. Tell them you haven't anything to hide, but you do like some privacy. You are so close to still being a little girl that perhaps your parents don't realize that you are growing up. Tell them they can read your letters after you open them, but you like the thrill of opening them first. And ask them if your brothers can read your mail, then why can't you read theirs? Talking things out is better than keeping resentment in your heart.

# Know How to Stay on the Social Beam?

**YOU** can be part of *every* party—even on "trying days"! It's an art you learn in the bright new booklet "As One Girl To Another". This booklet helps you with "calendar" problems; teaches you the vital P's and Q's of social contacts. For example, when to join in the jive . . . sit out a number . . . wait for the waltzes.

And that's not all! "As One Girl To Another" gives the lowdown on sports, bathing, good grooming—all the intimate do's and don'ts you really *need* to know.

Be sure to send for *your* free copy! *Quick*—fill in your name and address in the coupon below, and rush to the mail box! *Right now* isn't a minute too soon to order "As One Girl To Another". (You'll see!) And don't forget—it's FREE.


As one Girl to Another

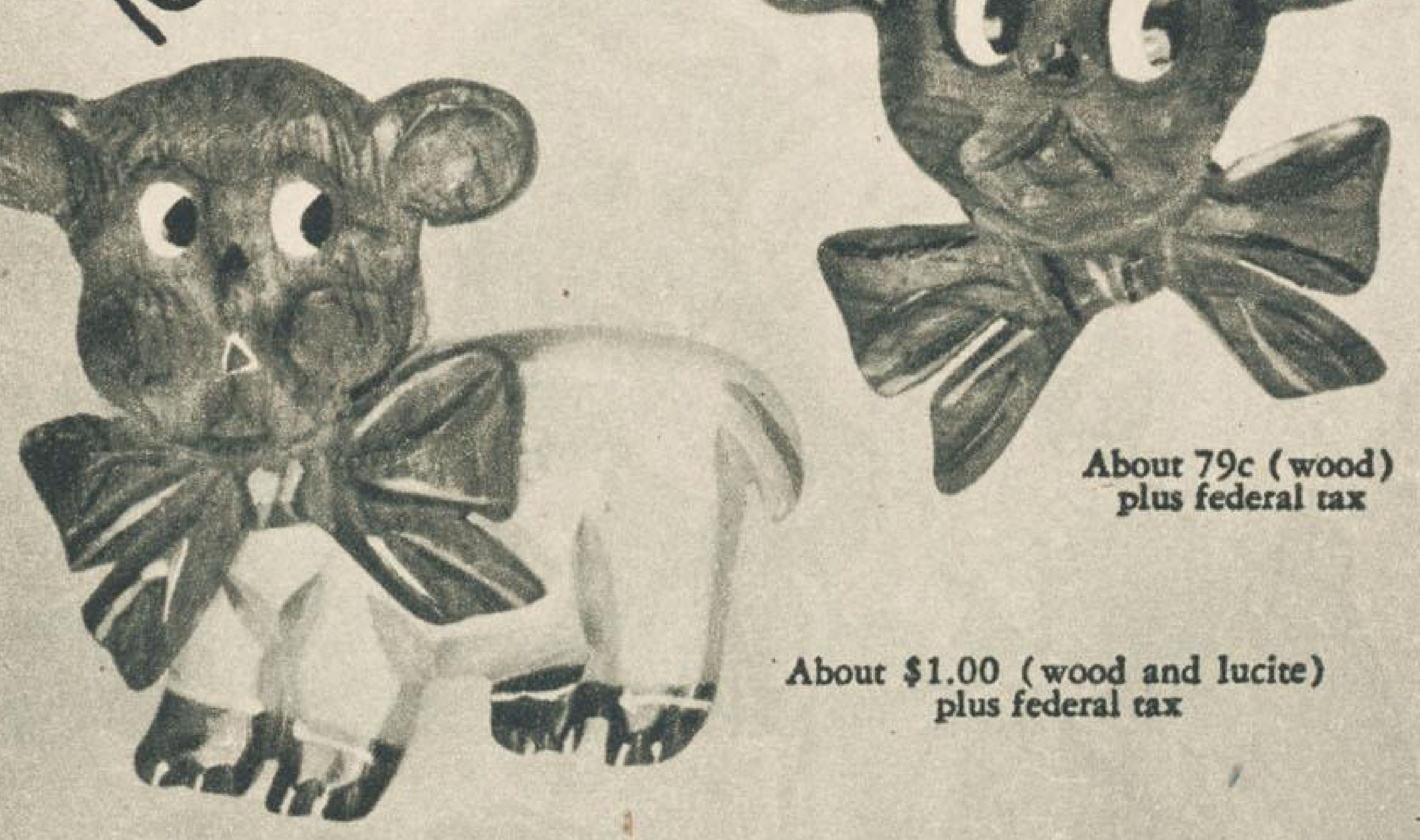
Write in your name and address and mail to Post Office Box 3434, Chicago 54, Ill. A copy of "As One Girl To Another" will be sent postpaid and free.

*Name*..................................................

*Address*..................................................

*City*.............................. *State*..............................

Bo Jo by Coro



About 79c (wood)
plus federal tax

About $1.00 (wood and lucite)
plus federal tax

Be the first to wear these adorable Bo Jo pins...they're the cutest tricks yet. Beautifully hand carved and hand colored. Write us for the name of your nearest store.

Coro TEENS

CORO INC., NEW YORK • CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES • TORONTO

## SAVE YOUR SKIN

From page 60

contribute to your well-being skin deep or otherwise.

An anti-pimple diet, if you want to call it that, means normal foods with the accent on milk, fruit and vegetables; but meat, except for fried meat and sweetbreads, is by no means taboo. However, you should cut out everything that is heavily spiced, or just "heavy." And, most of all, keep away from the starches as much as you can—or dare. (Cake, bread, potatoes, spaghetti are some of the more important starchy foods.) As an extra measure, cut out hard-boiled eggs, and certain very acid fruits and fruit juices. The same goes for chocolate, whether in liquid or in candy form. And, last not least, go easy on tea, coffee and cocoa.

Then there is the important matter of cleanliness. Of course, I know you girls are one hundred percent tops in matters of physical cleanliness; but sometimes all of us tend to forget that The Face, together with the hands, is the part of the body which gets dirty most thoroughly and most easily.

Some people believe in face creams to keep their faces clean, but I think few doctors will agree with them on that score. I have yet to see the cleansing cream that could take the place of soap and water, as far as the average skin is concerned. Your soap should be bland, of course, and the water tepid. If acne is your fate now you certainly can shorten its duration—and the complications—by washing your face with water and soap three times a day. After the washing, pat your skin dry with a soft towel; *don't rub it too hard.*

The smart thing for a girl to do when it's a case of face blemishes, is to see the family doctor at least once, just to make sure that it isn't one of those stubborn cases which need special medical treatment. Quite a few excellent remedies for acne have been discovered during the past few decades, and there is no reason why you shouldn't benefit from them.

One more thing I'd like you girls to remember: don't squeeze or pick those pimples. No good can possibly come from that. In fact, it's one sure way of inviting infections and scarring. And, I'm sure you'll agree, the girl with acne has complications enough.

LARAINE DAY'S
PARTY
TIPS...

It's about time for that party, isn't it? So let's get some party sandwiches all lined up. Here is a yummy way of fixing them. Get a long unsliced loaf of white bread. With a really sharp knife cut off all four crusts. Then slice the bread lengthwise into three long slabs. Make a paste of Philadelphia cream cheese mixed with milk to a fluffy consistency. Add red coloring to make the cream strawberry-pink. For the inside fillings make a sandwich spread of tuna and mayonnaise and another of deviled, chopped eggs. Spread one slice of bread with tuna, put another slice on top: then spread the next slab of bread with the egg mixture. Put the third piece of bread on top of that. Skewer with toothpicks and then the slices will stay firmly in place. Wrap in waxed paper to keep fresh and put in the icebox. Just before you are ready to serve, ice the loaf of bread on top and sides with the strawberry-pink cream cheese mixture. Then slice in half inch slices. Serve two slices to each person and garnish the plate with pickles and potato chips. It's a delicious party-like sandwich that will win friends and influence people. You'll be the talk of the town, so try it!

And here's a tip on conversation while dancing. Keep up the light and gay patter. Don't settle down grimly to the business of putting one foot before the other. Dancing is to be enjoyed and not suffered through! For advice on what to say, I suggest Johnny Mercer's record, "Conversation While Dancing". It tells all. It really does! Time's up. Until next month, goodbye.

Fondly,
Laraine.

# Miss America PEN PALS

**California**—Lois Heatwole, 350 North 2nd Street, Brawley, Age 15; Ruth Jackson, 2338 Harwood St., Los Angeles 31, Age 14; Louise Coleman, 1900 Charlotte, San Gabriel, Age 15.

**Colorado**—Martha Vawter, 1838 Race St. Denver 6, Age 13.

**Connecticut**—Joan Platt, 45 Village St., Deep River, Age 13; Eleanore Post, 277 Noble Street, West Haven 16, Age 17.

**Idaho**—Bonnie Burstedt, Box 426, Challis, Age 13.

**Indiana**—Joan Bradshaw, 415 East Main St., Delphi, Age 15; Valasta Jean Simmons, R.R. 3, Anderson, Age 16.

**Illinois**—Marilyn Whitehead, 2457 Collins St., Blue Island, Age 16.

**Kansas**—Barbara Mallory, 119 Columbia, Augusta, Age 14; Patricia Smith, Route 3, Iola, Age 14; Wilma Florence, Onaga, Age 16.

**Louisiana**—Joane Euper, 413 Atlantic Avenue, Algiers 14, Age 15.

**Maryland**—Ruth MacCubbin, 203 F Street, Baltimore 19, Age 15; Paula Likens, 27 N. Lee, Cumberland, Age 14.

**Maine**—Cecile Gagnon, 1 Payne Street, Springvale, Age 16.

**Massachusetts**—Sylvia Thistle, 79 Seventh St., Turners Falls, Age 14; Jeannine Biron, 201 Chapin Terrace, Springfield 4, Age 16.

**Michigan**—Lorraine Budrick, 11570 Haggerty Hwy., Belleville, Age 17; Janet Sweet, 1655 Plainfield N.E., Grand Rapids, Age 15.

**Minnesota**—Dolores Salfisberg, Wabasso, Age 14; Helen Miller, Wells, Age 14.

**Mississippi**—Ellen Boutwell, East Central Jr. College, Box 242, Decatur, Age 18.

**Missouri**—Phyllis Schnecthorst, 1219 W. Walnut, Independence, Age 16.

**Montana**—Hazel Walks, 214 S. 29th, Billings, Age 14.

**North Dakota**—Arleen Schriock, Box 423, Carson, Age 16; Glenna Paupst R.R. 1, Arvilla, Age 15½.

**New Hampshire**—Nancy Rice, 6 Nutt St., Nashua, Age 14.

**New Jersey**—Gertrude Turk, 206 70th St., Guttenberg, Age 16; Gertie Zwiebel, 238 Livingston Ave., New Brunswick, Age 14.

**New York**—Dolores Flavin, 26 Philadelphia St., Buffalo 7, Age 14; Jane Ross, 9 Combs Ave., Hudson Falls, Age 14; Eileen McVey, 2323 Davidson Ave., Bronx 53, Age 13; Virginia Curtiss, 50 Alden Ave., Tuckahoe 7, Age 15.

**Ohio**—Alene Hoepf, 144 S. Muncie St., Carey, Age 16; Joan Busser, 14508 Alger Rd., Cleveland 11, Age 13.

**Oklahoma**—Pat Windler, Box 147, Marshall, Age 15; Joanne Stough, Box 31, Geary, Age 15.

**Oregon**—June Van Winkle, Lexington, Age 13½.

**Pennsylvania**—Ann Gillard, 2707 W. Allegheny, Philadelphia 32, Age 14; Jane Boyer, Bank Apt., Robesonia, Age 15.

**Rhode Island**—Muriel Ritchotte, 805 Main St., West Warwick, Age 15.

**S. Dakota**—Valerie Stiles, Box 116, Ipswich, Age 15.

**Tennessee** — Bettye Harrison, Route 1, Bethel, Age 15.

**Texas**—Doris Gruetzmacher, 221 Arden Grove, San Antonio 2, Age 15; Glyna Lackard, 9034 Lenora, Dallas 18, Age 14.

**Utah**—Shirley Corkey, 1085 30th St., Ogden, Age 15.

**W. Virginia**—Margaret Jane Cook, Amherstdale, Age 16; Marice Dickeson, Box 22, Man, Age 16.

**Wisconsin**—Alice Kaczmarck, 3272 S. Illinois, Milwaukee 7, Age 14½; Pat Michalski, 1124 W. Holt Ave., Milwaukee 7, Age 15.

**Canada**—Joyce Dawler, 39 Gravell Rd., St. Thomas, Ont., Age 14; Glory Gold, 4372 DeBullion, Montreal 18, Age 15½; Alice Robertson, 44 Preston St., Halifax, N. S., Age 13, Marjorie Van Fleet, 8 Oak St., Brantford, Ont., Age 16.

**England**—Betty Thomas, 106 Penchwintan Rd., Bangor Caerns, North Wales, 16; Jacqueline Reynolds, 5 Curzon St., Basford, Newcastle, Staffs, 16; Mary Hardy, 121 Capstone Road, Downham, Bromley, Kent.

**Hawaii**—Leilani Hollmann, 2154 Atherton Dr., Honolulu, Age 17.

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## Hello, Girls . . .

Thinking about your new Easter outfit? Mm—mm! Frankly, I am. There's nothing like a new suit, with all the lovely accessories, to boost the morale. It's a better spring tonic than, say, sulphur 'n' molasses.

Tell me something, please, won't you? All of you. Do you miss "BETTY BLAIR"? She's been absent from two issues now, and should we get enough letters or cards requesting "BETTY BLAIR" back—well, back she'll go.

How about just penning a penny postal card saying, "I want 'Betty Blair' back"; or, "I don't want 'Betty Blair' back." After all, as I've said so many times in the past you're the real bosses of MISS AMERICA Magazine, so let's call an editorial conference for a discussion on policy, plans, ideas, suggestions for improving your magazine.

It takes time to fill your requests for certain articles and features; more to the point, it takes paper. I've been hearing rumors that the paper situation is easing. Hope so.

You'd almost think MA didn't like boys the way we've been getting after 'em in "Out of the Male Box". 'Tisn't so, of course. As Helene Wanderman points out on page 41, it's only the objectionable kind of boys that discriminating girls should shun. I'm sure you want to know the "little things" boys dislike about girls. We'll be telling you soon, and I know you'll be glad for the tips.

Incidentally, one of these issues I'm going to print Helene's picture. She's a dream girl. And brainy.

Sorry I had to omit the $50.00 prize-winning story contest from this issue. There just wasn't time to get it ready for the printer, really. It would seem the MA editorial staff were trying to keep up with the Joneses, judging by the way Annette Blackman and Joan List, to mention two, packed themselves off to hospitals to pamper the flu and pneumonia germs. Sniffles were certainly in style this winter.

Do let me hear from you, girls. Keep well. And Happy Easter!

Affectionately,

*Jean Goodman*

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## JAM SESSION

From page 54

jam-packed and the band is only a year old!

We vote as most likely to succeed: Johnny Desmond, a shy guy from shoe-soles to crew-cut, who has just been signed to record for Victor. In fact, his first discs should have stormed your city by the time you read this . . . and Jane Harvey, Columbia's newest songstress, a lush thrush! Incidentally, both got their disc contracts while singing on the "Teentimer Show." Must be an omen!

Another singing sergeant back from overseas is Jack Leonard, the guy who was drafted into the army just before he was to get the buildup that went to Sinatra. . . . Constant requests overseas for Hal McIntyre's band to play the number one hit in France, "Symphony." The band had to turn down all requests to play it because they couldn't get a copy of the music in France. In fact, they didn't even hear the tune until they got back to America. By then it was also a hit on this side!

Margaret Whiting's record of "It Might as Well Be Spring" was so sensational that she was expected to skyrocket to immediate fame. She is at a standstill. This is the second time that Margaret has been passed by! Hope someone gets wise and signs her to a radio program.

Woody Herman doesn't want to 'clutter up' his band with strings, but would like to add a French horn. . . . Red Norvo, the great vibraharpist, has left the Benny Goodman Quintet to join Woody Herman. . . . Group of symphony musicians feted Benny Goodman last week as 'the best musician in the field of jazz'.

Rex Stewart has also quit Duke Ellington to form his own band. Ray Nance, who left two months ago is working with his own small group and won't have a big band.

Stan Kenton threatens to quit the business if he can't book a long series of successful 'concert' dates this year. . . . Musicraft records has two new factories in operation. . . . Frank Sinatra is conducting the orchestra on a series of records for Columbia. Not a note will he sing!

Buddy Rich and Ray McKinley are two drumming men who have started new bands with a flourish. . . . Ginny Simms and Columbia records have severed connections. . . . Went down to Manhattan's barn-like Stuyvesant Casino the other night to hear 66-year-old Bunk Johnson and his New Orleans jazz group. Most members of the band are over 50 years of age! Bunk was once a great jazz trumpeter, even before Louis Armstrong.

Georgie Auld is clicking with his new band. . . . Bobby Byrne, the sensational trombonist, is out of the army and in front of a fifteen-piece all-vet band. . . . Dardanelle, the Hampton arranger who fronts her own little band at New York's Copacabana, tells me she was cured of infantile paralysis by the Sister Kenny method several years ago. You'd never know she'd been stricken!

Dinah Shore's pianist, Ticker Freeman, sings himself hoarse while accompanying the songstress during rehearsals. . . . Bing Crosby's newest record mate is jazz pianist Eddie Heywood. . . . June Christy and Gene Howard sing a wonderful song in the forthcoming musical, "The Duchess of Broadway." It's tabbed "Avocado."

Record Raves: Hold onto your hats when you put Stan Kenton's great new Capitol record of "Artistry Jumps" onto the turntable. It's the Kenton theme song, "Artistry in Rhythm" taken at double tempo. There's great piano work by Stan and a solid sax chorus by Vido Musso. Mate side is "Sittin' and a-Rockin'" with June Christy singing.

Spike Jones and his City Slickers provide a slick burlesque of the Ink Spots in their version of "You Always Hurt the One You Love." First half of the record is done in typical Ink Spots fashion and the last half with all of the furor of a Spike Jones session. It's on Victor. "The Blue Danube" is on the other side with a new set

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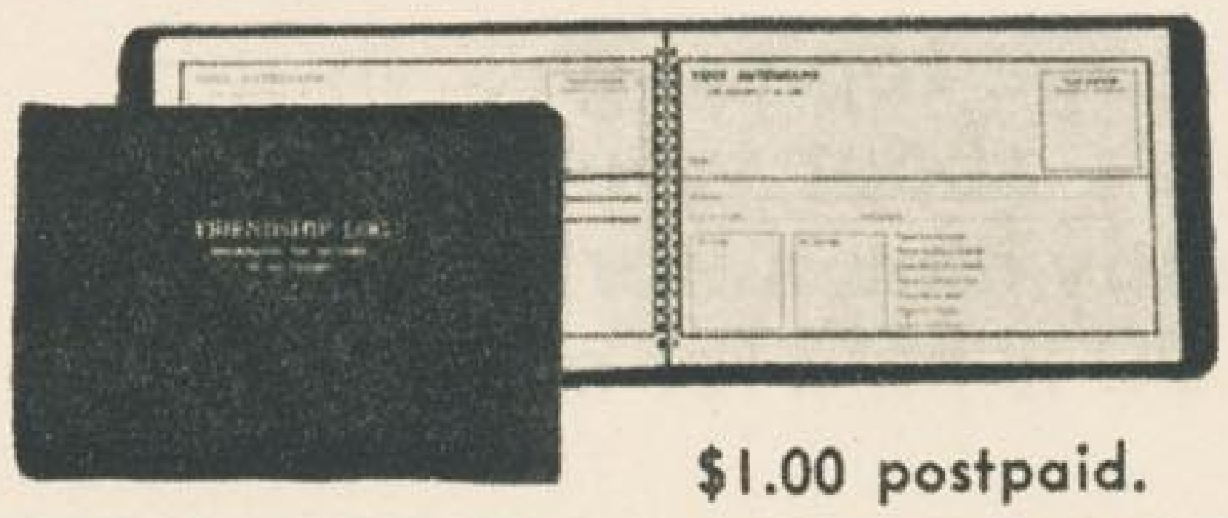

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of lyrics which insist that "the Danube isn't blue, it's green!"

Charlie Spivak's latest platter couples "Home County" with the topnotch ballad "Stranger in Town" by teen-ager Mel Torme. Spivak's band does an especially fine job on the latter tune, highlighting Jimmy Saunders' vocal interpretation.

If you like your jazz pure and powerful, you'll go for Eddie Condon's "Jazz Concert" album on Decca. Max Kaminsky, Jack Teagarden, Billy Butterfield and Bobby Hackett are a few of the torrid tooters who blow their way through the set. Tunes are typical vehicles like "Lady Be Good," "The Man I Love," etc.

Frank Sinatra brings his tolerance lectures to wax with a record version of "The House I Live In," an excellent tune with lyrics, and "America the Beautiful." . . . Les Brown's latest, "You Won't Be Satisfied," is a scorcher and one of the best records from the Brown band since its inception.

The Phil Moore Four turns up on Musicraft with a fine small band disc of "I Love You Porgy" and "Symphony." Phil's piano on the first side is tremendous. . . . The King Cole Trio gets gay on a cute novelty by Redd Evans, author of "There I've Said It Again." Tune is called "Frim Fram Sauce (With Aussen Fay and Chifafa on the side)."

"Let It Snow, Let It Snow, Let It Snow" is the insistent cry of Vaughn Monroe on his latest Victor. . . . Larry Stevens comes through for the same firm with "It's a Grand Night for Singing," the forgotten song of "State Fair." This is the first disc of this pleasant ballad although "It Might as Well Be Spring" and "That's For Me" have been recorded many times.

Evelyn Knight is listenable on Decca's "Let Him Go, Let Him Tarry". She sings "Chickery Chick" on the other side, a strong argument for making records with only one side. . . . Phil Brito recorded Nick Kenny's "Blue," a nice tune on Musicraft. . . . Ray Noble comes through with a danceable pair, "Cuddles" and "I'll Be Walkin' With My Honey."

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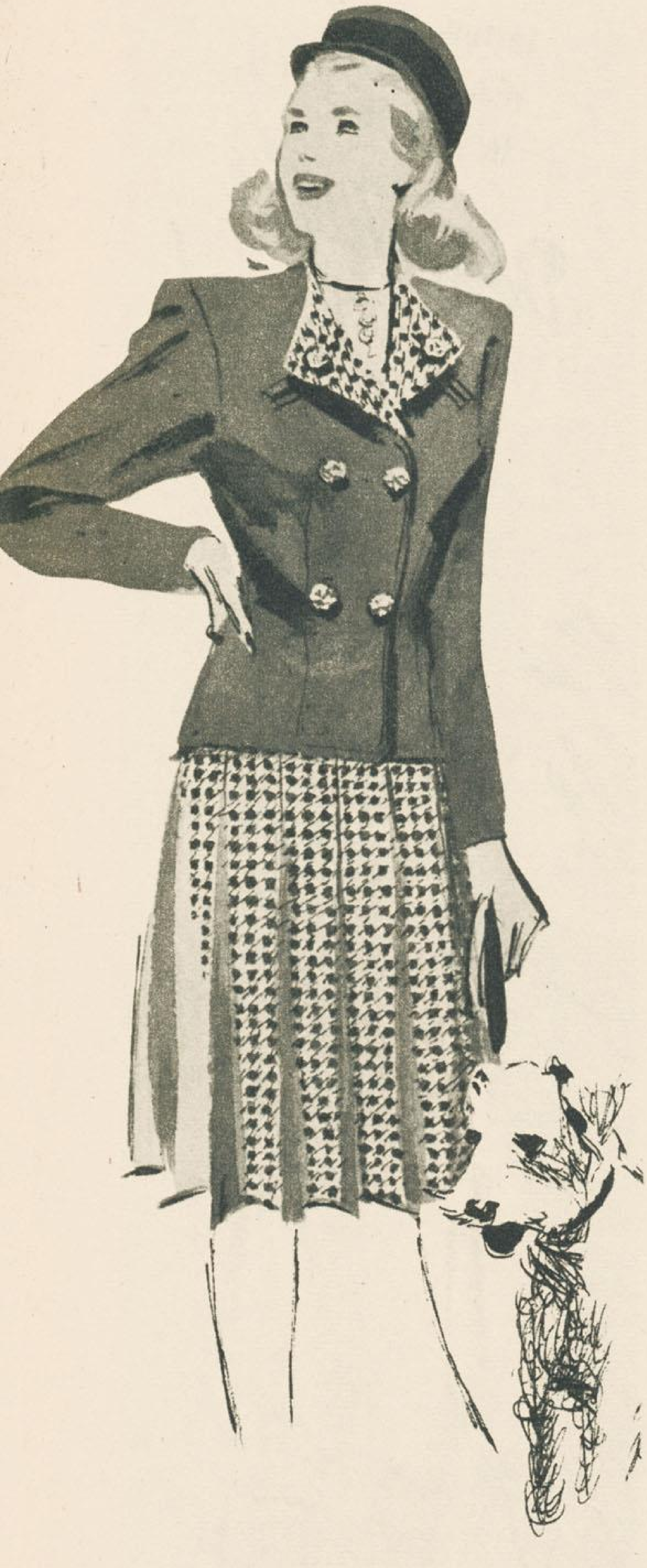

Joan Lord checks for Easter "chicks"

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WE have a very frank letter from Kathleen Gask, Buffalo, New York, and right here we want to say that we love friendly, informal letters:

"Some people told me that my letter to you should be a formal, very businesslike affair. My retort was, 'Fiddlesticks!' I know that letters I see published in your super magazine (and I do mean *super!*) are friendly and very informal."

Kathleen also tells us a good way to make a lampshade for our room:

"Take an old shade with a wire body and remove the old material. Then take a piece of new material, to match or contrast with your room as you wish, measure down and across, leaving about an inch and a half on the top and bottom. Then hem the top and bottom, run an elastic through both hems, slip over the wire frame and behold! A new lampshade!"

Another lampshade idea comes from Wilma Thompson, Perryville, Missouri:

"Take scraps of wallpaper and measure up and down on your old frame. Fold down a hem at the top, then pleat the paper evenly, run a colored string or cord through the top, cut the bottom evenly and you will have a very attractive shade." Add a satin bow to this and you will see how lovely it looks.

Jo Ann Watson, of Mancelona, Michigan, writes:

"In my town the local drug store gets only enough MISS AMERICA Magazines to last (*Continued on page* 67)

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Spring Station, Kentucky

Jacqueline Mongeon
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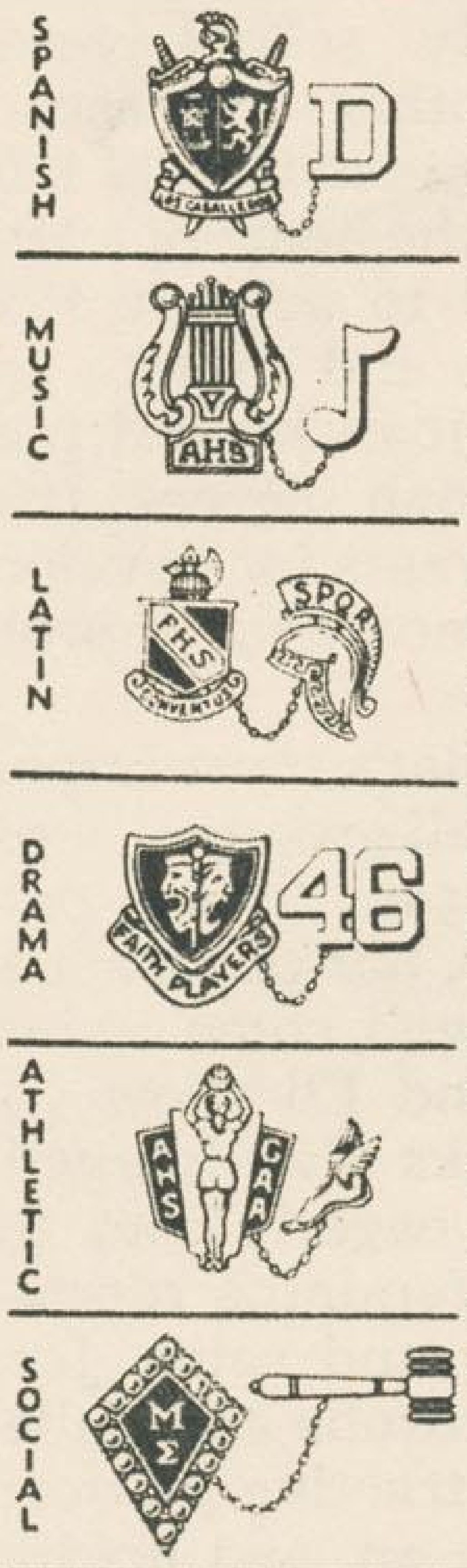

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## *Miss America Speaks . . .*

one day so I give my copies to the library. The librarian tells me that they are never in and the girls keep asking for more."

The problem of untidy odds and ends is easy to solve says Shirley Allen, St. Louis, Mo.

"Get a good, firm cigar box and screw it carefully to the inside of your closet or your bathroom door. Wallpaper or paint it to match your room and you will have place for hairpins and other things."

Denise Caquet, Biddeford, Me., gives us a pocket sewing kit:

"An old eyeglass case can easily be changed into a handy sewing kit. Use the cover for needles and pins and sew on loosely a few buttons or snaps. Place in the bottom a small pair of scissors, thread and darning cotton. The outside of the case can be painted with nail polish."

Marilyn Matthews, of Groveton, New Hampshire, sends us a little poem of encouragement:

"Your fashions simply daze
me,
Your stories done so well,
Your charm ideas amaze
me,
Your comics, too, are swell.
The movies are just wonderful,
And everything else is,
too—
So praises, MISS AMERICA,
From me to you!"

Frances Gunther, Irvington, Virginia, sends in a recipe with a wonderfully attractive name:

"Fudge a la Van Johnson: ¾ cup of milk; 1 cup sugar; ½ cup pecans; 2 tablespoons cocoa; 1 tablespoon of butter or shortening; 1 teaspoon vanilla. Mix and boil slowly sugar, cocoa, butter and ½ cup of milk. Remove from stove and add ⅛ cup of milk. Stir and cook to a thick mixture. Again remove from stove and add pecans, vanilla and the remaining ⅛ cup of milk. Beat for about 1½ minutes, pour into buttered tin and place in moderate oven for about ½ hour. Cut into squares and cool."

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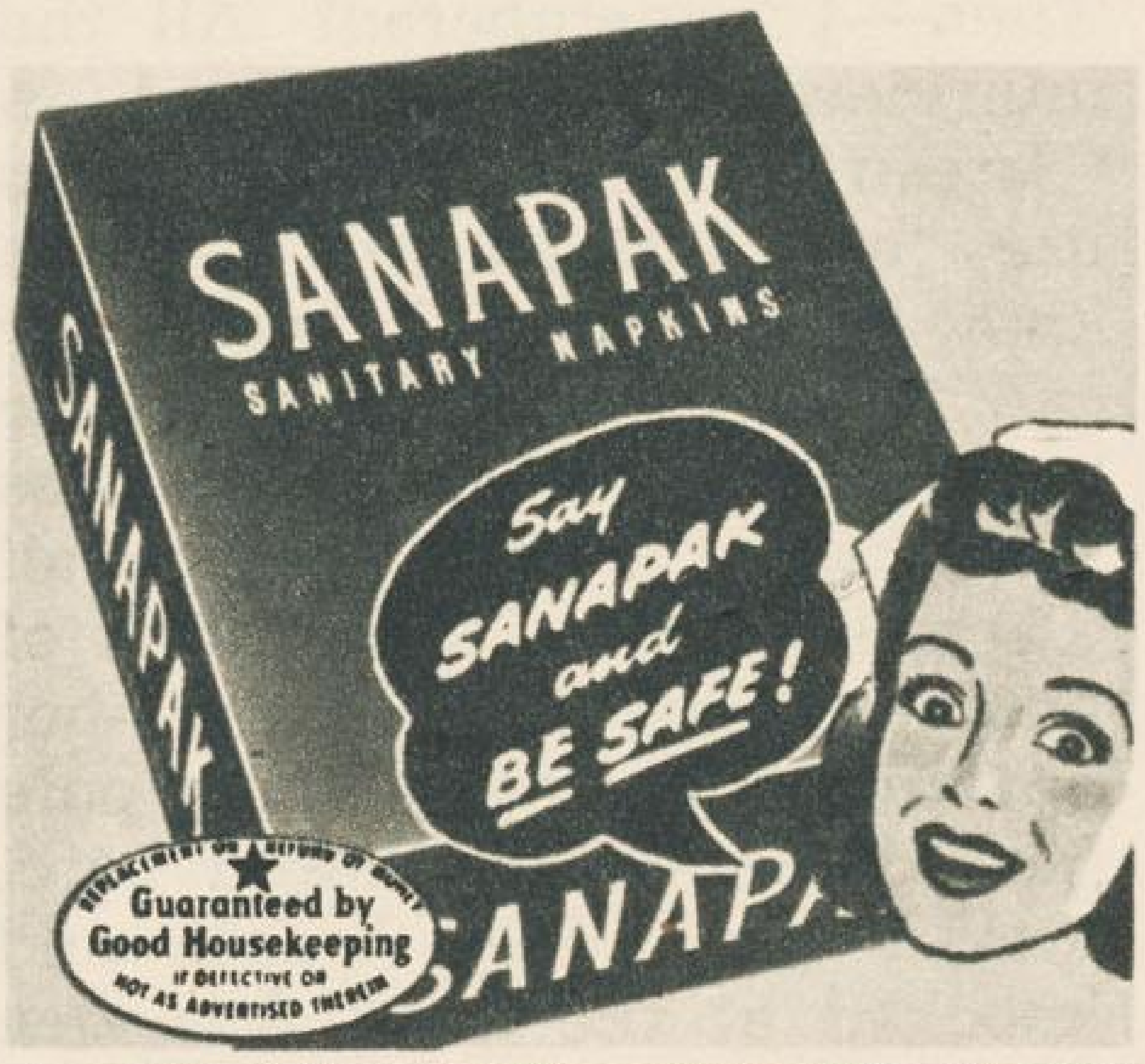
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## I SAW STARS

*From page 23*

what they mean when they say women have a one-track mind. Then—I remembered! All the interviews I've ever read in "Screen Stars" Magazine always use "we" instead of "I"—you know, the editorial "we" they call it. Okay, I—er, we would use "we" in our interview too. It does sound so . . . so . . . editorial! Then, before we could think of another thing, there it was—her apartment, staring us in our pale face! Well, we swallowed hard, took a good deep breath and knocked at the door. Someone (Miss Crawford's secretary, we found out later) pulled it open. For a moment we just stood there (this time it really was we—my knocking knees and I). We looked at her, then looked around for our voice. It wasn't where it usually is. Finally, "I-is Miss Crawford in?" a weak facsimile hesitated. "We're—er, I'm Merry Carr." That "we" business was becoming too confusing. "We" resolved to dwindle down to a mere first-person-singular again.

"Why yes," she smiled, "Won't you come in?" She led the way into a sun-lit living room, which struck me immediately as being typically typical of Joan Crawford. Stunning, yet warm and lovely. It was done in dark green, gold, and white—with French and German furnishings. The latter being a small brown Daschund, curled up asleep by the fireplace. He awoke as soon as I entered, however, and started to bark like all fury, then came over to sniff my shoes, and finally rolled over on his back so I could tickle his tummy.

"His name is Pupchen" a soft voice behind me said. I jumped up, wheeled—and there she was—Joan Crawford—as radiant and beautiful as I'd imagined! "And" she smiled extending her hand, "my name is Joan." Imagine calling this famous star *Joan!* But that's the sort of person she is—so natural and friendly, all that shakiness I felt at first suddenly vanished.

Joan has that wonderful quality about her of winning people immediately because she is always interested in them. As we sat down on her sofa she graciously began to inquire about *me!* My school work, hobbies, and other interests—which led us quite naturally into a topic close to the heart of every teen-ager—how to achieve that wonderful poise and smooth appearance that Joan herself possesses. And Joan agrees that teens are vital years for developing self-confidence and improving appearances.

"The thing that's most important to that well-groomed look, Merry," she began, "is not only correct fashions, but posture too. For instance—well, come on into my bedroom and I'll show you some little tricks I've learned." I followed her eagerly into the prettiest, most feminine room—all white lacey and satin. Joan went to her wardrobe and pulled out a pair of attractive platform shoes, put them on, and holding her head normally high said, "Now Merry, how tall do you think I am?" I looked at her lithe, vibrant form critically a moment. "Er . . . five-seven?" I guessed . . . wrong. "I'm only five feet four inches tall," she said. "Just about your height." And to prove to me she wasn't any taller, we measured back to back; she was perhaps even a little shorter than I.

"But Joan, you *seem* so much taller."

"Well" she laughed, "First of all, to appear taller, I always keep stretching my neck, and hold my head as high as possible without having to look up to do so. If you do this continually, you'll find your neck really will stretch and this adds height to your appearance. You just watch a girl who holds her head high—she'll soon grow three inches!"

"Then," she continued, "You know a person always appears shorter and even round-shouldered when she tries to hold in her tummy. So, just always think of sitting right on your spine, and this very thought will keep your tummy flat, and make you seem taller."

For that smooth appearance, clothes must always fit comfortably and perfectly, Joan says. No makeshift pinning or last minute rush hemming will do. She glanced at my skirt and blouse, then, "Merry" she said gravely, "You've got a bad case of 'rump sprung' ". This is Joan's own special term for that part of the skirt that sits down and always looks that way, together with a slight roll at the waistline below the band. And the cure for it is: always pull the skirt up, never down. Joan got a pair of suspenders from the wardrobe and showed me how they would keep my skirt in place properly, without having me stick out in the back. (Best of all, she said I could actually keep the suspenders!) As for my blouse—well, you know how blouses always bunch up inside a skirt—or else, sometimes creep out, loose ends hanging? Joan solves all that by cutting the blouse at the waistline and putting elastic on it. Then there's no bulky waisttail and it can never slip out.

"And now," she turned to me smiling, "Class is dismissed for today. But you just remember those tips, Merry, and most important, remember never to imitate anyone else's hairdo, make-up, or clothes, unless you have the correct face for that styling."

We went back to the living room, and then it was Pupchen's turn to show me some tricks. Really, he is the smartest dog, and Joan is so fond of him. She takes him along with her from Hollywood to New York. "What a dog's life," I sighed. "I could name ten others who'd willingly change places with him right now."

Joan showed me his special trick. Pupchen sat up and was begging for food—when suddenly—who should walk in but Joan's husband—Philip Terry! And who should pass out—well almost—but me! Imagine *two* Hollywood stars in one afternoon! A double feature! Mr. Terry sat down with us to chat a while, and like all other parents, wouldn't you know the Terry's would immediately start talking about their children? Honestly, if I hadn't seen them in the movies so often I'd have believed they were the couple down the block. Joan told me her children were taught to put away every toy they use, and that 6-year-old Christine helps with the dishes (And I know what Mother is going to say next time I complain about doing them, "If Joan Crawford's little 6-year-old daughter can do them . . ."). And she also makes her bed. Both Christine and Philip, Jr. have been taught to shake hands firmly, and to remember names, because remembering names is so important, the Terrys believe. "But most of all," Joan's beautiful, sensitive face was serious, "I try to teach my children kindness in thought and action."

And with Joan as their example, it won't be hard for them to learn. For, as I shook hands with her, and left the apartment, I realized what a truly gracious and wonderful person she is. A real Joan of Arc-angel.

P.S.—Interviewing people is fun "we" think.

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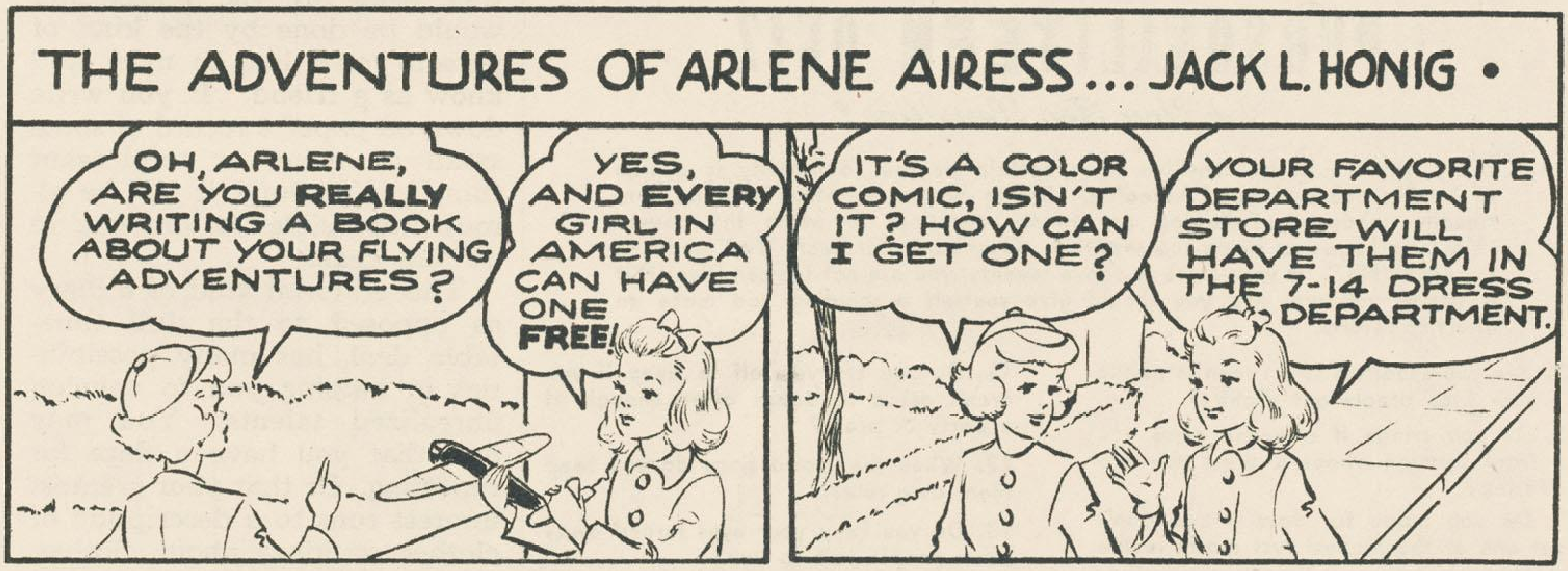
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# PERSONALITEEN QUIZ

## *Are You Too Sensitive?*

Every girl should be sensitive to a certain degree. Sensitivity is a sign of intelligence and good breeding. But to be too sensitive is to be continually unhappy. Following are twenty questions to which the answer "Yes" marks you as being too sensitive. Count zero for each "Yes" and five for each "No." If your score is above seventy, you are not too sensitive; if it is below, you are, and you should give yourself a scolding and make an effort to reform.

**1.** Are you ashamed to be seen in public if your face breaks out slightly?

**2.** Do you cringe if someone gives you a frank opinion about a dress you are wearing?

**3.** Do you mope for days if you don't get one of the highest test marks in the class?

**4.** Do you start worrying about the possibility of your remaining a spinster if on occasion some boys don't go for you?

**5.** If you see a group of people laughing do you often imagine they're laughing about you?

**6.** Do you brood for hours if your mother scolds mildly?

**7.** Are you shy about wearing a new gown?

**8.** Do you feel miserable if a friend greets you only casually?

**9.** Do you think that the people who pass you on the street are looking at you critically?

**10.** Are you unhappy if you lose at tennis or any other game?

**11.** Do you cry yourself to sleep if you aren't asked to dance often enough at a party or prom?

**12.** When the crowd sings do you keep silent as a rule?

**13.** Do you keep your eyes turned away when people talk to you?

**14.** Are you shy about answering questions aloud in class?

**15.** Are you devastated when the other girls tease you?

**16.** Do you sulk if you are criticized mildly?

**17.** Do you find it very hard to make friends at a new school or at a resort?

**18.** When a boy has to call off a date are you always sure it's because he doesn't like you?

**19.** Do the tears well up in your eyes when you are left out of a conversation?

**20.** Do you prefer to be alone most of the time?

## DIARY

From page 19

behind it. Find out whether you are judging things from personal bias, or from a rational basis. A diary is fine for learning to become objective about things and people, learning to weigh everything by its true values.

If you attend the performance of a play or concert, it's fun to write your own critique and compare it with the one in the paper the next morning to see how your ideas compare with those of the "pros."

Keeping a diary is fine practice for teaching yourself to observe things, to put your thoughts into concise form, to judge and characterize people. If you do little sketches of people who impress you, and the things in their personality which make you like them, you'll be better able to determine just what kind of a person you are. A self-evaluation occasionally is good. Make your diary the mirror into which you look occasionally to see if the things you've done that day or that week are the things that would be done by the kind of person you'd like to meet and know as a friend. If you write down on paper a record of some small or mean or unpleasant thing you've done, it will be almost impossible for you ever to do that again.

This editorial kind of a diary as opposed to the dull timetable deal, has many possibilities in helping you to develop unrealized talents. You may find that you have a flare for reporting. Or that your greatest interest runs to a description of clothes or ideas about clothes. A girl I know went into the business of designing clothes for teen-agers about four years ago, and she's a big success today. Out of her diary, she took many ideas she had when she was in her teens, and wrote down and sketched the kind of clothes she wished she could find in stores. She's making her diary pay off. Many writers have developed a facility with words by keeping diaries.

Aleen Leslie, one of our highest paid movie writers today,

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## ALLERGY

Some girls are allergic to pollen,
Others are allergic to noise,
Girls can be allergic to everything—
Everything, yes, except boys.

for example, was still in the tomboy stage when her uncle gave her a diary,—and that was the start of her career. At first the diary was sort of dull—it read "Went to Billy's after school today," or "Bill came over after school today." She also kept a faithful record of all movies she went to, and from her first diary she has an unparalleled collection of antique movie titles.

She recorded the development of her interests, her ideas, learned fluency in writing through constant practice in writing about her own activities. She kept, all in all, nine complete diaries—a record of her life from her early adolescence to well after the start of her writing career. And it is to this practice and habit of writing she gives much of the credit for her current writing success as the originator of the clever radio program, "A Date With Judy," and also such screen hits as "The Doctor Takes a Wife," "Affectionately Yours," and others.

So, you see, your diary becomes a record of the growth and development of your mentality, reactions, and psychological responses. You can notice the improvement not only in your style of writing, but in your thinking and in your ideas.

And beyond all that, it's fun. If you have a sharp idea you want to try some day and don't want to lose,—if you have a poem you feel like writing,—if something really exciting and wonderful has happened, there should be a record of it, the same as you keep a record of your good times, pictorially, in a photograph album. It's just as much fun reading back what you thought and felt, and the way you acted, as it is looking back at pictures.

So while you may not cash in like old Pepys did, you'll get more than paid off in chuckles and the sweet feeling of nostalgia ten years from now that Mary Doe at 26, gets from reading about Mary Doe at 16.

---

### HEAVEN

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- ☐ Blue
- ☐ Aqua

★

**My choice of lipstick shade is:**

- ☐ Cherry Red (med. lt.)
- ☐ Sunset Pink (med.)
- ☐ Orchid
- ☐ Tropic (med. dark)
- ☐ Ruby (dark)
- ☐ Burgundy (very dk.)

## MISS AMERICA CLUB

Chapters are now being formed all over the country! Are you a member yet? Have you formed *your* Chapter? If not, get together with all your pals, and send in your petition without delay. Groups numbering 10 to 25 members—no more, no less—may form a Chapter. Get in on all the competitions and loads of activities open to Chapter members—fun for all! If you have not read about the rules and requirements in the February issue, write at once for information on how to become a Chapter of the MISS AMERICA Club. Address your letters to:

**MISS AMERICA Club**
**350 Fifth Avenue**
**New York 1, N. Y.**

## WHAT'S BEING MODERN?

*From page 52*

ones—in the brave forthright modern way? All right. Here goes. It won't hurt—much. And you'll be all the stronger for it, honestly!

Are you all wrapped up in your growing charms to the exclusion of practically everything else, utterly a-dream with what Stan said to you and what you said to Stan—or Phil—or Don? Are you nursing some petty resentment which shuts out every nicer emotion because of a recent quarrel? Are you absorbed with discussing all the juicy angles of that simply devastating tidbit of harmful gossip about Mary Anne, with your greedy ambition to defeat someone else in the school elections, your passionate efforts to get an allowance increase, whether or not your folks can afford it, and hence step up your soda-purchasing power and social prestige?

Are you? Hope you could answer "no" to those questions. But, if not, too bad! Because that means you're as old-fashioned as hoop skirts, as outmoded as the one hoss shay, mentally as nearly extinct as the ill-fated dodo!

Now that doesn't necessarily mean that the above subjects aren't worth your attention at all. It does mean that they shouldn't take all of it, every breathless waking minute! It also means that your attitude toward these matters should undergo a radical change—that is, if you want to be genuinely modern, and who doesn't?

If you want to be really modern, instead of just pretend, you have to *think* progressively. This means, simply, thinking in world-wide rather than merely personal or local terms all the time, being tolerant, being warmly concerned with the problems of minorities, either in or out of your immediate experience—thinking unselfishly, hopefully, optimistically. Putting those new solid thoughts into practice, too, now!

You're living in momentous times. In a few years you'll be called upon to accept larger, more wonderful responsibilities than the people of any other age.

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**TEACHES PIANO**
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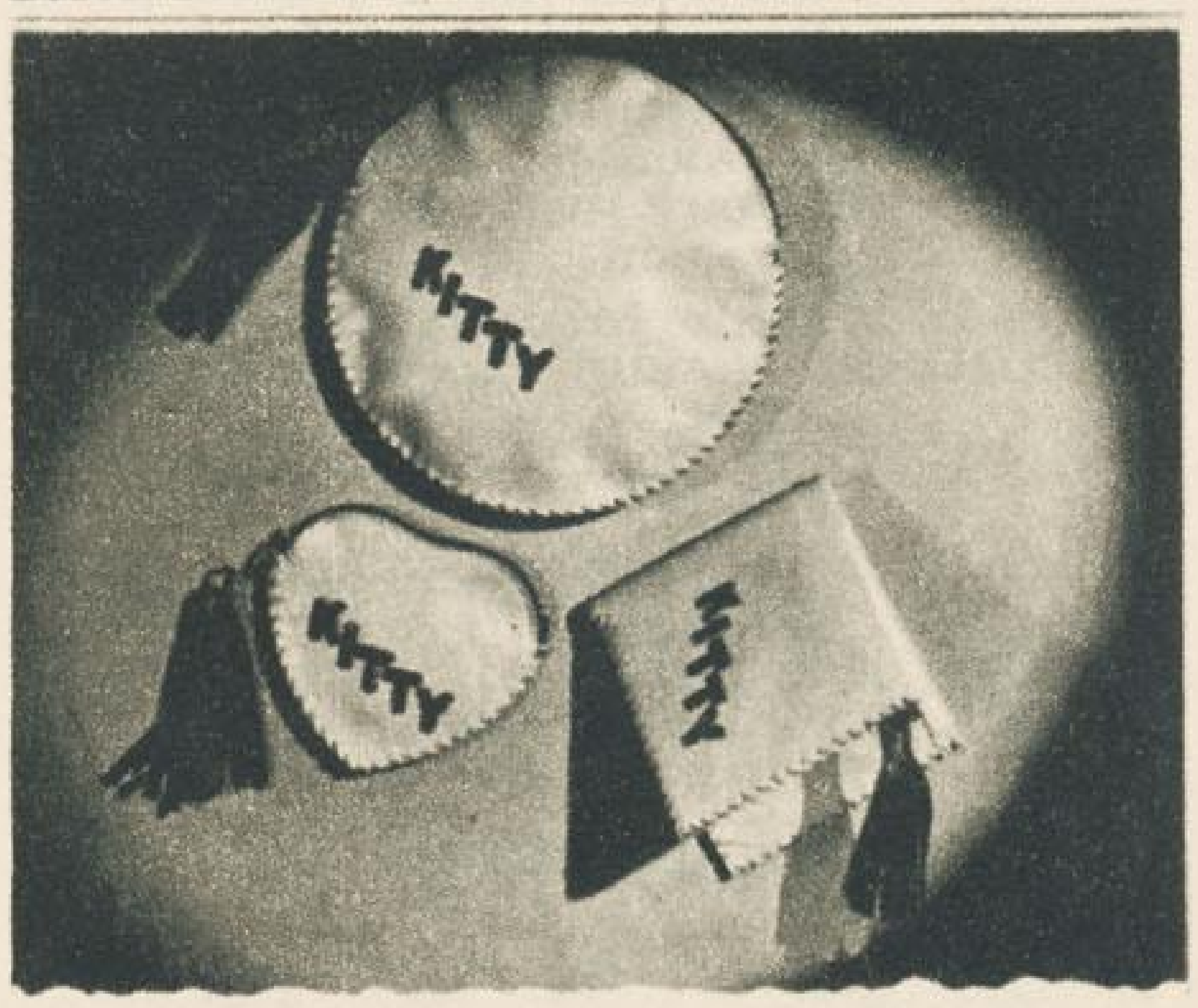

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**637 Madison Ave., N. Y. 22, N. Y.**

***Give to Your RED CROSS!***

Are you preparing, joyously, eagerly? Are you honestly as progressive *inside* as you appear outside?

Maybe you think lazily that what goes on just in your own particular little circle, your own school and town, can't really matter, that your attitude regarding such unpleasant things as quarrels and gossip and rivalry is unimportant—but you're wrong. So very wrong. You're establishing precedents for your thinking today which will develop into the habit-molds of tomorrow. Be sure they're the right ones.

There's no spot in the world which is now inaccessible. There's no individual, young or old, who can't help or hinder the promise of a fine new era for us all. Streamline your thinking! Grow mentally tall! Start right here, where you are, each one of you, to share the great adventure of making our world *One World*—instead of no world.

---

## WORD GAME
## ADD-A-LETTER

Add-A-Letter's a new game, but it's as easy as going from A, to B, to C, which, incidentally, is how the game is played. A's a three-letter word for which you're given a definition. B's a four-letter word which you get by putting a letter in front of A. C's a five-letter word which you get by adding a letter to B—in front, of course.

Example:
(A) A drip
(A) ick
(B) A rural character
(B) hick
(C) A solid you
(C) chick

Time's the important factor. If you answer all in twenty minutes, you're sharp, fifteen minutes, you're solid, and ten minutes or less—well, you're sensational.

1. (A) Floating hotel.
   (B) ——, ——, the lark!
   (C) Bane of shipwrecked sailors.
2. (A) Bad boys dip little girls' curls into it, forgers, their pens.
   (B) Paradise for skaters.
   (C) The border of a steep precipice.
3. (A) A compound containing one or more metals.
   (B) Vent in the skin.
   (C) Plant producer.
4. (A) On a rabbit it's bigger.
   (B) "Listen my children, and you shall . . ."
   (C) Wool-gatherers do it.
5. (A) Sounds like the letter after seven.
   (B) What you do with the boys—you hope.
   (C) Alias for a "meat-grinder."
6. (A) I am but you ——.
   (B) He was once outsmarted by a tortoise.
   (C) —— and —— alike.

*Figuratively Speaking . . . its*

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If you can't find your style at first, try again! Dealers get supplies monthly. Send for Style and Conservation Folders: Maiden Form Brassiere Co., Inc., New York 16.

## GOOD LOOKS LESSONS

### By HELENE PESSL

Now that it's "Hats off to Spring" for so many occasions, I know that all of you must be giving a great deal of thought to the appearance of your hair. For your hair is your personal picture frame and your most important accessory. You can be no prettier than your hair is.

*You* can have beautiful hair—*but* you must give it regular and diligent brushing and shampooing care to make and keep it beautiful. Brush, brush, brush, to the tune of a hundred strokes a day—or more—to keep your hair dustfree and shining and your scalp well exercised. Why not turn on the radio and have a nightly rhythmic brushing session? It's fun that way and efficient too.

As for shampooing, that's according to your individual needs. Normal heads need it about twice a month; oily ones once a week. If your hair is dry, white vaseline massaged into your scalp before your shampoo will make it more controllable.

The shampoo you use should be mild and nonalcoholic for the skin on your scalp is as sensitive as that on your face. Use warm, not hot water, for both lathering and rinsing and when you have finished once, why, start all over again with more lather and many rinsings to be sure no traces of soap will dull your clean hair. Vigorous hand drying with warm turkish towels will give your hair that gleaming, polished sheen.

Finish a good job with a good brushing and be sure your brush is as fresh and clean as your tresses. Then you will be ready for pinning and prinking up your hair style. It will be a success and so will you if you have worked to achieve a shining head that you can hold high with confidence.

Any questions? Any problems? Would you like to hear about my MELINDA cosmetic creations for teens? Then do send your inquiries to me at 785 Fifth Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.

See you next month!

Affectionately,
Helene Pessl.

(adv.)

Girls it's SWOON-SATIONAL!

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Each SWOON BRACELET with 6 PICTURE FRAMES contains 12 beautiful, latest photos of SINATRA, CROSBY, COMO, HAYMES, RUSSELL & JOHNSON

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Please rush me................Swoon Charm Bracelets at $1.98, which already includes 20% Federal tax.
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SEND NO MONEY . . . SOLD ON POSITIVE MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

Take a bow, girls. To these clever (and pretty) teen-agers goes much credit for March of Time's interesting, highly authentic film, "Teen-Age Girls." It won the *Boxoffice* award as the "best short subject of the year." March of Time called in the girls as consultants after they completed a thumbnail course in film editing. They are shown in the M. of T. projection room, left to right: Olga Wyhowanec and Hope Moralles of Washington Irving High School; Lois Goodnough, Packer Collegiate Institute; Malan Swing and Barbara Rinney, Julia Richman High School.

## WORD GAME
## ADD-A-LETTER

7. (A) On a rope we reach it all too often.
   (B) To hang—like a patent.
   (C) Do it less and buy a war bond.
8. (A) A beam of light.
   (B) Movie butlers always carry one.
   (C) When dogs do it they end up in the pound.
9. (A) A stubborn, stupid animal. (Or would you rather be a mule?)
   (B) A hep Scotch chick.
   (C) Stuff our skirts will soon be made of—they say.
10. (A) What noodles are for.
    (B) In Greek mythology she was one of nine.
    (C) Does this —— you?
11. (A) To lend a hand.
    (B) It's fun to do to a refrigerator.
    (C) A high-class pigtail.
12. (A) A get-up.
    (B) A goodie-goodie.
    (C) A handful of plant life.
13. (A) Multiply by 2 and it spells anti-aircraft.
    (B) Don't ever sit on one.
    (C) The proverbial place to look for a needle you don't expect to find.
14. (A) A three-letter conjunction.
    (B) The good earth.
    (C) A name for the active little organs that help make us what we are.
15. (A) To be off the beam.
    (B) Without a head, it's no good.
    (C) You've known people as slow as.
16. (A) Long-hairs make a big to-do over it.
    (B) Place for peddling merchandise.
    (C) It's smart to be it.
17. (A) In bridge it will usually take a trick.
    (B) A tortoise and a hare tried one.
    (C) Father, we thank Thee for this food. Amen.
18. (A) In Scotch the word is "auld."
    (B) —— hands, warm heart.
    (C) Mothers everywhere do it on occasion.
19. (A) It's fun to skate on.
    (B) No wedding is complete without it.
    (C) You should get this one in a ——.
20. (A) What math, homework can do to a girl.
    (B) Another word for gloom.
    (C) First cousin to a sneer.

### ANSWERS

1. (A) ark
   (B) hark
   (C) shark
2. (A) ink
   (B) rink
   (C) brink
3. (A) ore
   (B) pore
   (C) spore
4. (A) ear
   (B) hear
   (C) shear
5. (A) ate
   (B) rate
   (C) crate
6. (A) are
   (B) hare
   (C) share
7. (A) end
   (B) pend
   (C) spend
8. (A) ray
   (B) tray
   (C) stray
9. (A) ass
   (B) lass
   (C) glass
10. (A) use
    (B) muse
    (C) amuse
11. (A) aid
    (B) raid
    (C) braid
12. (A) rig
    (B) prig
    (C) sprig
13. (A) ack
    (B) tack
    (C) stack
14. (A) and
    (B) land
    (C) gland
15. (A) ail
    (B) nail
    (C) snail
16. (A) art
    (B) mart
    (C) smart
17. (A) ace
    (B) race
    (C) grace
18. (A) old
    (B) cold
    (C) scold
19. (A) ice
    (B) rice
    (C) trice
20. (A) irk
    (B) mirk
    (C) smirk

# generally speaking ☆☆☆☆☆

## IT'S THE BATTLE JACKET!

This year you'll want to live in this suit modeled after the famous battle jacket. The bulky jacket is strictly Fifth Avenue . . . and the slim-looking skirt with its two side pockets and kick-pleats front and back — .yum yum! Black, brown, or navy with white checks.

*You know it's smart to imitate*
*Our general most able —*
*You wear a five-star battle jacket*
*That bears the Joan Lord Label*

**all teen sizes**

**Joan Lord**
**FASHIONS**

AT BETTER STORES EVERYWHERE

*Sportsters*

by

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